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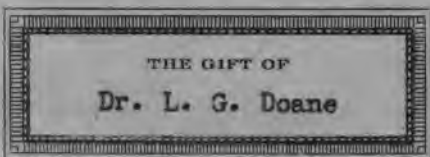
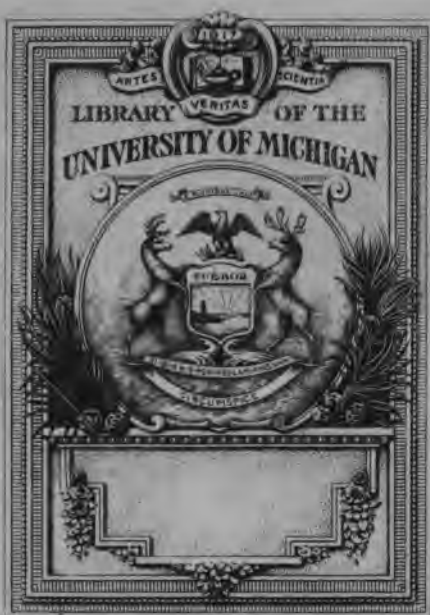
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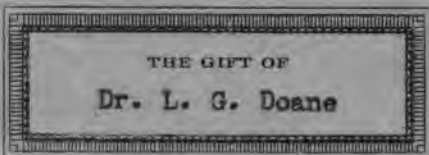
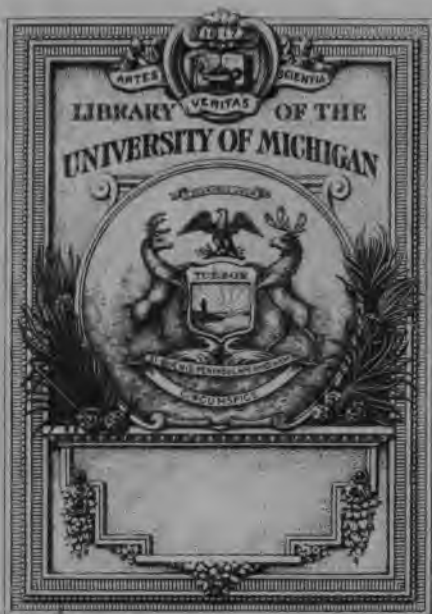
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CELEBRATED AUTHORS.



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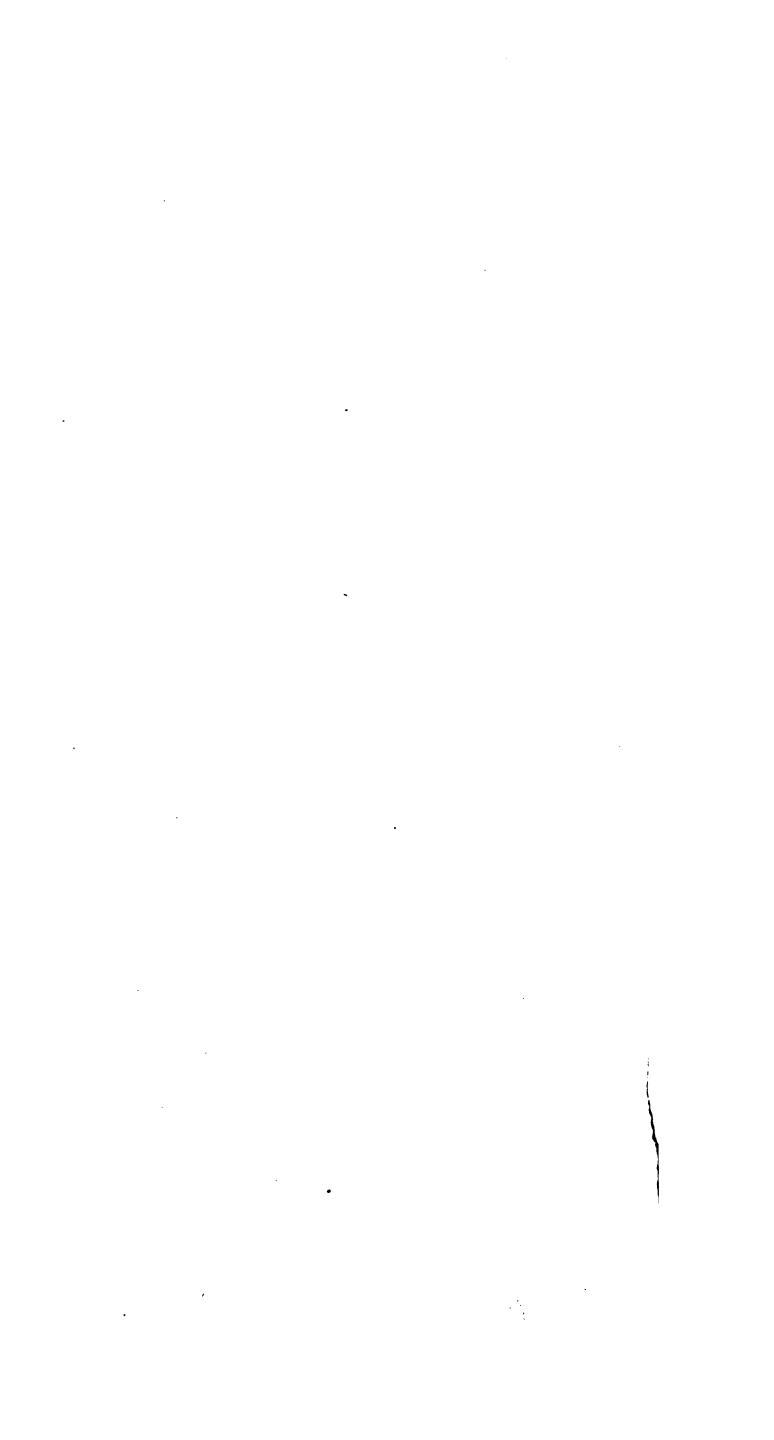
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SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER;

OR,

THE MISTAKE OF A NIGHT.

A COMEDY

By OLIVER GOLDSMITH.



TO SAMUEL JOHNSON, LL.D.

DEAR SIR,—By inscribing this slight performance to you, I do not mean so much to compliment you as myself. It may do me some honor to inform the public, that I have lived many years in intimacy with you. It may serve the interests of mankind also to inform them, that the greatest wit may be found in a character, without impairing the most unaffected piety.

I have, particularly, reason to thank you for your partiality to this performance. The undertaking a Comedy, not merely sentimental, was very dangerous; and Mr. Colman, who saw this piece in its various stages, always thought it so. However, I ventured to trust it to the public; and, though it was necessarily delayed till late in the season, I have every reason to be grateful.

I am,

Dear Sir,

Your most sincere friend and admirer,

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER;

OR, THE MISTAKES OF A NIGHT.

A COMEDY.

AS IT IS ACTED AT THE THEATRE-ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

<i>Sir Charles Marlow</i>	- - - -	MR. GARDNER.
<i>Young Marlow (his son)</i>	- - - -	MR. LEWIS.
<i>Hardcastle</i>	- - - -	MR. SHUTER.
<i>Hastings</i>	- - - -	MR. DUBELLAMY
<i>Tony Lumpkin</i>	- - - -	MR. QUICK.
<i>Diggory</i>	- - - -	MR. SAUNDERS.

WOMEN.

<i>Mrs. Hardcastle</i>	- - - -	MRS. GREEN.
<i>Miss Hardcastle</i>	- - - -	MRS. BULKLEY.
<i>Miss Neville</i>	- - - -	MR. KNIVETON.
<i>Maid</i>	- - - -	MRS. WILLEMS.

Landlord, Servants, &c., &c.

PROLOGUE

BY DAVID GARRICK, ESQ.

Enter Mr. WOODWARD, dressed in black, and holding a handkerchief to his Eyes.

EXCUSE me, Sirs, I pray—I can't yet speak—
I'm crying now—and have been all the week.

“’Tis not alone this mourning suit,” good mas-
ters :

“I’ve that within”—for which there are no
plasters ! [ing ?

Pray, would you know the reason why I’m cry-
The Comic Muse, long sick, is now a dying !

And if she goes, my tears will never stop ;
For as a play’r, I can’t squeeze out one drop ;
I am undone, that’s all—shall lose my bread—
I’d rather, but that’s nothing—lose my head.

When the sweet maid is laid upon the bier,
 Shuter and I shall be chief mourners here.
 To her a mawkish drab of spurious breed,
 Who deals in Sentimentals, will succeed !
 Poor Ned and I are dead to all intents ;
 We can as soon speak Greek as Sentiments !
 Both nervous grown, to keep our spirits up,
 We now and then take down a hearty cup.
 What shall we do ?—If Comedy forsake us !
 They'll turn us out, and no one else will take
 us.

But, why can't I be moral ?—Let me try—
 My heart thus pressing—fix'd my face and
 eye—

With a sententious look, that nothing means,
 (Faces are blocks in sentimental scenes)
 Thus I begin—"All is not gold that glitters,
 "Pleasures seem sweet, but prove a glass of
 bitters.

"When ign'rance enters, folly is at hand :

"Learning is better far than house and land.

"Let not your virtue trip, who trips may stum-
 ble,

"And virtue is not virtue, if she tumble."

I give it up—morals won't do for me ;
 To make you laugh, I must play tragedy.
 One hope remains—hearing the maid was ill,
 A Doctor comes this night to show his skill.
 To cheer her heart, and give your muscles mo-
 tion,

He, in five draughts prepar'd, presents a po-
 tion :

A kind of magic charm—for be assur'd,
 If you will swallow it, the maid is cur'd :
 But desperate the Doctor, and her case is,
 If you reject the dose, and make wry faces !
 This truth he boasts, will boast it while he
 lives,

No pois'nous drugs are mix'd in what he gives.
 Should he succeed, you'll give him his degree ;
 If not, within he will receive no fee !

The College you, must his pretensions back,
 Pronounce him Regular, or dub him Quack.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE, *a Chamber in an old-fashioned House.*

Enter Mrs. HARDCASTLE and Mr. HARDCASTLE.

Mrs. HARD. I vow, Mr. Hardcastle, you're very particular. Is there a creature in the whole country but ourselves, that does not take a trip to town now and then, to rub off the rust a little? There's the two Miss Hoggs, and our neighbor Mrs. Grigsby, go to take a month's polishing every winter.

HARD. Ay, and bring back vanity and affectation to last them the whole year. I wonder why London cannot keep its own fools at home! In my time, the follies of the town crept slowly among us, but now they travel faster than a stage-coach: its fopperies come down not only as inside passengers, but in the very basket.

Mrs. HARD. Ay, your times were fine times indeed; you have been telling us of them for many a long year. Here we live in an old rumbling mansion that looks for all the world like an inn, but that we never see company. Our best visitors are old Mrs. Oddfish, the curate's wife, and little Cripplegate, the lame dancing-master; and all our entertainment your old stories of Prince Eugene and the Duke of Marlborough. I hate such old-fashioned trumpery.

HARD. And I love it. I love every thing that's old: old friends, old times, old manners, old books, old wine; and, I believe, Dorothy, (*taking her hand*) you'll own I have been pretty fond of an old wife.

Mrs. HARD. Lord, Mr. Hardcastle, you're forever at your Dorothys and your old wives.

You may be a Darby, but I'll be no Joan, I promise you I'm not so old as you'd make me, by more than one good year. Add twenty to twenty, and make money of that.

HARD. Let me see; twenty added to twenty makes just fifty and seven.

Mrs. HARD. It's false, Mr. Hardcastle: I was but twenty when I was brought to bed of Tony, that I had by Mr. Lumpkin, my first husband; and he's not come to years of discretion yet.

HARD. Nor ever will, I dare answer for him. Ay, you have taught him finely.

Mrs. HARD. No matter. Tony Lumpkin has a good fortune. My son is not to live by his learning. I don't think a boy wants much learning to spend fifteen hundred a year.

HARD. Learning, quotha! A mere composition of tricks and mischief.

Mrs. HARD. Humor, my dear: nothing but humor. Come, Mr. Hardcastle, you must allow the boy a little humor.

HARD. I'd sooner allow him an horse-pond. If burning the footmen's shoes, frightening the maids, and worrying the kittens be humor, he has it. It was but yesterday he fastened my wig to the back of my chair, and when I went to make a bow I popt my bald head in Mrs. Frizzle's face.

Mrs. HARD. And am I to blame? The poor boy was always too sickly to do any good. A school would be his death. When he comes to be a little stronger, who knows what a year or two's Latin may do for him?

HARD. Latin for him. A cat and a fiddle. No, no, the alehouse and the stable are the only schools he'll ever go to.

Mrs. HARD. Well, we must not snub the poor boy now, for I believe we shan't have him long among us. Any body that looks in his face may see he's consumptive.

HARD. Ay, if growing too fat be one of the symptoms.

Mrs. HARD. He coughs sometimes.

HARD. Yes, when his liquor goes the wrong way.

Mrs. HARD. I'm actually afraid of his lungs.

HARD. And truly so am I ; for he sometimes whoops like a speaking trumpet—(*Tony hallooing behind the scenes*)—O, there he goes—a very consumptive figure, truly.

Enter TONY, crossing the stage.

Mrs. HARD. Tony, where are you going my charmer ? Won't you give papa and I a little of your company, lovee ?

TONY. I'm in haste, mother, I cannot stay.

Mrs. HARD. You shan't venture out this raw evening, my dear : you look most shockingly.

TONY. I can't stay, I tell you. The Three Pigeons expects me down every moment. There's some fun going forward.

HARD. Ay ; the ale house, the old place : I thought so.

Mrs. HARD. A low, paltry set of fellows.

TONY. Not so low neither. There's Dick Muggins the exciseman, Jack Slang the horse doctor, little Aminadab that grinds the music box, and Tom Twist that spins the pewter platter.

Mrs. HARD. Pray, my dear, disappoint them for one night, at least.

TONY. As for disappointing them I should not so much mind ; but I can't abide to disappoint myself.

Mrs. HARD. (*Detaining him.*) You shna't go.

TONY. I will, I tell you.

Mrs. HARD. I say you shan't.

TONY. We'll see which is strongest, you or I. [*Exit, hauling her out.*]

HARD. *solus.* Ay, there goes a pair that only spoil each other. But is not the whole age in a combination to drive sense and discretion out of doors ? There's my pretty darling Kate ! the fashions of the times have almost infected her too. By living a year or two in town, she is

as fond of gauze and French frippery as the best of them.

Enter Miss HARDCASTLE.

HARD. Blessings on my pretty innocence ! drest out as usual, my Kate. Goodness ! What a quantity of superfluous silk hast thou got about thee, girl ! I could never teach the fools of this age, that the indigent world could be clothed out of the trimmings of the vain.

Miss HARD. You know our agreement, Sir. You allow me the morning to receive and pay visits, and to dress in my own manner ; and in the evening I put on my housewife's dress to please you.

HARD. Well, remember I insist on the terms of our agreement ; and, by-the-by, I believe I shall have occasion to try your obedience this very evening.

Miss HARD. I protest, Sir, I don't comprehend your meaning.

HARD. Then to be plain with you, Kate, I expect the young gentleman I have chosen to be your husband from town this very day. I have his father's letter, in which he informs me his son is set out, and that he intends to follow himself shortly after.

Miss HARD. Indeed ! I wish I had known something of this before. Bless me, how shall I behave ? It's a thousand to one I shan't like him ; our meeting will be so formal, and so like a thing of business, that I shall find no room for friendship or esteem.

HARD. Depend upon it, child, I never will control your choice ; but Mr. Marlow, whom I have pitched upon, is the son of my old friend, Sir Charles Marlow, of whom you have heard me talk so often. The young gentleman has been bred a scholar, and is designed for an employment in the service of his country. I am told he's a man of an excellent understanding.

Miss HARD. Is he ?

HARD. Very generous.

Miss HARD. I believe I shall like him.

HARD. Young and brave.

Miss HARD. I'm sure I shall like him.

HARD. And very handsome.

Miss HARD. My dear papa, say no more, (*kissing his hands*) he's mine, I'll have him.

HARD. And, to crown all, Kate, he's one of the most bashful and reserved young fellows in all the world.

Miss HARD. Eh! you have frozen me to death again. That word reserved has undone all the rest of his accomplishments. A reserved lover, it is said, always makes a suspicious husband.

HARD. On the contrary, modesty seldom resides in a breast that is not enriched with nobler virtues. It was the very feature in his character that first struck me.

Miss HARD. He must have more striking features to catch me, I promise you. However, if he be so young, so handsome, and so every thing, as you mention, I believe he'll do still. I think I'll have him.

HARD. Ay, Kate, but there's still an obstacle. It's more than an even wager he may not have you.

Miss HARD. My dear papa, why will you mortify one so?—Well, if he refuses, instead of breaking my heart at his indifference, I'll only break my glass for its flattery: set my cap to some newer fashion, and look out for some less difficult admirer.

HARD. Bravely resolv'd! In the meantime I'll go prepare the servants for his reception: as we seldom see company, they want as much training as a company of recruits the first day's muster. [*Exit.*]

Miss HARD. (*Alone.*) Lud, this news of papa's puts me all in a flutter. Young, handsome; these he put last; but I put them foremost. Sensible, good-natured; I like all that. But then reserved and sheepish, that's much against

him. Yet can't he be cured of his timidity, by being taught to be proud of his wife? Yes, and can't I—But I vow I'm disposing of the husband, before I have secured the lover.

Enter MISS NEVILLE.

MISS HARD. I'm glad you're come, Neville, my dear. Tell me Constance, how do I look this evening? Is there anything whimsical about me? Is it one of my well-looking days, child? am I in face to-day?

MISS NEV. Perfectly, my dear. Yet now I look again—bless me!—sure no accident has happened among the canary birds, or the gold fishes. Has your brother or the cat been meddling? or has the last novel been too moving?

MISS HARD. No; nothing of all this. I have been threatened—I can scarce get it out—I have been threatened with a lover.

MISS NEV. And his name——

MISS HARD. Is Marlow.

MISS NEV. Indeed!

MISS HARD. The son of Sir Charles Marlow.

MISS NEV. As I live, the most intimate friend of Mr. Hastings, my admirer. They are never asunder. I believe you must have seen him when we lived in town.

MISS HARD. Never.

MISS NEV. He's a very singular character, I assure you. Among women of reputation and virtue he is the modestest man alive; but his acquaintance give him a very different character among creatures of another stamp: you understand me.

MISS HARD. An odd character indeed. I shall never be able to manage him. What shall I do? Pshaw, think no more of him, but trust to occurrences for success. But how goes on your own affair, my dear? Has my mother

been courting you for my brother Tony, as usual?

MISS NEV. I have just come from one of our agreeable tête-à-têtes. She has been saying a hundred tender things, and setting off her pretty monster as the very pink of perfection.

MISS HARD. And her partiality is such, that she actually thinks him so. A fortune like yours is no small temptation. Besides, as she has the sole management of it, I'm not surprised to see her unwilling to let it go out of the family.

MISS NEV. A fortune like mine, which chiefly consists in jewels, is no such mighty temptation. But at any rate, if my dear Hastings be but constant, I make no doubt to be too hard for her at last. However, I let her suppose that I am in love with her son, and she never once dreams that my affections are fixed upon another.

MISS HARD. My good brother holds out stoutly. I could almost love him for hating you so.

MISS NEV. It is a good-natured creature at bottom, and I'm sure would wish to see me married to anybody but himself. But my aunt's bell rings for our afternoon's walk round the improvements. Allons! Courage is necessary, as our affairs are critical.

MISS HARD. "Would it were bed-time, and all were well."
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE. *an Alehouse Room. Several shabby fellows with punch and tobacco, TONY at the head of the table a little higher than the rest, a mallet in his hand.*

OMNES. Hurree! hurree! hurree! bravo!

FIRST FEL. Now, gentlemen, silence for a song. The 'squire is going to knock himself down for a song.

OMNES. Ay, a song, a song!

TONY. Then I'll sing you, gentlemen, a song I made upon this alehouse. The Three Pigeons.

SONG.

Let school-masters puzzle their brain,
 With grammar, and nonsense, and learning;
 Good liquor, I stoutly maintain,
 Gives *genus* a better discerning.
 Let them brag of their heathenish gods,
 Their Lethes, their Styxes, and Stygians :
 Their qui's, and their quæ's, and their quod's,
 They're all but a parcel of pigeons.
 Toroddle, toroddle, toroll.

When methodist preachers come down,
 A-preaching that drinking is sinful,
 I'll wager the rascals a crown,
 They always preach best with a skiful.
 But when you come down with your pence,
 For a slice of their scurvy religion,
 I'll leave it to all men of sense,
 But you; my good friend, are the pigeon.
 Toroddle, toroddle, toroll.

Then, come, put the jorum about,
 And let us be merry and clever,
 Our hearts and our liquors are stout,
 Here's the Three Jolly Pigeons forever.
 Let some cry up woodcock or hare,
 Your bustards, your ducks, and your wid-
 geons,
 But of all the gay birds in the air,
 Here's a health to the Three Jolly Pigeons.
 Toroddle, toroddle, toroll.

OMNES. Bravo, bravo !

FIRST FEL. The 'squire has got spunk in him.

SECOND FEL. I loves to hear him sing, be-
 kays he never gives us nothing that's low.

THIRD FEL. O damn anything that's low, I
 cannot bear it.

FOURTH FEL. The genteel thing is the gen-
 teel thing at any time. If so be that a gentle-
 man bees in a concatenation accordingly.

THIRD FEL. I like the maxum of it, Master Muggins. What, though I am obligated to dance a bear, a man may be a gentleman for all that. May this be my poison if my bear ever dances but to the very genteelest of tunes; "Water Parted," or "The minuet in Ariadne."

SECOND FEL. What a pity it is that the 'squire is not comh to his own. It would be well for all the publicans within ten miles round of him.

TONY. Ecod, and so it would, Master Slang. I'd then show what it was to keep choice of company.

SECOND FEL. O, he takes after his own father for that. To be sure, old 'squire Lumpkin was the finest gentleman I ever set my eyes on. For winding the straight horn, or beating a thicket for a hare, or a wench, he never had his fellow. It was a saying in the place that he kept the best horses, dogs, and girls in the whole county.

TONY. Ecod, and when I'm of age, I'll be no bastard, I promise you. I have been thinking of Bett Bouncer and the miller's gray mare to begin with. But, come, my boys, drink about and be merry, for you pay no reckoning. Well, Stingo, what's the matter?

Enter LANDLORD.

LAND. There be two gentlemen in a post-chaise at the door. They have lost their way upo' the forest; and they are talking something about Mr. Hardcastle.

TONY. As sure as can be, one of them must be the gentleman that's coming down to court my sister. Do they seem to be Londoners?

LAND. I believe they may. They look wondrously like Frenchmen.

TONY. Then desire them to step this way, and I'll set them right in a twinkling. (*Exit Landlord.*) Gentlemen, as they mayn't be good enough company for you, step down for a mo-

ment, and I'll be with you in the squeezing of a lemon. [Exeunt mob.

TONY *alone*. Father-in-law has been calling me a whelp and hound this half year. Now, if I pleased, I could be so revenged upon the old grumbletonian. But then I'm afraid—afraid of what? I shall soon be worth fifteen hundred a year, and let him frighten me out of that if he can.

Enter LANDLORD, conducting MARLOW and HASTINGS.

MAR. What a tedious uncomfortable day have we had of it! We were told it was but forty miles across the country, and we have come above threescore.

HAST. And all, Marlow, from that unaccountable reserve of yours, that would not let us inquire more frequently on the way.

MAR. I own, Hastings, I am unwilling to lay myself under an obligation to every one I meet, and often stand the chance of an unmannerly answer.

HAST. At present, however, we are not likely to receive any answer.

TONY. No offence, gentlemen. But I'm told you have been inquiring for one Mr. Hardcastle in these parts. Do you know what part of the country you are in?

HAST. Not in the least, Sir, but should thank you for information.

TONY. Nor the way you came?

HAST. No, Sir; but if you can inform us—

TONY. Why, gentlemen, if you know neither the road you are going, nor where you are, nor the road you came, the first thing I have to inform you is, that—you have lost your way.

MAR. We wanted no ghost to tell us that.

TONY. Pray, gentlemen, may I be so bold as to ask the place from whence you came?

MAR. That's not necessary towards directing us where we are to go.

TONY. No offence ; but question for question is all fair, you know. Pray, gentlemen, is not this same Hardcastle a cross-grain'd, old-fashion'd, whimsical fellow, with an ugly face ; a daughter, and a pretty son ?

HAST. We have not seen the gentleman, but he has the family you mention.

TONY. The daughter, a tall, trapesing, trolloping, talkative maypole ; the son, a pretty, well-bred, agreeable youth, that every body is fond of.

MAR. Our information differs in this. The daughter is said to be well-bred and beautiful ; the son, an awkward booby, reared up and spoiled at his mother's apron-string.

TONY. He-he-hem !—Then gentlemen, all I have to tell you is, that you won't reach Mr. Hardcastle's house this night, I believe.

HAST. Unfortunate !

TONY. It's a damn'd long, dark, dirty, dangerous way. Stingo, tell the gentlemen the way to Mr. Hardcastle's ! (*Winking upon the Landlord.*) Mr. Hardcastle's, of Quagmire Marsh—you understand me ?

LAND. Master Hardcastle's ! Lock-a-daisy, my masters, you're come a deadly deal wrong ! When you came to the bottom of the hill, you should have cross'd down Squash-Lane.

MAR. Cross down Squash-Lane !

LAND. Then you were to keep straight forward, 'till you came to four roads.

MAR. Come to where four roads meet ?

TONY. Ay ; but you must be sure to take only one of them.

MAR. O Sir, you're facetious.

TONY. Then keeping to the right, you are to go sideways till you come upon Crack-skull common : there you must look sharp for the track of the wheel, and go forward 'till you come to farmer Murrain's barn. Coming to the farmer's barn you are to turn to the right, and then to the left, and then to the right about again, till you find out the old mill.

MAR. Zounds, man ! we could as soon find out the longitude !

HAST. What's to be done, Marlow ?

MAR. This house promises but a poor reception ; though perhaps the landlord can accommodate us.

LAND. Alack, master, we have but one spare bed in the whole house.

TONY. And to my knowledge that's taken up by three lodgers already. (*After a pause, in which the rest seems disconcerted.*) I have hit it. Don't you think, Stingo, that our landlady could accommodate the gentlemen by the fire-side, with—three chairs and a bolster.

HAST. I hate sleeping by the fire-side.

MAR. And I detest your three chairs and a bolster.

TONR. You do, do you !—then let me see—what if you go on a mile further, to the Buck's head ; the old Buck's Head on the Hill, one of the best inns in the whole county ?

HAST. O ho ! so we have escaped an adventure for this night, however.

LAND. (*Apart to Tony.*) Sure, you ben't sending them to your father's as an inn, be you ?

Tony. Mum, you fool you. Let them find that out. (*To them.*) You have only to keep on straight forward till you come to a large old house by the roadside. You'll see a pair of large horns over the door. That's the sign. Drive up the yard, and call stoutly about you.

HAST. Sir, we are obliged to you. The servants can't miss the way ?

TONY. No, no ; but I tell you though, the landlord is rich, and going to leave off business ; so he wants to be thought a gentleman, saving your presence, he ! he ! he ! He'll be giving you his company, and ecod, if you mind him, he'll persuade you that his mother was an alderman, and his aunt a justice of peace.

LAND. A troublesome old blade, to be sure ; but a keeps as good wine and beds as any in the whole country.

MAR. Well, if he supplies us with these, we shall want no farther connection, We are to turn to the right, did you say?

TONY. No, no; straight forward. I'll just step myself, and shew you a piece of the way. (*To the Landlord.*) Mum.

LAND. Ah, bless your heart, for a sweet, pleasant — damn'd mischievous son of a whore. [Exeunt.

ACT II.

SCENE, *an old-fashioned House.*

Enter HARDCASTLE followed by three or four awkward Servants.

HARD. WELL, I hope you are perfect in the table exercise I have been teaching you these three days. You all know your posts and your places, and can show that you have been used to good company, without ever stirring from home.

OMNES. Ay, ay.

HARD. When company comes, you are not to pop out and stare, and then run in again, like frightened rabbits in a warren.

OMNES. No, no.

HARD. You, Diggory, whom I have taken from the barn, are to make a show at the side-table; and you, Roger, whom I have advanced from the plough, are to place yourself behind my chair. But you're not to stand so, with your hands in your pockets. Take your hands from your pockets, Roger; and from your head, you blockhead you. See how Diggory carries his hands. They're a little too stiff, indeed, but that's no great matter.

DIG. Ay, mind how I hold them. I learned to hold my hands this way, when I was upon drill for the militia. And so being upon drill—

HARD. You must not be so talkative, Diggory. You must be all attention to the guests. You must hear us talk, and not think of talking; you must see us drink, and not think of drinking; you must see us eat, and not think of eating.

DIG. By the laws, your worship, that's perfectly impossible. Whenever Diggory sees yeating going forward, ecod he's always wishing for a mouthful himself.

HARD. Blockhead! Is not a belly-full in the kitchen as good as a belly-full in the parlor? Stay your stomach with that reflection.

DIG. Ecod, I thank your worship, I'll make a shift to stay my stomach with a slice of cold beef in the pantry.

HARD. Diggory, you are too talkative. Then if I happen to say a good thing, or tell a good story at table, you must not all burst out laughing, as if you made part of the company.

DIG. Then ecod your worship must not tell the story of ould grouse in the gun room: I can't help laughing at that—he! he! he!—for the soul of me. We have laughed at that these twenty years—ha! ha! ha!

HARD. Ha! ha! ha! The story is a good one. Well, honest Diggory, you may laugh at that—but still remember to be attentive. Suppose one of the company should call for a glass of wine, how will you behave? A glass of wine, Sir, if you please. (*To Diggory*)—Eh, why don't you move?

DIG. Ecod, your worship, I never have courage till I see the eatables and drinkables brought upo' the table, and then I'm as bauld as a lion.

HARD. What, will nobody move?

FIRST SERV. I'm not to leave this place.

SECOND SERV. I'm sure it's no place of mine.

THIRD SERV. Nor mine, for sartain.

DIG. Wauns, and I'm sure it canna be mine.

HARD. You numbskulls? and so while, like your betters, you are quarreling for places, the

guests must be starved. O you dunces ! I find I must begin all over again——But don't I hear a coach drive into the yard ? To your posts, you blockheads. I'll go in the mean time and give my old friend's son a hearty reception at the gate. *[Exit Hardcastle.]*

DIG. By the elevens, my place is gone quite out of my head.

ROG. I know that my place is to be every where.

FIRST SERV. Where the devil is mine ?

SECOND SERV. My place is to be no where at all ; and so ize go about my business. *[Exeunt servants, running about as if frightened, different ways.]*

Enter SERVANT with Candles, shewing in
MARLOW and HASTINGS.

SERV. Welcome, gentlemen, very welcome ! This way.

HAST. After the disappointments of the day, welcome once more, Charles, to the comforts of a clean room and a good fire. Upon my word, a very well-looking house ; antique but creditable.

MAR. The usual fate of a large mansion. Having first ruined the master by good house-keeping, it at last comes to levy contributions as an inn.

HAST. As you say, we passengers are to be taxed to pay all these fineries. I have often seen a good sideboard, or a marble chimney-piece, though not actually put in in the bill, inflame a reckoning confoundedly.

MAR. Travelers, George, must pay in all places. The only difference is, that in good inns you pay dearly for luxuries ; in bad inns you are fleeced and starved.

HAST. You have lived pretty much among them. In truth, I have been often surprised, that you, who have seen so much of the world, with your natural good sense, and your many

opportunities, could never yet acquire a requisite share of assurance.

MAR. The Englishman's malady. But tell me, George, where could I have learned that assurance you talk of? My life has been chiefly spent in a college or an inn, in seclusion from that lovely part of the creation that chiefly teach men confidence. I don't know that I was ever familiarly acquainted with a single modest woman—except my mother—But among females of another class, you know—

HAST. Ay, among them you are impudent enough of all conscience.

MAR. They are of *us*, you know.

HAST. But in the company of women of reputation I never saw such an idiot, such a trembler; you look for all the world as if you wanted an opportunity of stealing out of the room.

MAR. Why, man, that's because I do want to steal out of the room. Faith, I have often formed a resolution to break the ice, and rattle away at any rate. But I don't know how, a single glance from a pair of fine eyes has totally upset my resolution. An impudent fellow may counterfeit modesty: But I'll be hanged if a modest man can ever counterfeit impudence.

HAST. If you could but say half the five things to them, that I have heard you lavish upon the bar-maid of an inn, or even a college bed-maker—

MAR. Why, George, I can't say fine things to them: they freeze, they petrify me. They may talk of a comet, or a burning mountain, or some such bagatelle. But to me, a modest woman, drest out in all her finery, is the most tremendous object of the whole creation.

HAST. Ha! ha! ha! At this rate, man, how can you ever expect to marry?

MAR. Never, unless, as among kings and princes, my bride were to be courted by proxy. If indeed, like an eastern bridegroom, one were to be introduced to a wife he never saw before,

it might be endured. But to go through all the terrors of a formal courtship, together with the episode of aunts, grandmothers and cousins, and at last to blunt out the broad staring question of, Madam, will you marry me? No, no; that's a strain much above me, I assure you.

HAST. I pity you. But how do you intend behaving to the lady you are come down to visit at the request of your father?

MAR. As I behave to all other ladies. Bow very low. Answer yes or no to all her demands. But for the rest, I don't think I shall venture to look in her face till I see my father's again.

HAST. I'm surprised that one who is so warm a friend can be so cool a lover.

MAR. To be explicit, my dear Hastings, my chief inducement down was to be instrumental in forwarding your happiness, not my own. Miss Neville loves you, the family don't know you, as my friend you are sure of a reception, and let honor do the rest.

HAST. My dear Marlow! But I'll suppress the emotion. Were I a wretch, meanly seeking to carry off a fortune, you should be the last man in the world I would apply to for assistance. But Miss Neville's person is all I ask, and that is mine, both from her deceased father's consent, and her own inclination.

MAR. Happy man! You have talents and art to captivate any woman. I'm doomed to adore the sex, and yet to converse with the only part of it I despise. This stammer in my address, and this awkward prepossessing visage of mine, can never permit me to soar above the reach of a milliner's 'prentice, or one of the duchesses of Drury-lane. Pshaw! this fellow here to interrupt us.

Enter HARDCASTLE.

HARD. Gentlemen, once more you are heartily welcome. Which is Mr. Marlow? Sir, you

are heartily welcome. It's not my way, you see, to receive my friends with my back to the fire. I like to give them a hearty reception in the old style at my gate. I like to see their horses and trunks taken care of.

MAR. (*Aside.*) He has got our names from the servants already. (*To him*) We approve your caution and hospitality, Sir. (*To Hastings.*) I have been thinking, George, of changing our travelling dresses in the morning. I am grown confoundedly ashamed of mine.

HARD. I beg, Mr. Marlow, you'll use no ceremony in this house.

HAST. I fancy, George, you're right: the first blow is half the battle. I intend opening the campaign with the white and gold.

HARD. Mr. Marlow—Mr. Hastings—gentlemen—pray be under no restraint in this house. This is Liberty-hall, gentlemen. You may do just as you please here.

MAR. Yet, George, if we open the campaign too fiercely at first, we may want ammunition before it is over. I think to reserve the embroidery to secure a retreat.

HARD. Your talking of a retreat, Mr. Marlow, puts me in mind of the Duke of Marlborough, when we went to besiege Denain. He first summoned the garrison.

MAR. Don't you think the *ventre d'or* waistcoat will do with the plain brown?

HARD. He first summoned the garrison, which might consist of about five thousand men——

HAST. I think not: brown and yellow mix but very poorly.

HARD. I say, gentlemen, as I was telling you he summoned the garrison, which might consist of about five thousand men——

MAR. The girls like finery.

HARD. Which might consist of about five thousand men, well appointed with stores, ammunition, and other implements of war. Now says the Duke of Marlborough to George Brooks, that stood next to him—you must have

heard of George Brooks—I'll pawn my dukedom, says he, but I take that garrison without-spilling a drop of blood. So——

MAR. What, my good friend, if you gave us a glass of punch in the mean time, it would help us to carry on the siege with vigor.

HARD. Punch, Sir! (*Aside*). This is the most unaccountable kind of modesty I ever met with.

MAR. Yes, Sir, punch. A glass of warm punch, after our journey will be comfortable. This is Liberty-hall, you know.

HARD Here's a cup, Sir.

MAR. (*Aside*.) So this fellow, in his Liberty-hall, will only let us have just what he pleases.

HARD. (*Taking the cup*.) I hope you'll find it to your mind. I have prepared it with my own hands, and I believe you'll own the ingredients are tolerable. Will you be so good as to pledge me, Sir? Here, Mr. Marlow, here is to our better acquaintance. (*Drinks*)

MAR. (*Aside*.) A very impudent fellow this! but he's a character, and I'll humor him a little. Sir, my service to you. (*Drinks*)

HAST. (*Aside*.) I see this fellow wants to give us his company, and forgets that he's an inn-keeper, before he has learned to be a gentleman.

MAR. From the excellence of your cup, my old friend, I suppose you have a good deal of business in this part of the country. Warm work, now and then, at elections, I suppose.

HARD. No, Sir, I have long given that work over. Since our betters have hit upon the expedient of electing each other, there is no business "for us that sell ale."

HAST. So, then, you have no turn for politics, I find.

HARD. Not in the least. There was a time, indeed, I fretted myself about the mistakes of government, like other people: but finding myself every day grow more angry, and the government growing no better, I left it to mend itself.

Since that, I no more trouble my head about Heyder Ally, or Ally Cawn, than about Ally Croaker. Sir, my service to you.

HAST. So that with eating above stairs, and drinking below, with receiving your friends within, and amusing them without, you lead a good pleasant bustling life of it.

HARD. I do stir about a great deal, that's certain. Half the differences of the parish are adjusted in this very parlor.

MAR. (*After drinking*) And you have an argument in your cup, old gentleman, better than any in Westminster-hall.

HARD. Ay, young gentleman, that, and a little philosophy.

MAR. (*Aside.*) Well, this is the first time I ever heard of an innkeeper's philosophy.

HAST. So then, like an experienced general, you attack them on every quarter. If you find their reason manageable, you attack it with your philosophy ; if you find they have no reason, you attack them with this. Here's your health, my philosopher. (*Drinks.*)

HARD. Good, very good, thank you : ha ! ha ! Your generalship puts me in mind of Prince Eugene, when he fought the Turks at the battle of Belgrade. You shall hear.

MAR. Instead of the battle of Belgrade, I believe it's almost time to talk about supper. What has your philosophy got in the house for supper?

HARD. For supper, Sir ! (*Aside.*) Was ever such a request to a man in his own house !

MAR. Yes, Sir, supper, Sir ; I begin to feel an appetite. I shall make dev'lish work to-night in the larder, I promise you.

HARD. (*Aside.*) Such a brazen dog sure never my eyes beheld. (*To him.*) Why, really, Sir, as for supper I can't well tell. My Dorothy, and the cookmaid, settle these things between them. I leave these kind of things entirely to them.

MAR. You do, do you ?

HARD. Entirely. By-the-by, I believe they an

are in actual consultation upon what's for supper this moment in the kitchen.

MAR. Then I beg they'll admit me as one of their privy council. It's a way I have got. When I travel, I always choose to regulate my own supper. Let the cook be called. No offence, I hope, Sir.

HARD. O no, Sir, none in the least ; yet I don't know how : our Bridget, the cook-maid, is not very communicative upon these occasions. Should we send for her, she might scold us all out of the house.

HAST. Let's see your list of the larder then. I ask it as a favor. I always match my appetite to my bill of fare.

MAR. (*To Hardcastle, who looks at them with surprise.*) Sir, he's very right, and it's my way too.

HARD. Sir, you have a right to command here. Here, Roger, bring us the bill of fare for to-night's supper. I believe it's drawn out. Your manner, Mr. Hastings, puts me in mind of my uncle, Colonel Wallop. It was a saying of his, that no man was sure of his supper till he had eaten it.

HAST. (*Aside.*) All upon the high rope ! His uncle a colonel ! we shall soon hear of his mother being a justice of the peace. But let's hear the bill of fare.

MAR. (*Perusing.*) What's here ? For the first course ; for the second course : for the dessert. The devil ! Sir, do you think we have brought down the whole Joiners' company, or the corporation of Bedford, to eat up such a supper ? Two or three little things, clean and comfortable, will do.

HAST. But let's hear it.

MAR. (*Reading.*) For the first course at the top, a pig, and pruin sauce.

HAST. Damn your pig, I say.

MAR. And damn your pruin sauce, say I.

HARD. And yet, gentlemen, to men that are

hungry, pig with pruin sauce is very good eating.

MAR. At the bottom a calf's tongue and brains.

HAST. Let your brains be knock'd out, my good Sir, I don't like them.

MAR. Or you may clap them on a plate by themselves.

HARD. (*Aside.*) Their impudence confounds me. (*To them*) Gentlemen, you are my guests, make what alterations you please. Is there anything else you wish to retrench or alter, gentlemen?

MAR. Item. A pork-pie, a boiled rabbit and sausages, a Florentine, a shaking pudding, and a dish of tiff—taff—taffety cream.

HAST. Confound your made dishes! I shall be as much at a loss in this house as at a green and yellow dinner at the French ambassador's table. I'm for plain eating.

HARD. I'm sorry, gentlemen, that I have nothing you like, but if there be anything you have a particular fancy to——

MAR. Why, really, Sir, your bill of fare is so exquisite, that any one part of it is full as good as another. Send us what you please. So much for supper. And now to see that our beds are air'd, and properly taken care of.

HARD. I intreat you'll leave all that to me. You shall not stir a step.

MAR. Leave that to you! I protest, Sir, you must excuse me, I always look to these things myself.

HARD. I must insist, Sir, you'll make yourself easy on that head.

MAR. You see I'm resolved on it. (*Aside*) A very troublesome fellow this, as I ever met with.

HARD. Well, Sir, I'm resolved at least to attend you. (*Aside*) This may be modern modesty, but I never saw anything look so like old-fashion'd impudence.

[*Exeunt* Marlow and Hardcastle.]

HAST. *alone.* So I find this fellow's civilities begin to grow troublesome. But who can be angry at those assiduities which are meant to please him? Ha! what do I see? Miss Neville, by all that's happy!

Enter Miss NEVILLE.

MISS NEV. My dear Hastings! To what unexpected good fortune! to what accident, am I to ascribe this happy meeting?

HAST. Rather let me ask the same question, as I could never have hoped to meet my dearest Constance at an inn.

MISS NEV. An inn! sure you mistake! my aunt, my guardian, lives here. What could induce you to call this house an inn?

HAST. My friend, Mr. Marlow, with whom I came down, and I, have been sent here as to an inn, I assure you. A young fellow, whom we accidentally met at a house hard by, directed us hither.

MISS NEV. Certainly it must be one of my hopeful cousin's tricks, of whom you have heard me talk so often, ha! ha! ha!

HAST. He whom your aunt intends for you? he of whom I have such just apprehensions?

MISS NEV. You have nothing to fear from him, I assure you. You'd adore him, if you knew how heartily he despises me. My aunt knows it too, and has undertaken to court me for him, and actually begins to think she has made a conquest.

HAST. Thou dear dissembler! You must know, my Constance, I have just seized this happy opportunity of my friend's visit here to get admittance into the family. The horses that carried us down are now fatigued with their journey, but they'll soon be refreshed; and then, if my dearest girl will trust in her faithful Hastings, we shall soon be landed in France, where even among slaves the laws of marriage are respected.

MISS NEV. I have often told you, that though

ready to obey you, I yet should leave my little fortune behind with reluctance. The greatest part of it was left me by my uncle, the India director, and chiefly consists in jewels. I have been for some time persuading my aunt to let me wear them. I fancy I'm very near succeeding. The instant they are put into my possession, you shall find me ready to make them and myself yours.

HAST. Perish the baubles! Your person is all I desire. In the mean time my friend Marlow must not be let into his mistake. I know the strange reserve of his temper is such, that, if abruptly informed of it, he would instantly quit the house before our plan was ripe for execution.

MISS NEV. But how shall we keep him in the deception? Miss Hardcastle is just returned from walking; what if we still continue to deceive him?—This, this way— [*They confer.*]

Enter MARLOW.

MAR. The assiduities of these good people tease me beyond bearing. My host seems to think it ill manners to leave me alone, and so he claps not only himself, but his old-fashioned wife, on my back. They talk of coming to sup with us too; and then, I suppose, we are to run the gauntlet through all the rest of the family.—What have we got here!—

HAST. My dear Charles! Let me congratulate you!—The most fortunate accident!—Who do you think has just alighted?

MAR. Cannot guess.

HAST. Our mistresses, boy, Miss Hardcastle and Miss Neville. Give me leave to introduce Miss Constance Neville to your acquaintance. Happening to dine in the neighborhood, they called on their return to take fresh horses here. Miss Hardcastle has just stepped into the next room, and will be back in an instant. Wasn't it lucky? eh!

MAR. (*Aside.*) I have been mortified enough

of all conscience, and here comes something to complete my embarrassment.

HAST. Well, but wasn't it the most fortunate thing in the world?

MAR. Oh! yes. Very fortunate—a most joyful encounter—But our dresses, George, you know are in disorder—What if we should postpone the happiness till to-morrow?—To-morrow at her own house?—It will be every bit as convenient—and rather more respectful—To-morrow let it be.

[*Offering to go.*]

MISS NEV. By no means, Sir. Your ceremony will displease her. The disorder of your dress will show the ardor of your impatience. Besides, she knows you are in the house, and will permit you to see her.

MAR. O! the devil! how shall I support it. Hem! hem! Hastings, you must not go. You are to assist me, you know. I shall be confoundedly ridiculous. Yet, hang it! I'll take courage. Hem!

HAST. Pshaw, man! it's but the first plunge, and all's over. She's but a woman, you know.

MAR. And of all women, she that I dread most to encounter!

Enter Miss HARDCASTLE, as returned from walking.

HAST., *introducing them.* Miss Hardcastle, Mr. Marlow. I'm proud of bringing two persons of such merit together, that only want to know, to esteem each other.

MISS HARD. (*Aside.*) Now for meeting my modest gentleman with a demure face and quite in his own manner. (*After a pause, in which he appears very uneasy and disconcerted.*) I'm glad of your safe arrival, Sir. I'm told you had some accidents by the way.

MAR. Only a few, Madam. Yes, we had some. Yes, Madam, a good many accidents, but should be sorry—Madam—or rather glad of any accidents—that are so agreeably concluded. Hem!

HAST. (*To him.*) You never spoke better in your whole life. Keep it up, and I'll insure you the victory.

Miss HARD. I'm afraid you flatter, Sir. You that have seen so much of the finest company can find little entertainment in an obscure corner of the country.

MAR. (*Gathering courage.*) I have lived, indeed, in the world, Madam; but I have kept very little company. I have been but an observer upon life, Madam, while others were enjoying it.

Miss NEV. But that, I am told, is the way to enjoy it at last.

HAST. (*To him.*) Cicero never spoke better. Once more, and you are confirmed in assurance forever.

MAR. (*To him.*) Hem! Stand by me, then, and when I'm down, throw in a word or two to set me up again.

Miss HARD. An observer, like you, upon life were, I fear, disagreeably employed, since you must have had much more to censure than to approve.

MAR. Pardon me, Madam. I was always willing to be amused. The folly of most people is rather an object of mirth than uneasiness.

HAST. (*To him.*) Bravo, Bravo! Never spoke so well in your whole life. Well! Miss Hardcastle, I see that you and Mr. Marlow are going to be very good company. I believe our being here will but embarrass the interview.

MAR. Not in the least, Mr. Hastings. We like your company, of all things. (*To him.*) Zounds! George, sure you won't go? how can you leave us?

HAST. Our presence will but spoil conversation, so we'll retire to the next room. (*To him.*) You don't consider, man, that we are to manage a little tête-à-tête of our own.

Miss HARD. (*After a pause.*) But you have not been wholly an observer, I presume, Sir:

the ladies, I should hope, have employed some part of your addresses.

MAR. (*Relapsing into timidity.*) Pardon me, Madam, I—I—I—as yet have studied—only—to—deserve them.

MISS HARD. And that, some say, is the very worst way to obtain them,

MAR. Perhaps so, Madam. But I love to converse only with the more grave and sensible part of the sex.—But I'm afraid I grow tiresome.

MISS HARD. Not at all, Sir; there is nothing I like so much as grave conversation myself; I could hear it forever. Indeed I have often been surprised how a man of sentiment could ever admire those light airy pleasures, where nothing reaches the heart.

MAR. It's—a disease—of the mind, Madam. In the variety of tastes there must be some, who, wanting a relish—for—um—a—um.

MISS HARD. I understand you, Sir. There must be some, who, wanting a relish for refined pleasures, pretend to despise what they are incapable of tasting.

MAR. My meaning, Madam, but infinitely better expressed. And I can't help observing
—a—

MISS HARD. (*Aside.*) Who could ever suppose this fellow impudent upon such occasions? (*To him.*) You were going to observe, Sir—

MAR. I was observing, Madam—I protest, Madam, I forget what I was going to observe.

MISS HARD. (*Aside.*) I vow and so do I. (*To him.*) You were observing, Sir, that in this age of hypocrisy—something about hypocrisy, Sir.

MAR. Yes, Madam. In this age of hypocrisy there are few who upon strict inquiry do not—
a—a—a—

MISS HARD. I understand you perfectly, Sir.

MAR. (*Aside.*) Egad! and that's more than I do myself.

MISS HARD. You mean that in this hypocritical age there are few that do not condemn in public what they practice in private, and think they pay every debt to virtue when they praise it.

MAR. True, Madam ; those who have most virtue in their mouths, have least of it in their bosoms. But I'm sure I tire you, Madam.

MISS HARD. Not in the least, Sir ; there's something so agreeable and spirited in your manner, such life and force—pray, Sir, go on.

MAR. Yes, Madam. I was saying—that there are some occasions—when a total want of courage, Madam, destroys all the—and puts us—upon a—a—a—

MISS HARD. I agree with you entirely ; a want of courage upon some occasions assumes the appearance of ignorance, and betrays us when we most want to excel. I beg you'll proceed.

MAR. Yes, Madam. Morally speaking, Madam—But I see Miss Neville expecting us in the next room. I would not intrude for the world.

MISS HARD. I protest, Sir, I was never more agreeably entertained in all my life. Pray go on.

MAR. Yes, Madam, I was—But she beckons us to join her. Madam, shall I do myself the honor to attend you ?

MISS HARD. Well then, I'll follow.

MAR. (*Aside*) This pretty smooth dialogue has done for me. [*Exit.*]

MISS HARD, *alone*. Ha ! ha ! ha ! Was there ever such a sober sentimental interview ? I'm certain he scarce look'd in my face the whole time. Yet the fellow, but for his unaccountable bashfulness, is pretty well too. He has good sense, but then so buried in his fears, that it fatigues one more than ignorance. If I could teach him a little confidence, it would be doing somebody that I know of a piece of ser-

vice. But who is that somebody?—That, faith, is a question I can scarce answer. [*Exit.*]

*Enter TONY and MISS NEVILLE, followed by
MRS. HARDCASTLE and HASTINGS*

TONY. What do you follow me for, cousin Con? I wonder you're not ashamed to be so very engaging.

MISS NEV. I hope, cousin, one may speak to one's own relations, and not be to blame

TONY. Ay, but I know what sort of a relation you want to make me though; but it won't do. I tell you, cousin Con, it won't do; so I beg you'll keep your distance, I want no nearer relationship.

[*She follows coqueting him to the back scene.*]

Mrs. HARD. Well, I vow, Mr. Hastings, you are very entertaining. There's nothing in the world I love to talk of so much as London, and the fashions, though I was never there myself.

HAST. Never there! You amaze me! From your air and manner, I concluded you had been bred all your life either at Ranelagh, St. James's, or Tower Wharf.

Mrs. HARD. O! Sir, you're only pleased to say so. We country persons can have no manner at all. I'm in love with the town, and that serves to raise me above some of our neighboring rustics; but who can have a manner, that has never seen the Pantheon, the Grotto Gardens, the Borough, and such places where the nobility chiefly resort? All I can do is, to enjoy London at second-hand. I take care to know every tête-à-tête from the Scandalous Magazine, and have all the fashions, as they come out, in a letter from the two Miss Rickets of Crooked Lane. Pray how do you like this head, Mr. Hastings?

HAST. Extremely elegant and dégagée, upon my word, Madam. Your friseur is a Frenchman, I suppose?

Mrs. HARD. I protest, I dressed it myself

from a print in the Lady's Memorandum-book for the last year.

HAST. Indeed ! Such a head in a side-box at the play-house would draw as many gazers as my Lady May'ress at a City Ball.

Mrs. HARD. I vow, since inoculation began, there is no such thing to be seen as a plain woman ; so one must dress a little particular, or one may escape in the crowd.

HAST. But that can never be your case, Madam, in any dress. (*Bowing*)

Mrs. HARD. Yet, what signifies my dressing when I have such a piece of antiquity by my side as Mr. Hardcastle ; all I can say will never argue down a single button from his clothes. I have often wanted him to throw off his great flaxen wig, and where he was bald, to plaster it over, like my Lord Pately, with powder.

HAST. You are right, Madam ; for, as among the ladies there are none ugly, so among the men there are none old.

Mrs. HARD. But what do you think his answer was ? Why, with his usual Gothic vivacity, he said I only wanted him to throw off his wig to convert it into a tête for my own wearing.

HAST. Intolerable ! At your age you may wear what you please, and it must become you.

Mrs. HARD. Pray, Mr. Hastings, what do you take to be the most fashionable age about town ?

HAST. Some time ago, forty was all the mode ; but I'm told the ladies intend to bring up fifty for the ensuing winter.

Mrs. HARD. Seriously. Then I shall be too young for the fashion.

HAST. No lady begins now to put on jewels till she's past forty. For instance, Miss there, in a polite circle, would be considered as a child as a mere maker of samplers.

Mrs. HARD. And yet Mrs. Niece thinks her-

self as much a woman, and is as fond of jewels, as the oldest of us all.

HAST. Your niece, is she? And that young gentleman, a brother of yours, I should presume?

Mrs. HARD. My son, Sir. They are contracted to each other. Observe their little sports. They fall in and out ten times a day, as if they were man and wife already. (*To them.*) Well, Tony, child, what soft things are you saying to your cousin Constance this evening?

TONY. I have been saying no soft things; but that it's very hard to be followed about so. Ecod! I've not a place in the house now that's left to myself, but the stable.

Mrs. HARD. Never mind him, Con, my dear; he's in another story behind your back.

Miss NEV. There's something generous in my cousin's manner. He falls out before faces to be forgiven in private.

TONY. That's a damn'd confounded—crack.

Mrs. HARD. Ah! he's a sly one. Don't you think they are like each other about the mouth, Mr. Hastings? The Blenkinsop mouth to a T. They're of a size too. Back to back, my pretties, that Mr. Hastings may see you come, Tony.

TONY. You had as good not make me, I tell you. (*Measuring*)

Miss NEV. O lud! he has almost cracked my head.

Mrs. HARD. O, the monster! For shame, Tony. You a man, and behave so!

TONY. If I'm a man, let me have my fortin. Ecod; I'll not be made a fool of no longer.

Mrs. HARD. Is this, ungrateful boy, all that I'm to get for the pains I have taken in your education? I that have rock'd you in your cradle, and fed that pretty mouth with a spoon! Did not I work that waistcoat to make you genteel? Did not I prescribe for you every day, and weep while the receipt was operating?

TONY. Ecod ! you had reason to weep, for you have been dosing me ever since I was born. I have gone through every receipt in the complete Housewife ten times over ; and you have thoughts of coursing me through Quincey next spring. But, ecod ! I tell you I'll not be made a fool no longer.

Mrs. HARD. Wasn't it all for your good, viper ? Wasn't it all for your good ?

TONY. I wish you'd let me and my good alone then. Snubbing this way when I'm in spirits. If I'm to have any good, let it come of itself ; not to keep dinging it, dinging it into one so.

Mrs HARD. That's false ; I never see you when you're in spirits. No, Tony, you then go to the alehouse or kennel. I'm never to be delighted with your agreeable wild notes, unfeeling monster !

TONY. Ecod ! mamma, your own notes are the wildest of the two.

Mrs. HARD. Was ever the like ? But I see he wants to break my heart, I see he does.

HAST. Dear madam, permit me to lecture the young gentleman a little. I'm certain I can persuade him to his duty.

Mrs. HARD. Well ! I must retire. Come, Constance, my love. You see, Mr. Hastings, the wretchedness of my situation ; was ever poor women so plagued with a dear, sweet, pretty, provoking, undutiful boy !

Exeunt Mrs. Hardcastle and Miss Neville.

HASTINGS, TONY.

TONY, *singing*. " There was a young man riding by, and fain would have his will. Rang do didlo dee."——Don't mind her. Let her cry. It's the comfort of her heart. I have seen her and sister cry over a book for an hour together, and they said, they liked the book the better the more it made them cry.

HAST. Then you're no friend to the ladies, I find, my pretty young gentleman ?

TONY. That's as I find 'um.

HAST. Not to her of your mother's choosing, dare answer? And yet she appears to me a pretty well-tempered girl.

TONY. That's because you don't know her as well as I. Ecod! I know every inch about her; and there's not a more bitter cantackerous toad in all Christendom.

HAST. (*Aside.*) Pretty encouragement this for a lover!

TONY. I have seen her since the height of that. She has as many tricks as a hare in a thicket, or a colt the first day's breaking.

HAST. To me she appears sensible and silent!

TONY. Ay, before company. But when she's with her playmate, she's as loud as a hog in a gate.

HAST. But there is a meek modesty about her that charms me.

TONY. Yes, but curb her never so little, she kicks up, and you're flung in a ditch.

HAST. Well, but you must allow her a little beauty.—Yes, you must allow her some beauty.

TONY. Bandbox! She's all a made up thing mum. Ah! could you but see Bouncer of these parts, you might then talk of beauty. Ecod, she has two eyes as black as sloes, and cheeks as broad and red as a pulpit cushion. She'd make two of she.

HAST. Well, what say you to a friend that would take this bitter bargain off your hands?

TONY. Anon.

HAST. Would you thank him that would take Miss Neville, and leave you to happiness and your dear Betsy?

TONY. Ay; but where is there such a friend, for who would take her?

HAST. I am he. If you but assist me, I'll engage to whip her off to France, and you shall never hear more of her.

TONY. Assist you! Ecod I will, to the last drop of my blood. I'll clap a pair of horses

to your chaise that shall trundle you off in a twinkling, and may be get you a part of her fortin beside in jewels that you little dream of.

HAST. My dear 'squire, this looks like a lad of spirit.

TONY. Come along, then, and you shall see more of my spirit before you have done with me.

(*Singing*).

We are the boys
That fears no noise
Where the thundering cannons roar.

[*Exeunt*.]

ACT III.

Enter HARDCASTLE, *alone*.

HARD. WHAT could my old friend Sir Charles mean by recommending his son as the modest young man in town? To me he appears the most impudent piece of brass that ever spoke with a tongue. He has taken possession of the easy chair by the fire-side already. He took off his boots in the parlor, and desired me to see them taken care of. I'm desirous to know how his impudence affects my daughter.—She will certainly be shocked at it.

Enter Miss HARDCASTLE, *plainly dressed*.

HARD. Well, my Kate, I see you have changed your dress, as I bade you and yet, I believe, there was no great occasion.

Miss HARD. I find such a pleasure, Sir, in obeying your commands, that I take care to observe them without ever debating their propriety.

HARD. And yet, Kate, I sometimes give you some cause, particularly when I recommended my modest gentleman to you as a lover to-day.

Miss HARD. 'You taught me to expect some-

thing extraordinary, and I find the original exceeds the description.

HARD. I was never so surprised in my life ! He has quite confounded all my faculties !

Miss HARD. I never saw anything like it : and a man of the world too !

HARD. Ay, he learned it all abroad—what a fool was I, to think a young man could learn modesty by traveling. He might as soon learn wit at a masquerade.

Miss HARD. It seems all natural to him.

HARD. A good deal assisted by bad company and a French dancing-master.

Miss HARD. Sure you mistake, papa ! A French dancing-master could never have taught him that timid look—that awkward address—that bashful manner—

HARD. Whose look ? whose manner, child ?

Miss HARD. Mr. Marlow's ; his *mauvaise honte*, his timidity, struck me at the first sight.

HARD. Then your first sight deceived you ; for I think him one of the most brazen first sights that ever astonished my senses.

Miss HARD. Sure, Sir, you rally ! I never saw anyone so modest.

HARD. And can you be serious ? I never saw such a bouncing swaggering puppy since I was born. Bully Dawson was but a fool to him.

Miss HARD. Surprising ! He met me with a respectful bow, a stammering voice, and a look fixed on the ground.

HARD. He met me with a loud voice, a lordly air, and a familiarity that made my blood freeze again.

Miss HARD. He treated me with diffidence and respect ; censured the manners of the age ; admired the prudence of girls that never laughed ; tired me with apologies for being tiresome ; then left the room with a bow, and "Madam, I would not for the world detain you."

HARD. He spoke to me as if he knew me

all his life before; asked twenty questions, and never waited for an answer; interrupted my best remarks with some silly pun; and when I was in my best story of the Duke of Marlborough and Prince Eugene, he asked if I had not a good hand at making punch. Yes, Kate, he asked your father if he was a maker of punch.

Miss HARD. One of us must certainly be mistaken.

HARD. If he be what he has shown himself, I'm determined he shall never have my consent.

Miss HARD. And if he be the sullen thing I take him, he shall never have mine.

HARD. In one thing then we are agreed—to reject him.

Miss HARD. Yes. But upon conditions. For if you should find him less impudent, and I more presuming; if you find him more respectful, and I more importunate—I don't know—the fellow is well enough for a man—Certainly we don't meet many such at a horse-race in the country.

HARD. If we should find him so——But that's impossible. The first appearance has done my business. I'm seldom deceived in that.

Miss HARD. And yet there may be many good qualities under that first appearance.

HARD. Ay, when a girl finds a fellow's outside to her taste, she then sets about guessing the rest of his furniture. With her a smooth face stands for good sense, and a genteel figure for every virtue.

Miss HARD. I hope, Sir, a conversation begun with a compliment to my good sense won't end with a sneer at my understanding?

HARD. Pardon me, Kate. But if young Mr. Brazen can find the art of reconciling contradictions, he may please us both, perhaps.

Miss HARD. And as one of us must be mistaken, what if we go to make farther discoveries?

HARD. Agreed. But depend on't I'm in the right.

Miss HARD. And depend on't I'm not much in the wrong. *[Exeunt.]*

Enter TONY, running in with a casket.

TONY. Ecod ! I have got them. Here they are. My cousin Con's necklaces, bobs and all. My mother shan't cheat the poor souls out of their fortin neither. O ! my genus, is that you.

Enter HASTINGS.

HAST. My dear friend, how have you managed with your mother ? I hope you have amused her with pretending love for your cousin, and that your are willing to be reconciled at last ? Our horses will be refreshed in a short time, and we shall soon be ready to set off.

TONY. And here's something to bear your charges by the way, *(giving the casket,)* your sweetheart's jewels. Keep them, and hang those, I say, that would rob you of one of them.

HAST. But how have you procured them from your mother ?

TONY. Ask me no questions and I'll tell you no fibs. I procured them by the rule of thumb. If I had not a key to every drawer in mother's bureau, how could I go to the alehouse so often as I do ? An honest man may rob himself of his own at any time.

HAST. Thousands do it every day. But to be plain with you, Miss Neville is endeavoring to procure them from her aunt this very instant. If she succeeds, it will be the most delicate way at least of obtaining them.

TONY. Well, keep them, till you know how it will be. But I know how it will be well enough, she'd as soon part with the only sound tooth in her head.

HAST. But I dread the effects of her resentment, when she finds she has lost them.

TONY. Never you mind her resentment, leave me to manage that. I don't value her resentment the bounce of a cracker. Zounds! here they are. Morrice! Prance! [*Exit HASTINGS.*]

TONY, Mrs. HARDCASTLE, and Miss NEVILLE.

Mrs. HARD. Indeed, Constance, you amaze me! Such a girl as you want jewels? It will be time enough for jewels, my dear, twenty years hence, when your beauty begins to want repairs.

Miss NEV. But what will repair beauty at forty, will certainly improve it at twenty, Madam.

Mrs. HARD. Yours, my dear, can admit of none. That natural blush is beyond a thousand ornaments. Besides, child, jewels are quite out at present. Don't you see half the ladies of our acquaintance, my Lady Kill-daylight, and Mrs. Crump, and the rest of them, carry their jewels to town, and bring nothing but paste and marcasites back.

Miss NEV. But who knows, Madam, but somebody that shall be nameless would like me best with all my little finery about me?

Mrs. HARD. Consult your glass, my dear, and then see if, with such a pair of eyes, you want any better sparklers. What do you think, Tony, my dear? Does your cousin Con want any jewels in your eyes to set off her beauty?

TONY. That's as thereafter may be.

Miss NEV. My dear aunt, if you knew how it would oblige me.

Mrs. HARD. A parcel of old-fashioned rose-and-table cut things. They would make you look like the Court of King Solomon at a puppet-show. Besides, I believe I can't readily come at them. They may be missing for aught I know to the contrary.

TONY. (*Apart to Mrs. Hardcastle.*) Then why don't you tell her so at once, as she's so long-ing for them? Tell her they're lost. It's the only way to quiet her. Say they're lost, and call me to bear witness.

Mrs. HARD. (*Apart to Tony.*) You know, my dear, I'm only keeping them for you. So if I say they're gone, you'll bear me witness, will you? He! he! he!

TONY. Never fear me. Ecod! I'll say I saw them taken out with my own eyes.

Miss NEV.—I desire them but for a day, Madam. Just to be permitted to show them as relics, and then they may be locked up again.

Mrs. HARD. To be plain with you, my dear Constance; if I could find them you should have them. They're missing, I assure you. Lost for aught I know; but we must have patience wherever they are.

Miss NEV. I'll not believe it; this is but a shallow pretence to deny me. I know they are too valuable to be so slightly kept, and as you are to answer for the loss—

Mrs. HARD. Don't be alarmed, Constance. If they be lost I must restore an equivalent. But my son knows they are missing, and not to be found.

TONY. That I can bear witness to. They are missing, and not to be found; I'll take my oath on't.

Mrs. HARD. You must learn resignation, my dear; for though we lose our fortune, yet we should not lose our patience. See me, how calm I am.

Miss NEV. Ay, people are generally calm at the misfortunes of others.

Mrs. HARD. Now I wonder a girl of your good sense should waste a thought upon such trumpery. We shall soon find them; and in the mean time you shall make use of my garnets till your jewels be found.

Miss NEV. I detest garnets.

Mrs. HARD. The most becoming things in the world to set off a clear complexion. You have often seen how well they look upon me. You shall have them. [*Exit.*]

Miss NEV. I dislike them of all things. You shan't stir.—Was ever anything so provoking,

to mislay my own jewels, and force me to wear her trumpery?

TONY. Don't be a fool. If she gives you the garnets, take what you can get. The jewels are your own already. I have stolen them out of her bureau, and she does not know it. Fly to your spark, he'll tell you more of the matter. Leave me to manage her.

Miss NEV. My dear cousin!

TONY. Vanish. She's here, and has missed them already. Bounds! how she fidgets and spits about like a catherine wheel.

Enter MRS. HARDCASTLE.

MRS. HARD. Confusion! Thieves! robbers! we are cheated, plundered, broke open, undone.

TONY. What's the matter, what's the matter, mamma? I hope nothing has happened to to any of the good family!

MRS. HARD. We are robbed. My bureau has been broken open, the jewels taken out, and I'm undone.

TONY. Oh! is that all? Ha! ha! ha! By the laws, I never saw it better acted in my life Ecod, I thought you was ruin'd in earnest, ha! ha! ha!

MRS. HARD. Why, boy, I'm ruin'd in earnest. My bureau has been broken open, and all taken away.

TONY. Stick to that; ha! ha! ha! stick to that. I'll bear witness, you know; call me to bear witness.

MRS. HARD. I tell you, Tony, by all that's precious, the jewels are gone, and I shall be ruin'd forever.

TONY. Sure, I know they are gone, and I'm to say so.

MRS. HARD. My dearest Tony, but hear me. They're gone, I say.

TONY. By the laws, mamma, you make me for to laugh, ha! ha! I know who took them well enough, ha! ha! ha!

Mrs. HARD. Was there ever such a block-head, that can't tell the difference between jest and earnest ? I tell you I'm not in jest, booby.

TONY. That's right, that's right : you must be in a bitter passion, and then nobody will suspect either of us. I'll bear witness that they are gone.

Mrs. HARD. Was there ever such a cross-grain'd brute, that won't hear me ? Can you bear witness that you're no better than a fool ? Was ever poor woman so beset with fools on one hand, and thieves on the other !

TONY. I can bear witness to that.

Mrs. HARD. Bear witness again, you block-head you, and I'll turn you out of the room directly. My poor niece, what will become of her ! Do you laugh, you unfeeling brute, as if you enjoyed my distress ?

TONY. I can bear witness to that.

Mrs. HARD. Do you insult me, monster ? I'll teach you to vex your mother, I will.

TONY. I can bear witness to that.

[He runs off, she follows him.]

Enter Miss HARDCASTLE and MAID.

Miss HARD. What an unaccountable creature is that brother of mine, to send them to the house as an inn, ha ! ha ! I don't wonder at his impudence.

MAID. But what is more, Madam, the young gentleman, as you passed by in your present dress, ask'd me if you were the bar-maid ? He mistook you for the bar-maid, Madam.

Miss HARD. Did he ? Then as I live I'm resolved to keep up the delusion. Tell me, Pimple, how do you like my present dress ? Don't you think I look something like Cherry in the Beaux Stratagem.

MAID. It's the dress, Madam, that every lady wears in the country, but when she visits or receives company.

MISS HARD. And are you sure he does not remember my face or person ?

MAID. Certain of it.

MISS HARD. I vow, I thought so ; for though we spoke for some time together, yet his fears were such that he never once looked up during the interview. Indeed, if he had, my bonnet would have kept him from seeing me.

MAID. But what do you hope from keeping him in his mistake ?

MISS HARD. In the first place I shall be seen, and that is no small advantage to a girl who brings her face to market. Then I shall perhaps make an acquaintance, and that's no small victory gained over one who never addresses any but the wildest of her sex. But my chief aim is, to take my gentleman off his guard, and like an invisible champion of romance, examine the giant's force before I offer to combat.

MAID. But are you sure you can act your part, and disguise your voice so that he may mistake that, as he has already mistaken your person ?

MISS HARD. Never fear me. I think I have got the true barcant—Did your honor call ?—Attend the Lion there.—Pipes and tobacco for the Angel.—The Lamb has been outrageous this half-hour.

MAID. It will do, Madam. But he's here.

[*Exit Maid.*]

Enter MARLOW.

MAR. What a bawling in every part of the house ! I have scarce a moment's repose. If I go to the best room, there I find my host and his story. If I fly to the gallery, there we have my hostess with her courtesy down to the ground. I have at last got a moment to myself, and now for recollection.

[*Walks and muses.*]

MISS HARD. Did you call, Sir ? Did your honor call ?

MAR. (*Musing.*) As for Miss Hardcastle, she's too gave and sentimental for me.

MISS HARD. Did your honor call? [*She still places herself before him, he turning away.*]

MAR. No, child. (*musings*) Besides, from the glimpse I had of her, I think she squints.

MISS HARD. I'm sure, Sir, I heard the bell ring.

MAR. No, no, (*Musing.*) I have pleased my father, however, by coming down, and I'll to-morrow please myself by returning.

[*Taking and his tablets, and perusing.*]

MISS HARD. Perhaps the other gentleman called, Sir?

MAR. I tell you, no.

MISS HARD. I should be glad to know, Sir. We have such a parcel of servants.

MAR. No, no, I tell you. (*Looks full in her face.*) Yes, child, I think I did call. I wanted—I wanted—I vow, child, you are vastly handsome.

MISS HARD. O la, Sir, you'll make one ashamed.

MAR. Never saw a more sprightly malicious eye. Yes, yes, my dear, I did call. Have you got any of your—a—what d'ye call it in the house?

MISS HARD. No, Sir, we have been out of that these ten days.

MAR. One may call in this house, I find, to very little purpose. Suppose I should call for a taste, just by way of trial, of the nectar of your lips; perhaps I might be disappointed in that too. *perhaps you were*

MISS HARD. Nectar! nectar! That's a liquor there's no call for in these parts. French, I suppose. We keep no French wines here, Sir.

MAR. Of true English growth, I assure you.

MISS HARD. Then it's odd I should not know it. We brew all sorts of wines in this house, and I have lived here these eighteen years.

MAR. Eighteen years ! Why one would think, child, you kept the bar before you was born. How old are you ?

Miss HARD. O ! Sir, I must not tell my age. They say, women and music should never be dated.

MAR. To guess at this distance you can't be much above forty (*approaching*) Yet, nearer, I don't think so much (*approaching*.) By coming close to some women they look younger still ; but when we come very close indeed—(*attempting to kiss her*.)

Miss HARD. Pray, Sir, keep your distance. One would think you wanted to know one's age as they do horses, by mark of mouth.

MAR. I protest, child, you use me extremely ill. If you keep me at this distance, how is it possible you and I can ever be acquainted ?

Miss HARD. And who wants to be acquainted with you ? I want no such acquaintance, not I. I'm sure you did not treat Miss Hardcastle that was here awhile ago in this obstropicalous manner. I'll warrant me, before her you look'd dash'd, and kept bowing to the ground, and talk'd, for all the world as if you was before a justice of peace.

MAR. (*Aside*.) Egad ! She has hit it, sure enough. (*To her*.) In awe of her, child ? Ha ! ha ! ha ! A mere awkward squinting thing, no, no. I find you don't know me. I laugh'd, and rallied her a little ; but I was unwilling to be too severe. No, I could not be too severe, curse me.

Miss HARD. O ! then, Sir, you are a favorite, I find, among the ladies ?

MAR. Yes, my dear, a great favorite. And yet, hang me, I don't see what they find in me to follow. At the ladies' club in town I'm called their agreeable Rattle. Rattle, child, is not my real name, but one I'm known by. My name is Solomons. Mr. Solomons, my dear, at your service. (*Offering to salute her*.)

Miss HARD. Hold, Sir ; you are introducing

me to your club, not to yourself. And you're so great a favorite there, you say?

MAR. Yes, my dear. There's Mrs. Mantrap, Lady Betty Blackleg, the Countess of Sligo, Mrs. Langhorns, old Miss Biddy Buckskin, and your humble servant, keep up the spirit of the place.

Miss HARD. Then it's a very merry place, I suppose?

MAR. Yes, as merry as cards, supper, wine, and old women can make us.

Miss HARD. And their agreeable Rattle. ha! ha! ha!

MAR. (*Aside.*) Egad! I don't like this chit. She looks knowing, methinks. You laugh, child!

Miss HARD. I can't but laugh to think what time they all have for minding their work or their family.

MAR. (*Aside.*) All's well; she don't laugh at me. (*To her.*) Do you ever work, child?

Miss HARD. Ay, sure. There's not a screen or quilt in the whole house but what can bear witness to that.

MAR. Odso! then you must show me your embroidery. I embroider and draw patterns myself a little. If you want a judge of your work, you must apply to me. [*Seizing her hand.*

Miss HARD. Ay, but the colors do not look well by candlelight. You shall see all in the morning. [*Struggling.*

MAR. And why not now, my angel? Such beauty fires beyond the power of resistance.—Pshaw! the father here! My old luck: I never nick'd seven that I did not throw ames ace three times following. *Exit Marlow.*

Enter HARDCASTLE, who stands in surprise.

HARD. So, Madam. So, I find, this is your modest lover. This is your humble admirer that kept his eyes fixed on the ground, and only ador'd at humble distance. Kate, Kate, art thou not asham'd to deceive your father so?

Miss HARD. Never trust me, dear papa, but he's still the modest man I first took him for ; you'll be convinc'd of it as well as I.

HARD. By the hand of my body, I believe his impudence is infectious ! Didn't I see him seize your hand ? Didn't I see him hawl you about like a milk-maid ? And now you talk of his respect and his modesty, forsooth.

Miss HARD. But if I shortly convince you of his modesty, that he has only the faults that will pass off with time, and the virtues that will improve with age, I hope you'll forgive him.

HARD. The girl would actually make one run mad ! I tell you, I'll not be convinced. I am convinced. He has scarce been three hours in the house, and he has already encroached on all my prerogatives. You may like his impudence, and call it modesty. But my son-in-law, Madam, must have very different qualifications.

Miss HARD. Sir, I ask but this night to convince you.

HARD. You shall not have half the time, for I have thoughts of turning him out this very hour.

Miss HARD. Give me that hour then, and I hope to satisfy you.

HARD. Well, an hour let it be then. But I'll have no trifling with your father. All fair and open, do you mind me ?

Miss HARD. I hope, Sir, you have ever found that I considered your commands as my pride ; for your kindness is such, that my duty as yet has been inclination. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

Enter HASTINGS *and* Miss NEVILLE.

HAST. You surprise me ! Sir Charles Marlow expected here this night ! Where have you had your information ?

MISS NEV. You may depend upon it. I just saw his letter to Mr. Hardcastle, in which he tells him he intends setting out a few hours after his son.

HAST. Then, my Constance, all must be completed before he arrives. He knows me ; and should he find me here, would discover my name, and perhaps my designs, to the rest of the family.

MISS NEV. The jewels, I hope, are safe.

HAST. Yes, yes. I have sent them to Marlow, who keeps the keys of our baggage. In the mean time I'll go to prepare matters for our elopement. I have had the 'squire's promise of a fresh pair of horses ; and if I should not see him again, will write him farther directions.

[*Exit.*

MISS NEV. Well ; success attend you ! In the mean time I'll go amuse my aunt with the old pretence of a violent passion for my cousin.

[*Exit.*

Enter MARLOW, followed by a Servant.

MAR. I wonder what Hastings could mean by sending me so valuable a thing as a casket to keep for him, when he knows the only place I have is the seat of a post-coach at an inn-door. Have you deposited the casket with the landlady, as I ordered you ? Have you put it into her own hands ?

SER. Yes, your honor.

MAR. She said she'd keep it safe, did she ?

SER. Yes, she said she'd keep it safe enough ; she ask'd me how I came by it ? and she said she had a great mind to make me give an account of myself.

[*Exit Servant.*

MAR. Ha ! ha ! ha ! They're safe, however. What an unaccountable set of beings have we got amongst ! This little bar-maid though runs in my head most strangely, and drives out the absurdities of all the rest of the family. She's mine, she must be mine, or I'm greatly mistaken.

Enter HASTINGS.

HAST. Bless me! I quite forgot to tell her that I intended to prepare at the bottom of the garden. Marlow here, and in spirits too!

MAR. Give me joy, George! Crown me, shadow me with laurels! Well, George, after all we modest fellows don't want for success among the women.

HAST. Some women, you mean. But what success has your honor's modesty been crowned with now, that it grows so insolent upon us?

MAR. Didn't you see the tempting, brisk, lovely, little thing that runs about the house with a bunch of keys to its girdle?

HAST. Well, and what then?

MAR. She's mine, you rogue you. Such fire, such motion, such eyes, such lips—but, egad! she would not let me kiss them though.

HAST. But are you so sure, so very sure of her?

MAR. Why, man, she talk'd of showing me her work above stairs, and I am to approve the pattern.

HAST. But how can you, Charles, go about to rob a woman of her honor?

MAR. Pshaw! pshaw! We all know the honor of the bar-maid of an inn. I don't intend to rob her: take my word for it, there's nothing in this house I shan't honestly pay for.

HAST. I believe the girl has virtue.

MAR. And if she has, I should be the last man in the world that would attempt to corrupt it. •

HAST. You have taken care, I hope, of the casket I sent you to lock up? It's in safety?

MAR. Yes, yes. It's safe enough. I have taken care of it. But how could you think the seat of a post-coach at an inn-door a place of safety? Ah, numbskull! I have taken better precautions for you than you did for yourself—I have—

HAST. What!

MAR. I have sent it to the landlady to keep for you.

HAST. To the landlady?

MAR. The landlady.

HAST. You did?

MAR. I did. She's to be answerable for its forthcoming, you know.

HAST. Yes, she'll bring it forth with a witness.

MAR. Wasn't I right? I believe you'll allow that I acted prudently upon this occasion?

HAST. (*Aside.*) He must not see my uneasiness.

MAR. You seem a little disconcerted though, methinks. Sure nothing has happened?

HAST. No, nothing. Never was in better spirits in all my life. And so you left it with the landlady, who, no doubt, very readily undertook the charge?

MAR. Rather too readily. For she not only kept the casket, but, through her great precaution, was going to keep the messenger too. Ha! ha! ha!

HAST. He! he! he! They're safe, however.

MAR. As a guinea in a miser's purse.

HAST. (*Aside.*) So now all hopes of fortune are at an end, and we must set off without it. (*To him.*) Well, Charles, I'll leave you to your meditations on the pretty bar-maid, and, he! he! he! may you be as successful for yourself as you have been for me! [*Exit.*]

MAR. Thank ye, George! I ask no more. Ha! ha! ha!

Enter HARDCASTLE.

HARD. I no longer know my own house. It's turn'd all topsy-turvy. His servants have got drunk already. I'll bear it no longer; and yet, from my respect for his father, I'll be calm. (*To him.*) Mr. Marlow, your servant. I'm your very humble servant. [*Bowing low.*]

MAR. Sir, your humble servant. (*Aside.*) What's to be the wonder now?

HARD. I believe, Sir, you must be sensible, Sir, that no man alive ought to be more welcome than your father's son, Sir. I hope you think so?

MAR. I do from my soul, Sir. I don't want much entreaty. I generally make my father's son welcome wherever he goes.

HARD. I believe you do, from my soul, Sir. But though I say nothing to your own conduct, that of your servants is insufferable. Their manner of drinking is setting a very bad example in this house, I assure you.

MAR. I protest, my very good Sir, that is no fault of mine. If they don't drink as they ought, they are to blame. I ordered them not to spare the cellar. I did, I assure you. (*To the side scene.*) Here, let one of my servants come up. (*To him.*) My positive directions were, that as I did not drink myself, they should make up for my deficiencies below.

HARD. Then they had your orders for what they do! I'm satisfied!

MAR. They had, I assure you. You shall hear from one of themselves.

Enter SERVANT, drunk.

MAR. You, Jeremy! Come forward, sirrah! What were my orders? Were you not told to drink freely, and call for what you thought fit, for the good of the house?

HARD. (*Aside.*) I begin to lose my patience.

JER. Please your honor, liberty and Fleet-street forever! Though I'm but a servant, I'm as good as another man. I'll drink for no man before supper, Sir, dammy! Good liquor will sit upon a good supper, but a good supper will not sit upon——hiccup——upon my conscience, Sir.

MAR. You see, my old friend, the fellow is as drunk as he can possibly be. I don't know what you'd have more, unless you'd have the poor devil soused in a beer-barrel.

HARD. Zounds ! he'll drive me distracted, if I contain myself any longer. Mr. Marlow, sir ; I have submitted to your insolence for more than four hours, and I see no likelihood of its coming to an end. I'm now resolved to be master here, Sir, and I desire that you and your drunken pack may leave my house directly.

MAR. Leave your house !—Sure you jest. my good friend ? What, when I'm doing what I can to please you ?

HARD. I tell you, Sir, you don't, please me ; so I desire you'll leave my house.

MAR. Sure you cannot be serious ? At this time o'night, and such a night ? You only mean to banter me ?

HARD. I tell you, Sir, I'm serious ! and, now that my passions are roused, I say this house is mine, Sir, this house is mine, and I command you to leave it directly.

MAR. Ha ! ha ! ha ! A puddle in a storm. I shan't stir a step, I assure you. (*In a serious tone.*) This your house, fellow ! It's my house. This is my house. Mine, while I choose to stay. What right have you to bid me to leave this house, Sir ? I never met with such impudence, curse me, never in my whole life before.

HARD. Nor I, confound me if ever I did. To come to my house, to call for what he likes, to turn me out of my own chair, to insult the family, to order his servants to get drunk, and then to tell me, "This house is mine, Sir." By all that's impudent, it makes me laugh. Ha ! ha ! ha ! Pray, Sir, (*bantering*) as you take the house, what think you of taking the rest of the furniture ? There's a pair of silver candlesticks, and there's a fire-screen, and here's a pair of brazen-nosed bellows—perhaps you may take a fancy to them ?

MAR. Bring me your bill, Sir ; bring me your bill, and let's make no more words about it.

HARD. There are a set of prints too. What think you of the Rake's Progress for your own apartment ?

MAR. Bring me your bill, I say; and I'll leave you and your infernal house directly.

HARD. Then there's a mahogany table that you may see your own face in.

MAR. My bill, I say.

HARD. I had forgot the great chair, for your own particular slumbers after a hearty meal.

MAR. Zounds! bring me my bill, I say, and let's hear no more on't.

HARD. Young man, young man, from your father's letter to me, I was taught to expect a well-bred modest man as a visitor here, but now I find him no better than a coxcomb and a bully; but he will be down here presently, and shall hear more of it. *[Exit.]*

MAR. How's this! Sure I have not mistaken the house! Everything looks like an inn. The servants cry Coming. The attendance is awkward; the bar-maid too to attend us. But she's here, and will farther inform me. Whither so fast, child? A word with you.

Enter Miss HARDCASTLE.

MISS HARD. Let it be short then. I'm in a hurry. *(Aside.)* I believe he begins to find out his mistake, but it's too soon quite to undeceive him.

MAR. Pray, child, answer me one question. What are you, and what may your business in this house be?

MISS HARD. A relation of the family, Sir.

MAR. What, a poor relation?

MISS HARD. Yes, Sir. A poor relation, appointed to keep the keys, and to see that the guests want nothing in my power to give them.

MAR. That is, you act as the bar-maid of this inn.

MISS HARD. Inn! O law—What brought that in your head? One of the best families in the county keep an inn! Ha! ha! ha! old Mr. Hardcastle's house an inn!

MAR. Mr. Hardcastle's house! Is this Mr. Hardcastle's house, child?

MISS HARD. Ay, sure. Whose else should it be?

MAR. So then all's out, and I have been damnably imposed on. O, confound my stupid head, I shall be laugh'd at over the whole town. I shall be stuck up in caricatura in all the print-shops. The *Dullissimo Maccaroni*. To mistake this house of all others for an inn, and my father's old friend for an innkeeper! What a swaggering puppy must he take me for! What a silly puppy do I find myself! There again, may I be hanged, my dear, but I mistook you for the bar-maid.

MISS HARD. Dear me! dear me! I'm sure there's nothing in my behavior to put me upon a level with one of that stamp.

MAR. Nothing, my dear, nothing. But I was in for a list of blunders, and could not help making you a subscriber. My stupidity saw everything the wrong way. I mistook your assiduity for assurance, and your simplicity for allurements. But it's over—This house I no more show my face in.

MISS HARD. I hope, Sir, I have done nothing to disoblige you. I'm sure I should be sorry to affront any gentleman who has been so polite, and said so many civil things to me. I'm sure I should be sorry (*pretending to cry*) if he left the family upon my account. I'm sure I should be sorry, people said any thing amiss, since I have no fortune but my character.

MAR (*Aside*.) By Heaven, she weeps. This is the first mark of tenderness I ever had from a modest woman; and it touches me. (*To her*.) Excuse me, my lovely girl, you are the only part of the family I leave with reluctance. But to be plain with you, the difference of our birth, fortune, and education, makes an honorable connection impossible; and I can never harbor a thought of seducing simplicity that trusted in my honor, of bringing ruin upon one, whose only fault was being too lovely.

MISS HARD. (*Aside*.) Generous man! I now

begin to admire him. (*To him.*) But I am sure my family is as good as Miss Hardcastle's, and though I'm poor, that's no great misfortune to a contented mind, and, until this moment, I never thought that it was bad to want a fortune.

MAR. And why now, my pretty simplicity?

MISS HARD. Because it puts me at a distance from one, that if I had a thousand pounds I would give it all to.

MAR. (*Aside.*) This simplicity bewitches me, so that if I stay, I'm undone. I must make one bold effort, and leave her. (*To her.*) Your partiality in my favor, my dear, touches me most sensibly; and were I to live for myself alone, I could easily fix my choice, But I owe too much to the opinion of the world, too much to the authority of a father, so that—I can scarcely speak it—it affects me. Farewell! [*Exit.*]

MISS HARD. I never knew half his merit till now. He shall not go, if I have power or art to detain him. I'll still preserve the character in which I *stooped to conquer*; but will undeceive my papa, who, perhaps, may laugh him out of his resolution. [*Exit.*]

Enter TONY, Miss NEVILLE.

TONY. Ay, you may steal for yourselves the next time. I have done my duty. She has got the jewels again, that's a sure thing; but she believes it was all a mistake of the servants.

MISS NEV. But, my dear cousin, sure you won't forsake us in this distress. If she in the least suspects that I am going off, I shall certainly be locked up, or sent to my aunt Pedigree's, which is ten times worse.

TONY. To be sure, aunts of all kinds are damn'd bad things. But what can I do? I have got you a pair of horses that will fly like Whistlejacket, and I'm sure you can't say but

I have courted you nicely before her face.
Here she comes, we must court a bit or two
more, for fear she should suspect us.

[*They retire, and seem to fondle.*]

[*Enter. Mrs. HARDCASTLE.*]

Mrs. HARD. Well, I was greatly fluttered, to be sure. But my son tells me it was all a mistake of the servants. I shan't be easy, however, till they are fairly married, and then let her keep her own fortune, But what do I see! fondling together, as I'm alive. I never saw Tony so sprightly before. Ah! have I caught you, my pretty doves! What, billing, exchanging stolen glances and broken murmurs. Ah!

TONY. As for murmurs, mother, we grumble a little now and then, to be sure. But there's no love lost between us.

Mrs. HARD. A mere sprinkling, Tony, upon the flame, only to make it burn brighter.

Miss NEV. Cousin Tony promises to give us more of his company at home. Indeed, he shan't leave us any more. It won't leave us, cousin Tony, will it?

TONY. O! it's a pretty creature. No, I'd sooner leave my horse in a pound, than leave you when you smile upon one so. Your laugh makes you so becoming.

Miss NEV. Agreeable cousin! Who can help admiring that natural humor, that pleasant broad, red, thoughtless,—(*patting his cheek*) ah! it's a bold face.

Mrs. HARD. Pretty innocence!

TONY. I'm sure I always lov'd cousin Con's hazle eyes, and her pretty long fingers, that she twists this way and that, over the haspicolls, like a parcel of bobbins.

Mrs. HARD. Ah! he would charm the bird from the tree. I was never so happy before. My boy takes after his father, poor Mr. Lumpkin, exactly. The jewels, my dear Con, shall

be your sincontinently. You shall have them. Isn't he a sweet boy, my dear? You shall be married to-morrow, and we'll put off the rest of his education, like Dr. Drowsy's sermons, to a fitter opportunity.

Enter DIGGORY.

DIG. Where's the 'squire? I have got a letter for your worship.

TONY. Give it to my mamma. She reads all my letters first.

DIG. I had orders to deliver it into your own hands.

TONY. Who does it come from?

DIG. Your worship mun ask that o' the letter itself.

TONY. I could wish to know, though (*turning the letter, and gazing on it.*)

Miss NEV. (*Aside.*) Undone! undone! A letter to him from Hastings. I know the hand. If my aunt sees it we are ruined forever. I'll keep her employ'd a little if I can. (*To Mrs. Hardcastle.*) But I have not told you, Madam, of my cousin's smart answer just now to Mr. Marlow. We so laugh'd—You must know, Madam.—This way a little, for he must not hear us. [*They confer.*]

TONY. (*Still gazing.*) A damn'd cramp piece of penmanship, as ever I saw in my life. I can read your print hand very well. But here there are such handles, and shanks, and dashes, that one can scarce tell the head from the tail. "To Anthony Lumpkin, Esquire." It's very odd, I can read the outside of my letters, where my own name is well enough. But when I come to open it, it's all—buzz. That's hard, very hard; for the inside of the letter is always the cream of the correspondence.

Mrs. HARD. Ha! ha! ha! Very well, very well. And so my son was too hard for the philosopher.

Miss NEV. Yes, Madam; but you must hear the rest, Madam. A little more this way, or he may hear us. You'll hear how he puzzled him again.

Mrs. HARD. He seems strangely puzzled now himself, methinks.

TONY. (*Still gazing.*) A damn'd up and down hand, as if it was disguised in liquor. (*Reading.*) Dear Sir. Ay, that's that. Then there's an M and a T, and an S, but whether the next be an izzard, or an R, confound me, I cannot tell.

Mrs. HARD. What's that, my dear? Can I give you any assistance?

Miss NEV. Pray, aunt, let me read it. Nobody reads a cramp hand better than I (*twitching the letter from him.*) Do you know who it is from?

TONY. Can't tell, except from Dick Ginger the feeder.

Miss NEV. Ay, so it is, (*pretending to read.*) Dear 'squire hoping that you're in health, as I am at this present. The gentlemen of the Shake-bag club has cut the gentlemen of the Goose-green quite out of feather. The odds—um—odd battle—um—long fighting—um—here, here, it's all about cocks and fighting; it's of no consequence; here, put it up, put it up.

[*Thrusting the crumpled letter upon him.*]

TONY. But I tell you, Miss, it's of all the consequence in the world. I would not lose the rest of it for a guinea. Here, mother, do you make it out. Of no consequence!

[*Giving Mrs. Hardcastle the letter.*]

Mrs. HARD. How's this! (*reads*) "Dear 'squire, I'm now waiting for Miss Neville, with "a post-chaise and pair, at the bottom of the "garden, but I find my horses yet unable to "perform the journey. I expect you'll assist "us with a pair of fresh horses, as you promised. Dispatch is necessary, as the hag (*ay, the hag*), your mother, will otherwise suspect

us. Yours, Hastings." Grant me patience! I shall run distracted. My rage chokes me.

MISS NEV. I hope, Madam, you'll suspend your resentment for a few moments, and not impute to me any impertinence, or sinister design, that belongs to another.

MRS. HARD. (*Curtesytng very low.*) Fine spoken, Madam, you are most miraculously polite and engaging, and quite the very pink of courtesy and circumspection, Madam. (*Changing her tone.*) And you, you great ill-fashioned oaf, with scarce sense enough to keep your mouth shut. Were you too joined against me. But I'll defeat all your plots in a moment. As for you, Madam, since you have got a pair of fresh horses ready, it would be cruel to disappoint them. So, if you please, instead of running away with your spark, prepare this very moment, to run off with me. Your old aunt Pedigree will keep you secure, I'll warrant me. You too, Sir, may mount your horse, and guard us upon the way. Here, Thomas, Roger Diggory! I'll show you, that I wish you better than you do yourselves.

MISS NEV. So now I'm completely ruined.

TONY. Ay, that's a sure thing.

MISS NEV. What better could be expected from being connected with such a stupid fool—and after all the nods and signs I made him?

TONY. By the laws, Miss, it was your own cleverness, and not my stupidity, that did your business. You were so nice and so busy with your Shake-bags and Goose-greens, that thought you could never be making believe.

Enter HASTINGS.

HAST. So, Sir, I find by my servant, that you have shown my letter, and betray'd us. Was this well done, young gentleman?

TONY. Here's another. Ask Miss there, who betray'd you? Ecod, it was her doing, not mine.

Enter MARLOW.

MAR. So I have been finely used here among you. Rendered contemptible, driven into ill manners, despised, insulted, laughed at.

TONY. Here's another. We shall have old Bedlam broke loose presently.

MISS NEV. And there, Sir, is the gentleman to whom we all owe every obligation.

MAR. What can I say to him, a mere boy, an idiot, whose ignorance and age are a protection?

HAST. A poor contemptible booby, that would but disgrace correction.

MISS NEV. Yet with cunning and malice enough to make himself merry with all our embarrassments.

HAST. An insensible cub.

MAR. Replete with tricks and mischief.

TONY. Baw! dam 'me, but I'll fight you both one after the other—with baskets.

MAR. As for him, he's below resentment. But your conduct, Mr. Hastings, requires an explanation. You knew of my mistakes, yet would not undeceive me.

HAST. Tortured as I am with my own disappointments, is this a time for explanations? It is not friendly, Mr. Marlow.

MAR. But, Sir—

MISS NEV. Mr. Marlow, we never kept on your mistake, till it was too late to undeceive you.

Enter SERVANT.

SER. My mistress desire you'll get ready immediately, Madam. The horses are putting, to. Your hat and things are in the next room. We are to go thirty miles before morning.

[*Exit Servant.*

MISS NEV. Well, well; I'll come presently.

MAR. (*To Hastings.*) Was it well done, Sir, to assist in rendering me ridiculous? To hang me out for the scorn of all my acquaintance?

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[*Exit Servant.*]

Miss NEV. Well, well; I'll come presently.

MAR. (*To Hastings.*) Was it well done, Sir, to assist in rendering me ridiculous? To hang me out for the scorn of all my acquaintance?

Depend upon it, Sir, I shall expect an explanation.

HAST. Was it well done, Sir, if you're upon that subject, to deliver what I entrusted to yourself, to the care of another, Sir?

MISS NEV. Mr. Hastings. Mr. Marlow. Why will you increase my distress by this groundless dispute? I implore, I entreat you——

Enter SERVANT.

SER. Your cloak, Madam. My mistress is impatient. *[Exit Servant.]*

MISS NEV. I come. Pray be pacified. If I leave you thus, I shall die with apprehension.

Enter SERVANT.

SER. Your fan, muff, and gloves, Madam. The horses are waiting.

MISS NEV. O, Mr. Marlow! if you knew what a scene of constraint and ill-nature lies before me, I'm sure it would convert your resentment into pity.

MAR. I'm so distracted with a variety of passions, that I don't know what I do. Forgive me, Madam. George, forgive me. You know my hasty temper, and should not exasperate it,

HAST. The torture of my situation is my only excuse.

MISS NEV. Well, my dear Hastings, if you have that esteem for me that I think, that I am sure you have, your constancy for three years will but increase the happiness of our future connection. If——

MRS. HARD. *(Within.)* Miss Neville. Constancy, why Constancy, I say.

MISS NEV. I'm coming. Well, constancy, remember constancy, is the word. *[Exit.]*

HAST. My heart! how can I support this? To be so near happiness, and such happiness!

MAR *(To Tony.)* You see now, young gentleman, the effects of your folly. What might be

amusement to you, is here disappointment, and even distress.

TONY. (*From a reverie.*) Ecod, I have hit it. It's here. Your hands. Yours and yours, my poor Sulky. My boots there, ho! Meet me two hours hence at the bottom of the garden; and if you don't find Tony Lumpkin a more good-natur'd fellow than you thought for, I'll give you leave to take my best horse, and Bet Bouncer into the bargain. Come along. My boots, ho!

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

Enter HASTINGS and SERVANT.

HAST. You saw the old lady and Miss Neville drive off, you say.

SER. Yes, your honor. They went off in a post-coach, and the young squire went on horse-back. They're thirty miles off by this time.

HAST. Then all my hopes are over.

SER. Yes, Sir. Old Sir Charles is arrived. He and the old gentlemen of the house have been laughing at Mr. Marlow's mistake this half hour. They are coming this way.

HAST. Then I must not be seen. So now to my fruitless appointment at the bottom of the garden. This is about the time. [*Exit.*]

Enter Sir CHARLES and HARDCASTLE.

HARD. Ha! ha! ha! The peremptory tone in which he sent forth his sublime commands!

Sir CHA. And the reserve with which I suppose he treated all your advances.

HARD. And yet he might have seen something in me above a common inn-keeper, too.

Sir CHA. Yes, Dick, but he mistook you for an uncommon innkeeper, ha! ha! ha!

HARD. Well, I'm in too good spirits to think

of anything but joy. Yes, my dear friend, this union of our families will make our personal friendships hereditary; and though my daughter's fortune is but small——

Sir CHA. Why, Dick, will you talk of fortune to me? My son is possessed of more than a competence already, and can want nothing but a good and virtuous girl to share his happiness and increase it. If they like each other—as you say they do——

HARD. If, man! I tell you they do like each other. My daughter as good as told me so.

Sir CHA. But girls are apt to flatter themselves, you know.

HARD. I saw him grasp her hand in the warmest manner myself; and here he comes to put you out of your ifs, I warrant him.

. *Enter MARLOW.*

MAR. I come, Sir once more, to ask pardon for my strange conduct. I can scarce reflect on my insolence without confusion.

HARD. Tut, boy, a trifle! You take it too gravely. An hour or two's laughing with my daughter will set all to rights again. She'll never like you the worse for it.

MAR. Sir, I shall be always proud of her approbation.

HARD. Approbation is but a cold word, Mr. Marlow; if I am not deceived, you have something more than approbation thereabouts. You take me?

MAR. Really, Sir, I have not that happiness.

HARD. Come, boy, I'm an old fellow, and know what's what as well as you that are younger. I know what has passed between you; but mum.

MAR. Sure, Sir, nothing has passed between us but the most profound respect on my side, and the most distant reserve on her's. You don't think, Sir, that my impudence has been passed upon all the rest of the family.

HARD. Impudence ! No, I don't say that—not quite impudence—though girls like to be play'd with, and rumbled a little too sometimes. But she has told no tales, I assure you.

MAR. I never gave her the slightest cause.

HARD. Well, well, I like modesty in its place well enough. But this is over-acting, young gentleman. You may be open. Your father and I will like you the better for it.

MAR. May I die, Sir, if I ever——

HARD. I tell you, she don't dislike you ; and as I'm sure you like her——

MAR. Dear Sir—I protest, Sir——

HARD. I see no reason why you should not be joined as fast as the parson can tie you.

MAR. But hear me, Sir——

HARD. Your father approves the match, I admire it, every moment's delay will be doing mischief, so——

MAR. But why won't you hear me ? By all that's just and true, I never gave Miss Hardcastle the slightest mark of my attachment, or even the most distant hint to suspect me of affection. We had but one interview, and that was formal, modest, and uninteresting.

HARD. (*Aside.*) This fellow's formal modest impudence is beyond bearing.

Sir CHA. And you never grasped her hand, or made any protestations.

MAR. As Heaven is my witness, I came down in obedience to your commands. I saw the lady without emotion, and parted without reluctance. I hope you'll exact no farther proofs of my duty, nor prevent me from leaving a house in which I suffer so many mortifications. *Exit.*

Sir CHA. I'm astonished at the air of sincerity with which he parted.

HARD. And I'm astonished at the deliberate intrepidity of his assurance.

Sir CHA. I dare pledge my life and honor upon his truth.

HARD. Here comes my daughter, and I would stake my happiness upon her veracity.

Enter Miss HARDCASTLE.

HARD. Kate, come hither, child. Answer us sincerely and without reserve : has Mr. Marlow made you any professions of love and affection?

Miss HARD. The question is very abrupt, Sir. But since you require unreserved sincerity, I think he has.

HARD. (*To Sir Charles.*) You see.

Sir CHA. And pray, Madam, have you and my son had more than one interview?

Miss HARD. Yes, Sir, several.

HARD. (*To Sir Charles.*) You see.

Sir CHA. But did he profess any attachment?

Miss HARD. A lasting one.

Sir CHA. Did he talk of love?

• Miss HARD. Much, Sir.

Sir CHA. Amazing ! And all this formally?

Miss HARD. Formally.

HARD. Now, my friend, I hope you are satisfied.

Sir CHA. And how did he behave, Madam?

Miss HARD. As most professed admirers do. Said some civil things of my face, talked much of his want of merit, and the greatness of mine ; mentioned his heart, gave a short tragedy speech, and ended with pretended rapture.

Sir CHA. Now I'm perfectly convinced, indeed. I know his conversation among women to be modest and submissive. This forward, canting, ranting manner by no means describes him ; and, I am confident, he never sate for the picture.

Miss HARD. 'Then, what, Sir, if I should convince you to your face of my sincerity? If you and my papa, in about half an hour, will place yourselves behind that screen, you shall hear him declare his passion to me in person.

Sir CHA. Agreed. And if I find him what you describe, all my happiness in him must have an end.
[Exit.

MISS HARD. And if you don't find him what I describe—I fear my happiness must never have a beginning. *[Exeunt.]*

Scene changes to the back of the Garden.

Enter HASTINGS.

HAST. What an idiot am I, to wait here for a fellow, who probably takes a delight in mortifying me. He never intended to be punctual, and I'll wait no longer. What do I see! It is he! and perhaps with news of my Constance.

Enter TONY, booted and spattered.

HAST. My honest 'squire! I now find you a man of your word. This looks like friendship.

TONY. Ay, I'm your friend, and the best friend you have in the world, if you knew but all. This riding by night, by-the-by, is cursedly tiresome. It has shook me worse than the basket of a stage-coach.

HAST. But how? where did you leave your fellow-travellers? Are they in safety? Are they housed?

TONY. Five and twenty miles in two hours and a half is no such bad driving. The poor beasts have smoked for it: rabbit me, but I'd rather ride forty miles after a fox than ten with such varment.

HAST. Well, but where have you left the ladies? I die with impatience.

TONY. Left them! Why, where should I leave them but where I found them?

HAST. This is a riddle.

TONY. Riddle me this then. What's that goes round the house, and round the house, and never touches the house?

HAST. I'm still astray.

TONY. Why, that's it, mon. I have led them astray. By jingo, there's not a pond or a

slough within five miles of the place but they can tell the taste of.

HAST. Ha! ha! ha! I understand; you took them in a round, while they supposed themselves going forward, and so you have at last brought them home again.

TONY. You shall hear. I first took them down Featherbed-lane, where we stuck fast in the mud—I then rattled them crack over the stones of Up-and-down Hill—I then introduced them to the gibbet on Heavy-tree Heath, and from that with a circumbendibus, I fairly lodged them in the horsepond at the bottom of the garden.

HAST. But no accident, I hope.

TONY. No, no. Only mother is confoundedly frightened. She thinks herself forty miles off. She's sick of the journey, and the cattle can scarce crawl. So if your own horses be ready, you may whip off with cousin, and I'll be bound that no soul here can budge a foot to follow you.

HAST. My dear friend, how can I be grateful!

TONY. Ay, now it's dear friend, noble 'squire. Just now, it was all idiot, cub, and run me through the guts. Damn your way of fighting, I say. After we take a knock in this part of the country, we kiss and be friends. But if you had run me through the guts, then I should be dead, and you might go kiss the hangman.

HAST. The rebuke is just. But I must hasten to relieve Miss Neville; if you keep the old lady employed, I promise to take care of the young one. [*Exit Hastings.*]

TONY. Never fear me. Here she comes. Vanish. She's got from the pond, and dragged up to the waist like a mermaid.

Enter Mrs. HARDCASTLE.

Mrs. HARD. Oh, Tony, I'm killed. **Shook.** Battered to death. I shall never survive it.

That last jolt that laid us against the quickset hedge has done my business.

TONY. Alack, mamma, it was all your own fault. You would be for running away by night, without knowing one inch of the way.

Mrs. HARD. I wish we were at home again. I never met so many accidents in so short a journey. Drench'd in the mud, overturned in a ditch, stuck fast in a slough, jolted to a jelly, and at last to lose our way.—Whereabouts do you think we are, Tony?

TONY. By my guess we should come upon Crackskull common, about forty miles from home.

Mrs. HARD. O lud! O lud! The most notorious spot in all the country. We only want a robbery to make a complete night on't.

TONY. Don't be afraid, mamma, don't be afraid. Two of the five that kept here are hanged, and the other three may not find us. Don't be afraid. Is that a man that's galloping behind us? No; it's only a tree. Don't be afraid.

Mrs. HARD. The fright will certainly kill me.

TONY. Do you see anything like a black hat moving behind the thicket?

Mrs. HARD. O, death!

TONY. No, it's only a cow. Don't be afraid, mamma; don't be afraid.

Mrs. HARD. As I'm alive, Tony, I see a man coming towards us. Ah! I'm sure on't. If he perceives us, we are undone.

TONY. (*Aside.*) Father-in-law, by all that's unlucky, come to take one of his night walks. (*To her.*) Ah, it's a highwayman with pistols as long as my arm. A damn'd ill-looking fellow.

Mrs. HARD. Good Heaven defend us! He approaches.

TONY. Do you hide yourself in that thicket, and leave me to manage him. If there be any danger I'll cough and cry hem. When I cough be sure to keep close.

[*Mrs. Hardcastle hides behind a tree in the back Scene.*

Enter HARDCASTLE.

HARD. I'm mistaken, or I heard voices of people in want of help. Oh, Tony, is that you! I did not expect you so soon back. Are your mother and her charge in safety?

TONY. Very safe, Sir, at my aunt Pedigree's. Hem.

Mrs. HARD. (*From behind.*) Ah, death! I find there's danger.

HARD. Forty miles in three hours; sure that's too much, my youngster.

TONY. Stout horses and willing minds make short journeys, as they say. Hem.

Mrs. HARD. (*From behind.*) Sure he'll do the dear boy no harm.

HARD. But I heard a voice here; I should be glad to know from whence it came.

TONY. It was I, Sir, talking to myself, Sir. I was saying that forty miles in four hours was very good going. Hem. As to be sure it was. Hem. I have got a sort of cold by being out in the air. We'll go in, if you please. Hem.

HARD. But if you talk'd to yourself, you did not answer yourself. I'm certain I heard two voices, and am resolved (*raising his voice*) to find the other out.

Mrs. HARD. (*From behind*) Oh! he's coming to find me out. Oh!

TONY. What need you go, Sir, if I tell you. Hem. I'll lay down my life for the truth—hem—I'll tell you all, Sir. [*Detaining him.*

HARD. I tell you, I will not be detained. I insist on seeing. It's in vain to expect I'll believe you.

Mrs. HARD. (*Running forward from behind.*) O lud! he'll murder my poor boy, my darling. Here, good gentleman, whet your rage upon me. Take my money, my life, but spare that young gentleman, spare my child, if you have any mercy.

HARD. My wife ! as I'm a Christian. From whence can she come ? or what does she mean ?

Mrs. HARD. (*Kneeling*). Take compassion on us, good Mr. Highwayman. Take our money, our watches, all we have, but spare our lives. We will never bring you to justice, indeed we won't, good Mr. Highwayman.

HARD. I believe the woman's out of her senses. What, Dorothy, don't you know me ?

Mrs. HARD. Mr. Hardcastle, as I'm alive ! My fears blinded me. But who, my dear, could have expected to meet you here, in this frightful place, so far from home ? What has brought you to follow us ?

HARD. Sure, Dorothy, you have not lost your wits ? So far from home, when you are within forty yards of your own door. (*To him.*) This is one of your old tricks, you graceless rogue you. (*To her.*) Don't you know the gate, and the mulberry-tree : and don't you remember the horse-pond, my dear ?

Mrs. HARD. Yes, I shall remember the horse-pond as long as I live ; I have caught my death in it. (*To Tony.*) And is it to you, you graceless varlet, I owe all this ? I'll teach you to abuse your mother, I will.

TONY. Ecod, mother, all the parish says you have spoil'd me, and so you may take the fruits on't.

Mrs. HARD. I'll spoil you, I will.

[*Follows him off the stage.* [Exit.

HARD. There's morality, however, in his reply, [Exit.

Enter HASTINGS and Miss NEVILLE.

HAST. My dear Constance, why will you deliberate thus ? If we delay a moment, all is lost forever. Pluck up a little resolution, and we shall soon be out of the reach of her malignity.

Miss NEV. I find it impossible. My spirits are so sunk with the agitations I have suffered,

that I am unable to face any new danger. Two or three years' patience will at last crown us with happiness.

HAST. Such a tedious delay is worse than inconstancy. Let us fly, my charmer. Let us date our happiness from this very moment. Perish fortune! Love and content will increase what we possess beyond a monarch's revenue. Let me prevail!

MISS NEV. No, Mr. Hastings; no. Prudence once more comes to my relief, and I will obey its dictates. In the moment of passion fortune may be despised, but it ever produces a lasting repentance. I'm resolved to apply to Mr. Hardcastle's compassion and justice for redress.

HAST. But though he had the will, he has not the power to relieve you.

MISS NEV. But he has influence, and upon that I am resolved to rely.

HAST. I have no hopes. But since you persist, I must reluctantly obey you. [*Exeunt.*]

Scene changes.

Enter SIR CHARLES *and* Miss HARDCASTLE.

SIR CHA. What a situation am I in! If what you say appears, I shall then find a guilty son. If what he says be true, I shall then lose one, that, of all others, I most wish'd for a daughter.

MISS HARD. I am proud of your approbation, and to show I merit it, if you place yourselves as I directed, you shall hear his explicit declaration. But he comes.

SIR CHA. I'll to your father, and keep him to the appointment. [*Exit* Sir Charles.]

Enter MARLOW.

MAR. Though prepar'd for setting out, I come once more to take leave; nor did I, till this moment, know the pain I feel in the separation.

MISS HARD. (*In her own natural manner.*) I believe these sufferings cannot be very great, Sir, which you can so easily remove. A day or two longer, perhaps, might lessen your uneasiness, by showing the little value of what you now think proper to regret.

MAR. (*Aside.*) This girl every moment improves upon me. (*To her.*) It must not be, Madam. I have already trifled too long with my heart. My very pride begins to submit to my passion. The disparity of education and fortune, the anger of a parent, and the contempt of my equals, begin to lose their weight; and nothing can restore me to myself, but this painful effort of resolution.

MISS HARD. Then go, Sir. I'll urge nothing more to detain you, Though my family be as good as hers you came down to visit, and my education, I hope, not inferior, what are these advantages without equal affluence? I must remain contented with the slight approbation of imputed merit; I must have only the mockery of your addresses, while all your serious aims are fixed on fortune.

Enter HARDCASTLE and Sir CHARLES from behind.

Sir, CHA. Here, behind this screen.

HARD. Ay, ay, make no noise. I'll engage my Kate covers him with confusion at last.

MAR. By heavens, Madam, fortune was ever my smallest consideration. Your beauty at first caught my eye; for who could see that without emotion. But every moment that I converse with you, steals in some new grace, heightens the picture, and gives it stronger expression. What at first seemed rustic plainness, now appears refined simplicity. What seem'd forward assurance, now strikes me as the result of courageous innocence and conscious virtue.

Sir, CHA. What can it mean? He amazes me.

HARD. I told you how it would be. Hush!

MAR. I am now determined to stay, Madam; and I have too good an opinion of my father's discernment, when he sees you, to doubt his approbation.

Miss HARD. No, Mr. Marlow, I will not, cannot detain you. Do you think I could suffer a connection in which there is the smallest room for repentance? Do you think I would take the mean advantage of a transient passion, to load you with confusion? Do you think I could ever relish that happiness, which was acquired by lessening yours?

MAR. By all that's good, I can have no happiness but what's in your power to grant me. Nor shall I ever feel repentance, but in not having seen your merits before. I will stay, even contrary to your wishes; and though you should persist to shun me, I will make my respectful assiduities atone for the levity of my past conduct.

Miss HARD. Sir, I must entreat you'll desist. As our acquaintance began, so let it end, in indifference. I might have given an hour or two to levity; but seriously, Mr. Marlow, do you think that I could ever submit to a connection, where I must appear mercenary and you imprudent? Do you think I could ever catch at the confident addresses of a secure admirer?

MAR. (*Kneeling.*) Does this look like security? Does this look like confidence? No, Madam; every moment that shows me your merit, only serves to increase my diffidence and confusion. Here let me continue——

Sir CHA. I can hold it no longer. Charles, Charles, how hast thou deceived me! Is this your indifference, your uninteresting conversation?

HARD. Your cold contempt; your formal interview! What have you to say now?

MAR. That I'm all amazement. What can it mean?

HARD. It means that you can say and unsay

things at pleasure. That you can address a lady in private, and deny it in public; that you have one story for us, and another for my daughter.

MAR. Daughter!—This lady your daughter!

HARD. Yes, Sir, my only daughter. My Kate; who else should she be?

MAR. Oh, the devil!

Miss HARD. Yes, Sir, that very identical tall, squinting lady you were pleased to take me for, (*Courtesying*,) she that you addressed as the mild, modest, sentimental man of gravity, and the bold, forward, agreeable Rattle of the Ladies' club. Ha! ha! ha!

MAR. Zounds! there's no bearing this; it's worse than death!

Miss HARD. In which of your characters, Sir, will you give us leave to address you? As the faltering gentleman, with looks on the ground, that speaks just to be heard, and hates hypocrisy; or the loud confident creature, that keeps it up with Mrs. Mantrap, and old Miss Biddy Buckskin, till three in the morning? Ha! ha! ha!

MAR. O, curse on my noisy head. I never attempted to be impudent yet, that I was not taken down. I must be gone.

HARD. By the hand of my body, but you shall not. I see it was all a mistake, and I am rejoiced to find it. You shall not, Sir, I tell you. I know she'll forgive you. Won't you forgive him, Kate? We'll all forgive you. Take courage, man. [*They retire, she tormenting him to the back scene.*]

Enter Mrs. HARDCASTLE, TONY.

Mrs. HARD. So, so, they're gone off. Let them go, I care not.

HARD. Who gone?

Mrs. HARD. My dutiful niece and her gentleman, Mr. Hastings, from town. He who came down with our modest visitor here.

Sir CHA. Who ? my honest George Hastings ? As worthy a fellow as lives, and the girl could not have made a more prudent choice.

HARD. Then by the hand of my body, I'm proud of the connection.

Mrs. HARD. Well, if he has taken away the lady, he has not taken her fortune ; that remains in this family to console us for her loss.

HARD. Sure, Dorothy, you would not be so mercenary ?

Mrs. HARD. Ay, that's my affair, not yours.

HARD. But you know, if your son, when of age, refuses to marry his cousin, her whole fortune is then at her own disposal.

Mrs. HARD. Ay, but he's not of age, and she has not thought proper to wait for his refusal.

Enter HASTINGS and Miss NEVILLE.

Mrs. HARD. (*Aside.*) What, returned so soon ! I begin not to like it.

HAST. (*To Hardcastle.*) For my late attempt to fly off with your niece, let my present confusion be my punishment. We are now come back, to appeal from your justice to your humanity. By her father's consent, I first paid her my addresses, and our passions were first founded in duty.

Miss NEV. Since his death I have been obliged to stoop to dissimulation to avoid oppression. In an hour of levity, I was ready even to give up my fortune to secure my choice. But I'm now recovered from the delusion, and hope from your tenderness what is denied me from a nearer connection.

Mrs. HARD. Pshaw, pshaw, this is all but the whining end of a modern novel.

HARD. Be it what it will, I'm glad they're come back to reclaim their due. Come hither, Tony, boy. Do you refuse this lady's hand whom I now offer you ?

TONY. What signifies my refusing ? You know I can't refuse her till I'm of age, father.

HARD. While I thought concealing your age boy, was likely to conduce to your improvement, I concurred with your mother's desire to keep it secret. But since I find she turns it to a wrong use, I must now declare you have been of age these three months.

TONY. Of age ! Am I of age, father ?

HARD. Above three months.

TONY. Then you'll see the first use I'll make of my liberty. (*Taking Miss NEVILLE's hand.*) Witness all men by these presents, that I, Anthony Lumpkin, esquire, of BLANK place, refuse you, Constantia Neville, spinster, of no place at all, for my true and lawful wife. So Constance Neville may marry whom she pleases and Tony Lumpkin is his own man again.

Sir CHA. O brave 'squire !

HAST. My worthy friend !

Mrs. HARD. My undutiful offspring !

MAR. Joy, my dear George ! I give you joy sincerely. And could I prevail upon my little tyrant here to be less arbitrary, I should be the happiest man alive, if you would return me the favor.

HAST. (*To Miss Hardcastle.*) Come, Madam, you are now driven to the very last scene of all your contrivances. I know you like him, I'm sure he loves you, and you must and shall have him.

HARD. (*Joining their hands.*) And I say so too. And, Mr. Marlow, if she makes as good a wife as she has a daughter, I don't believe you'll ever repent your bargain. So now to supper. To-morrow we shall gather all the poor of the parish about us, and the mistakes of the night shall be crowned with a merry morning: so, boy, take her; and as you have been mistaken in the mistress, my wish is, that you may never be mistaken in the wife.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

EPILOGUE.

SPOKEN BY MRS. BULKLEY, IN THE CHARACTER
OF MISS HARDCASTLE.

WELL, having stoop'd to conquer with success,
And gain'd a husband without aid from dress :
Still as a bar-maid, I could wish it too,
As I have conquer'd him to conquer you :
And let me say, for all your resolution,
That pretty bar-maids have done execution.
Our life is all a play, compos'd to please,
"We have our exits and our entrances."

The first act shows the simple country maid,
Harmless and young, of everything afraid ;
Blushes when hir'd, and with unmeaning ac-
tion,

"I hopes as how to give you satisfaction."
Her second act displays a livelier scene—
'Th' unblushing bar-maid of a country-inn,
Who whisks about the house, at market caters,
Talks loud, coquets the guests, and scolds the
waiters.

Next the scene shifts to town, and there she
soars.

The chop-house toast of ogling *connoisseurs*.
On 'squires and cits she there displays her arts,
And on the gridiron broils her lovers' hearts—
And as she smiles, her triumphs to complete
E'en common councilmen forget to eat.

The fourth act shews her wedded to the 'squire,
And madam now begins to hold it higher ;
Pretends to taste, at operas cries caro,
And quits her Nancy Dawson, for Che Faro :
Doats upon dancing, and in all her pride
Swims round the room, the Heinel of Cheap-
side :

Ogles and leers with artificial skill,
Till having lost in age the power to kill,
She sits all night at cards, and ogles at spadille. }
Such, through our lives the eventful history— }

The fifth and last act still remains for me.
The bar-maid now for your protection prays,
Turns female Barrister, and pleads for Bays.

EPILOGUE,*

TO BE SPOKEN IN THE CHARACTER OF TONY
LUMPKIN, BY J. CRADOCK, ESQ.

WELL—now all's ended—and my comrades
gone,

Pray what becomes of mother's nonly son?
A hopeful blade!—in town I'll fix my station,
And try to make a bluster in the nation;
As for my cousin Neville, I renounce her;
Off—in a crack—I'll carry big Bett Bouncer,

Why should not I in the great world appear?
I soon shall have a thousand pounds a year!
No matter what a man may here inherit,
In London—'gad, they've some regard to
spirit.

I see the horses prancing up the streets,
And big Bett Bouncer bobs to all she meets;
Then hoiks to jigs and pastimes ev'ry night—
Not to the plays—they say it a'n't polite;
To Sadler's-Wells perhaps, or operas go,
And once by chance, to the roratorio.
Thus here and there, forever up and down,
We'll set the fashions too to half the town;
And then at auctions—money ne'er regard,
Buy pictures like the great, ten pounds a yard:
Zounds, we shall make these London gentry
say,

We know what's damned genteel as well as
they.

* This came too late to be spoken.

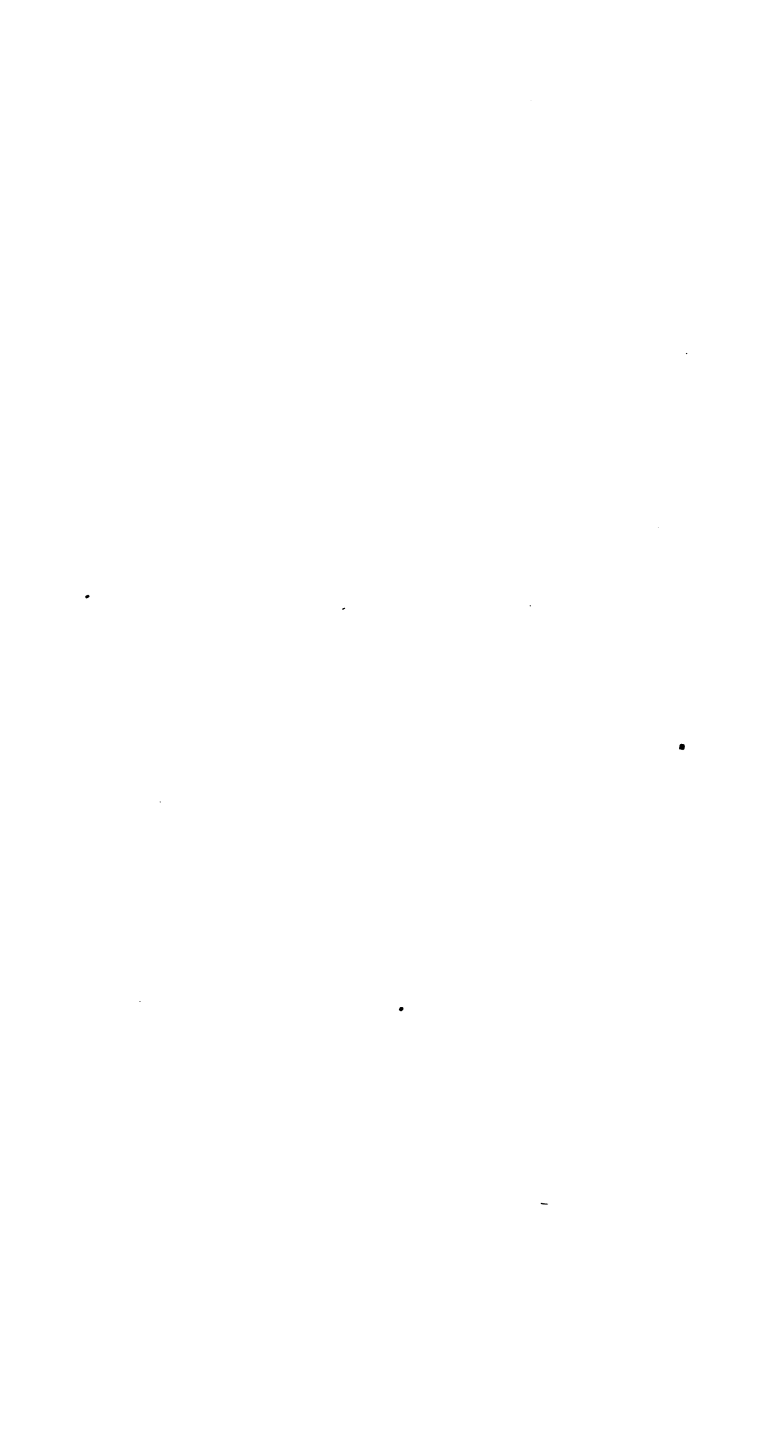


THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL

A COMEDY

By RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.





INTRODUCTION.

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN was born in Dublin, September, 1751. His grandfather was Swift's liar friend ; his father wrote Swift's life.

Mr. Thomas Sheridan, the grandfather, was a wit and scholar. He earned much and spent more as a school-teacher, in Dublin, made and lost friends by his wit, lied rhymes with Swift in his idle hours, and gave counsel to him in the years of his decay. He sat, as a friend, by the deathbed of Stella ; and sometimes Swift's host at Quilca, the country-house, in the parish of Cavan, that Dr. Sheridan had with his wife. It put him in the way of Church promotion, but he did it by choosing as a text, "Sufficient for the day is evil thereof," on the anniversary of the succession to the House of Hanover. He was in his last years master of the Cavan school, and died poor in 1738.

Thomas Sheridan, Richard's father, was then seven-years old. He had been born at Quilca, and educated at Westminster School. From school he went to Trinity College, Dublin, where he graduated ; but years after his father's death he became an actor. Garrick had just become famous in London, and young Sheridan seemed at first to have attained like success in Dublin. In 1743 he acted at Drury Lane, and officious friends bred quarrels between him and Garrick. But afterwards Thomas Sheridan became sole manager of the Dublin Theatre, and he then offered Garrick an engagement with equal division of profits, telling him at the same time that "he must expect nothing from his lordship, for he owed him none : but all that the best actor had a right to command he might be very certain should be granted. Thomas Sheridan was manager in Dublin for eight years, and during that time was resolute in maintaining good order behind the scenes, and closing his stage-door against profligate idlers. He had already a scheme of an Academy to teach oratory. Lord Chesterfield, when Lord Lieutenant, paid particular attention to the Irish actor, and said to him, "Never he thought of your oratorical institution go out of my mind." Riotous opposition sprang up, and drove Thomas Sheridan from his theatre, because he had refused to allow his actors to accept "encores" of applause in a play of *Mahomet*, to which it was desired to give political significance. He set up his Oratorical Institution, and called in London on Lord Chesterfield for support to it. His lordship gave him a guinea. The actor had then married an authoress who had sym-

pathized in a pamphlet with his Dublin troubles. There were daughters from this marriage, and two sons—Charles Francis and Richard Brinsley. Richard, the younger, was three years old when his father was driven from his Dublin management by enthusiastic play-house politicians, who tore up his benches, stormed his stage, and cut up his scenery with their swords, because he would not allow them to sacrifice poetry to party in their dealing with the Rev. James Miller's version of the *Mahomet* of Voltaire. In 1756, Thomas Sheridan ventured to return to Dublin, made his peace with his opponents, and was manager again, but only to have his ruin completed by the establishment of a rival theatre under Barry and Woodward. He then gave lectures in support of his idea of an Academy, in which oratory was to have a large place among the essentials of a liberal education. Some such school was established, but no part in its management was given to Thomas Sheridan, who was again driven to England. He gave lectures on elocution and oratory at the University of Oxford, with applause. Then he read lectures in London upon oratory, and sometimes acted at Drury Lane. His wife wrote a successful novel, "The History of Miss Sidney Biddulph," and when her son Richard was twelve years old she had a play acted at Drury Lane called *The Discovery*, in which her husband acted, and Garrick, as a formal old bachelor, Sir Antony Bransville, kept the house in a roar. There was another comedy of hers called *The Dupe*, and one, left unpublished, called *The Trip to Bath*, which some supposed to have given birth to *The Rivals*. At any rate Richard Brinsley Sheridan inherited wit from both his parents, and it has run on in the blood of the Sheridans.

Thomas Sheridan's two sons were at school together in Dublin, and there Richard, at the age of eight, had been set down as "a most impenetrable dunce." The father, settled in London, chose to try his theories of education upon the more promising intellect of his elder son, and sent only the younger to Harrow, where he was the most popular of idle boys. His masters mourned over him, but liked him for his liveliness. Dr. Parr, one of the masters, knew Richard's father, Thomas, and said, "Neither he nor I ever spoke of his son's talents but in terms of the highest praise. . . . I once or twice met his mother—she was quite celestial." She died when her son Richard's age was but fifteen, and died at Blois, when she and her husband had been driven to France by money difficulties.

At seventeen, Richard Brinsley Sheridan, as a Harrow boy, had tried his hand on a dramatic version of "The Vicar of Wakefield." At eighteen he had left Harrow. His father had returned from France to London, and proposed now to give the last touches to the education of his sons. They had lessons at home in Latin and

mathematics, from an Irish tutor; they went to a fencing and riding school; and they were taught by their father English grammar and oratory. What progress the younger son made was by lively interchange of wit with one of his Harrow schoolfellows, who went to Oxford. They translated together Aristænetus, also parts of Theocritus, and wrote a long farce in the form of a rehearsal, which they hoped they might get Foote to act. "The thoughts," said Sheridan's comrade, Halhed,— "the thoughts of two hundred pounds shared between us, are enough to bring tears into one's eyes." In 1771, when the two friends had both fallen in love with the young singer, Eliza Linley, they got into print their verse translation of the prose epistles of Aristænetus.

Thomas Sheridan had been living at Bath since the middle of 1770. He had obtained a pension of £200 a year from Lord Bute, and was living upon that and upon the produce of his lectures. His sons, Charles and Richard, both fell in love with Eliza Ann Linley, so that Richard had his brother as well as his friend for rivals. The young lady was daughter to Thomas Linley, an English musician of high mark, whose gift passed into Thomas his son. He lived at Bath, where the heads of all young men and some old men were turned by the face and voice and modest grace of his daughter Eliza. She was engaged at sixteen to an old gentleman of fortune, who released her, at her own wish, and settled £3,000 upon her when her father threatened law. In the latter part of the year 1771, Thomas Sheridan went to act in Dublin, and found also four or five members of the Irish Parliament waiting for leisure from speaking to take lessons in elocution. In March, 1772, Miss Linley, plagued with attentions that made her profession distasteful to her, confided to Richard Sheridan her resolve to fly for refuge to a convent in France. Sheridan offered to go with her; his sister provided aid to the escape out of the housekeeping money in her hands, and gave also letters of introduction to a family at St. Quentin. While the rest of the Linley family were at a concert, the young lady, aged eighteen, as removed in a sedan-chair, provided by the young gentleman, aged twenty, to a post-chaise on the London road. They went to France, were married at a village near Calais, and Sheridan returned to Bath, leaving his young wife safe in lodgings with a sisterhood. The marriage was kept secret. At Bath again, Sheridan's trip cost him a duel in which he was wounded. There was much Bath scandal. Next spring Sheridan went to London to study law in the Middle Temple. Miss Linley was then singing in the oratorios at Covent Garden, and Sheridan is said sometimes to have personated the hackney coachman by whom she was to be driven home. But the opposition of Miss Linley's father was at last overcome, and on the 13th of April, 1773, the marriage was

repeate by licensed, with consent of friends. There were no means for housekeeping, except a part of the £3,000 settled upon Miss Linley by her elderly admirer, and whatever Sheridan could earn.

The young couple went first to lodge in a small cottage at East Burnham; but next year they set up a house of their own in Orchard Street, Portman Square, and there Sheridan, besides other works, had finished, in 1774, the first of his comedies, *The Rivals*. It was written for Covent Garden, and first produced on the 17th of January, 1775. *The Rivals* missed success on the first night through bad acting in the part of Sir Lucius O'Trigger. The part was transferred to another actor, and success was complete. In gratitude to Clinch, the actor who thus saved his play, Sheridan wrote his farce of *St. Patrick's Day; or, the Scheming Lieutenant*, which was produced on the 2nd of May in the same year, 1775. He was making also some use of his pen on the Whig side in political controversy, but the success of *The Rivals* led him to seek full advantage from the flood-tide in his fortune. Without interval of rest he planned, with the Covent Garden manager, to write an operatic play, for which his father-in-law, Thomas Linley, would arrange and compose music. This was *The Duenna*. There were rehearsals of the music in Orchard Street, where Sheridan's wit and his wife's singing brightened many an evening of careless kindly fellowship. Sheridan's father, who had at this time quarrelled with him, came to London, and was acting at Drury Lane. He did not visit Orchard Street, but went to see his son's play at Covent Garden. The son stood silently that evening by a side scene opposite the box in which, himself unseen, he could see his father and sisters. When he reached home, he burst into tears, because he had seen them and might not go near them or speak to them.

The Duenna was produced on the 21st of November, 1775, and its great success caused it to be acted seventy-five nights during the season. Sheridan, who had not much more than completed his twenty-third year when he achieved success with *The Rivals*, had so swiftly followed up his first advantage, that at the end of the year playgoers were flocking to Covent Garden, and the new dramatist was master of the hour. Garrick, at Drury Lane, followed the stream, and quickened the interest in Sheridan by reviving his mother's comedy of *The Discovery*. Garrick, then sixty years old, was preparing to retire. At the end of this busy year of his life, 1775, Richard Brinsley Sheridan was in treaty with David Garrick for his share in Drury Lane. Sheridan was happy also in a son, Tom, of whom he wrote playfully to his wife's father, "your grandson astonishes everybody by his vivacity, his talents for music and poetry, and the most perfect integrity of mind."

In June, 1776, Sheridan had taken Garrick's place at Drury Lane, finding means in some way to pay £10,000 for two-fourteenths of the whole share, Thomas Linley paid a like sum for another two-fourteenths, and an unfortunate Dr. Ford invested £15,000 in an adventure that promised large profits with Sheridan's wit to the fore. Happy the voyage when the ship has a fair wind in her sails, and there is a pilot with a firm hand on the rudder! It was unsafe to invest in a commercial undertaking of which Richard Brinsley Sheridan was manager.

But for the present all went quietly well. Of the little son Tom in his babyhood Sheridan wrote: "His progress is so rapid that one may plainly see the astonishment the sun is in of a morning at the improvement of the night. Our loves to all." The young manager took rest as a writer, and produced in 1776 only a version of Vanbrugh's first play, *The Relapse*, under the title of *A Trip to Scarborough*. This was first acted on the 24th of February, 1777. But meanwhile he had been working with care upon *The School for Scandal*. A first sketch of it indicated little more than a satire on the gossip of the Pump-Room at Bath. A second sketch developed Sir Peter and Lady Teazle as Mr. Solomon Teazle and Mrs. Teazle, the characters being Sir Rowland Harpur, Plausible, Captain Harry Plausible, Freeman, Old Teazle, Mrs. Teazle, and Maria. Charles Surface was named in different stages of the elaboration of Sheridan's masterpiece. Clarimont, Florival, Captain Harry Plausible, Harry Pliant or Pliable, Young Harrier, and Frank; Joseph Surface has been in former stages of his development Plausible, Pliable, Young Pliant, and Tom. After much careful elaboration, and the welding of two separately contrived plots into one, with frequent transcribing of scenes and condensations of their wit, Sheridan wrote the last five scenes of his *School for Scandal* in a hurry, under pressure from the theatre, adding at the bottom of the last leaf, "Finished at last, Thank God!—R. B. Sheridan." To which the prompter appended, on his own account, "Amen.—W. Hopkins."

The School for Scandal was first acted on the 8th of May, 1777, and its success remained so great that, as the treasurer of the theatre noted two years afterwards, it "damped the new pieces." It was worth £100 more to the house in 1778, upon an evening's receipts, than *Hamlet* or *Macbeth*, though Shakespeare was well acted and in request. In 1778, Sheridan, then twenty-seven years old, joined with his father-in-law and Dr. Ford in buying the other half of the share in Drury Lane. Garrick had valued this half share at £35,000, but for the remaining moiety £45,000 had to be raised. In 1779 Garrick died. Sheridan followed him to the grave as chief mourner, and wrote a Monody to his memory. In

the course of the same year Sheridan produced the last of his plays, *The Critic; or, a Tragedy Rehearsed*.

Next year there was a dissolution of Parliament. Sheridan stood successfully for Stafford at the General Election, and took his seat in the House of Commons in October, 1780. His life as a dramatist then ended. He did, indeed, once afterwards, as manager, furnish his stage with a piece—*Pizarro*; but that was only a play translated and adapted from Kotzebue. Thirty-six years of carelessly overburdened social and political life remained to Sheridan, who died in 1816, at the age of sixty-five; but the short life as a dramatist, on which his lasting reputation rests, ended in 1780, at the age of twenty-nine.

Congreve had ceased to produce plays at eight and twenty, and had then retired upon his reputation, as a wit. Sheridan was incapable of merely passive life. He carried his energies into the great world on whose stage he hoped to play a brilliant part. What he attained does not concern us here. But he attained no happiness equal to that of his earlier years, when wit, good humor, and energy were at their freshest, home was happiest, and his first successes gladdened him with sense of power. In a letter written at a time when he produced *The Rivals*, Sheridan said he had been reading Lord Chesterfield's "Letters." They were first published in 1774. He comments shrewdly upon his Lordship's system of training, which is, he says, "in no one article calculated to make a great man. . . . His frequent directions for constant employment are entirely ill-founded—a wise man is formed more by the action of his own thought than by continually feeling it 'Hurry,' he says, 'from play to study; never be doing nothing.' I say, 'Frequently be unemployed; sit and think.'" Sheridan read so little that he never felt safe in his spelling; he was capable of writing "wich" for "which," "nothink," for "nothing." But he acquired full mastery over one form of the subtle play of thought and added to the number of our masterpieces of prose comedy. Sheridan's plays were written when the reaction against insincerity and formalism was developing new forces in Europe. In *The Rivals*, *The School for Scandal*, and *The Critic*, the dramatist attacks what Fielding declared to be the only fit object of ridicule—affectation; false sentiment, hollow forms, and empty words in life and literature; the "shams" against which real life was rebelling actively through Europe, and the "windy sentimentalities" that had become associated with one part of the rebellion. These Sheridan warred against with a healthy sincerity which set up against them not a remote ideal, but the honest side of such life as he knew.

HENRY MORLEY.

May, 1883.

THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL.

A COMEDY.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

AS ORIGINALLY ACTED AT DRURY-LANE THEATRE IN 1777.

<i>Peter Teazle</i>	- - - - -	MR. KING.
<i>Oliver Surface</i>	- - - - -	MR. YATES.
<i>Harry Bumper</i>	- - - - -	MR. GAWDRY.
<i>Benjamin Backbite</i>	- - - - -	MR. DODD.
<i>Joseph Surface</i>	- - - - -	MR. PALMER.
<i>Charles Surface</i>	- - - - -	MR. SMITH.
<i>Reliance</i>	- - - - -	MR. FARREN.
<i>Mr. Packer</i>	- - - - -	MR. PACKER.
<i>Mr. Parsons</i>	- - - - -	MR. PARSONS.
<i>Mr. Aickin</i>	- - - - -	MR. AICKIN.
<i>Mr. Baddeley</i>	- - - - -	MR. BADDELEY.
<i>Mr. Lamash</i>	- - - - -	MR. LAMASH.
<i>Mrs. Abington</i>	- - - - -	MRS. ABINGTON.
<i>Miss Sherry</i>	- - - - -	MISS. SHERRY.
<i>Miss Pope</i>	- - - - -	MISS. POPE.
<i>Miss P. Hopkins</i>	- - - - -	MISS P. HOPKINS.

Gentlemen, Maid, and Servants.

SCENE —LONDON.

A PORTRAIT ;

DRESSED TO MRS. CREWE, WITH THE COMEDY
OF THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL.

BY R. B. SHERIDAN, ESQ.

TELL me, ye prim adepts in Scandal's school,
Who rail by precept, and detract by rule,
Whom there no character, so tried, so known,
Whom deck'd with grace, and so unlike your own,
That even you assist her fame to raise,
Whom prove by envy, and by silence praise !
Attend !—a model shall attract your view—

Daughters of calumny, I summon you !
 You shall decide if this a portrait prove,
 Or fond creation of the Muse and Love.
 Attend, ye virgin critics, shrewd and sage,
 Ye matron censors of this childish age,
 Whose peering eye and wrinkled front declare
 A fix'd antipathy to young and fair ;
 By cunning, cautious ; or by nature, cold,—
 In maiden madness, virulently bold ;—
 Attend, ye skill'd to coin the precious tale,
 Creating proof, where innuendos fail !
 Whose practised memories, cruelly exact,
 Omit no circumstance, except the fact !—
 Attend, all ye who boast,—or old or young,—
 The living libel of a slanderous tongue !
 So shall my theme, as far contrasted be,
 As saints by fiends or hymns by calumny.
 Come, gentle Amoret (for 'neath that name
 In worthier verse is sung thy beauty's fame) ;
 Come—for but thee who seek the Muse ? and
 while

Celestial blushes check thy conscious smile.
 With timid grace and hesitating eye,
 The perfect model which I boast supply :—
 Vain Muse ! couldst thou the humblest sketch
 create

Of her, or slightest charm couldst imitate—
 Could thy blest strain in kindred colors trace
 The faintest wonder of her form and face—
 Poets would study the immortal line,
 And Reynolds own his art subdued by thine ;
 That art, which well might added lustre give
 To nature's best and heaven's superlative :
 On Granby's cheek might bid new glories rise.
 Or point a purer beam from Devon's eyes !
 Hard is the task to shape that beauty's praise,
 Whose judgment scorns the homage flattery
 pays ?

But praising Amoret we cannot err,
 No tongue o'ervalues Heaven, or flatters her !
 Yet she by fate's perverseness—she alone
 Would doubt our truth, nor deem such praise
 her own !

Adorning fashion, unadorn'd by dress,
Simple from taste, and not from carelessness ;
Discreet in gesture, in deportment mild,
Not stiff with prudence, nor uncouthly wild :
No state has Amoret ; no studied mien ;
She frowns no goddess, and she moves no
queen,

The softer charm that in her manner lies
Is framed to captivate, yet not surprise ;
It justly suits the expression of her face,—
'Tis less than dignity, and more than grace !
On her pure cheek the native hue is such,
That, form'd by Heaven to be admired so
much,

The hand divine, with a less partial care,
Might well have fix'd a fainter crimson there,
And bade the gentle inmate of her breast—
Inshrined Modesty—supply the rest.
But who the peril of her lips shall paint ?
Strip them of smiles—still, still all words are
faint !

But moving Love himself appears to teach
Their action, though denied to rule her speech ;
And thou who seest her speak, and dost not
hear,

Mourn not her distant accents 'scape thine ear ;
Viewing those lips, thou still may'st make pre-
tence

To judge of what she says, and swear 'tis sense :
Clothed with such grace, with such expression
fraught,

They move in meaning, and they pause in
thought !

But dost thou farther watch, with charm'd sur-
prise,

The mild irresolution of her eyes.

Curious to mark how frequent they repose,
In brief eclipse and momentary close—

Ah ! seest thou not an ambush'd Cupid there,
Too tim'rous of his charge, with jealous care
Veils and unveils those beams of heavenly light,
Too full, too fatal else, for mortal sight ?

Nor yet, such pleasing vengeance fond to meet,

In pard'ning dimples hope a safe retreat.
 What though her peaceful breast should ne'er
 allow

Subduing frowns to arm her altered brow,
 By Love, I swear, and by his gentle wiles,
 More fatal still the mercy of her smiles !
 Thus lovely, thus adorn'd, possessing all
 Of bright or fair that can to woman fall,
 The height of vanity might well be thought
 Prerogative in her, and Nature's fault.
 Yet gentle Amoret, in mind supreme
 As well as charms, rejects the vainer theme ;
 And half mistrustful of her beauty's store,
 She bars with wit those darts too keen be-
 fore :—

Read in all knowledge that her sex should
 reach,
 Though Greville, or the Muse, should deign to
 teach,

Fond to improve, nor timorous to discern
 How far it is a woman's grace to learn ;
 In Millar's dialect she would not prove
 Apollo's priestess, but Apollo's love,
 Graced by those signs which truth delights to
 own,

The timid blush, and mild submitted tone :
 Whate'er she says, though sense appear
 throughout,

Displays the tender hue of female doubt ;
 Deck'd with that charm, how lovely wit ap-
 pears,

How graceful science, when that robe she
 wears !

Such too her talents, and her bent of mind,
 As speak a sprightly heart by thought refined :
 A taste for mirth, by contemplation school'd,
 A turn for ridicule, by candor ruled,
 A scorn of folly, which she tries to hide ;
 An awe of talent, which she owns with pride !

Peace, idle Muse ! no more thy strain pro-
 long,
 But yield a theme, thy warmest praises wrong ;
 Just to her merit, though thou canst not raise

my feeble verse, behold th' acknowledged
 praise
 as spread conviction through the envious
 train,
 and cast a fatal gloom o'er Scandal's reign !
 and lo ! each pallid hag, with blister'd tongue,
 utters assent to all thy zeal has sung—
 owns all the colors just—the outline true ;
 hee my inspirer, and my model—CREWE !

PROLOGUE.

WRITTEN BY MR. GARRICK.

A SCHOOL for Scandal ! tell me, I beseech
 you,
 needs there a school this modish art to teach
 you ?
 o need of lessons now, the knowing think ;
 'e might as well be taught to eat and drink.
 aused by a dearth of scandal, should the
 vapors
 distress our fair ones—let them read the
 papers ;
 heir powerful mixtures such disorders hit ;
 rave what you will—there's *quantum sufficit*.
 Lord !” cries my Lady Wormwood (who
 loves tattle,
 nd puts much salt and pepper in her prattle),
 ist risen at noon, all night at cards when
 threshing
 trong tea and scandal—“ Bless me, how re-
 freshing !
 ive me the papers, Lisp—how bold and free !
 [Sips.
 ast night Lord L. [Sips] was caught with
 Lady D.
 or aching heads what charming sal volatile !
 [Sips.

*If Mrs. B. will still continue flirting,
We hope she'll DRAW, or we'll UNDRAW the cur-
tain.*

Fine satire, poz—in public all abuse it,
But, by ourselves [*Sips*], our praise we can't
refuse it.

Now, Lisp, read you—there, at that dash and
star."

"Yes, ma'am—*A certain Lord had best beware,
Who lives not twenty miles from Grosvenor
Square;*

*For should he Lady W. find willing,
Wormwood is bitter*"——"Oh! that's me! the
villain!

Throw it behind the fire, and never more
Let that vile paper come within my door."

Thus at our friends we laugh, who feel the
dart;

To reach our feelings, we ourselves must smart.

Is our young bard so young, to think that he

Can stop the full spring-tide of calumny?

Knows he the world so little, and its trade?

Alas! the devil's sooner raised than laid.

So strong, so swift, the monster there's no
gagging:

Cut Scandal's head off, still the tongue is wag-
ging.

Proud of your smiles once lavishly bestow'd,
Again our young Don Quixote takes the road;

To show his gratitude he draws his pen,

And seeks his hydra, Scandal, in his den.

For your applause all perils he would through—

He'll fight—that's write—a cavalliero true,

Till every drop of blood—that's ink—is spilt
for you.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—LADY SNEERWELL'S *Dressing-room*.

LADY SNEERWELL *discovered at her toilet*; SNAKE *drinking chocolate*.

Lady SNEER. The paragraphs, you say, Mr. Snake, were all inserted?

SNAKE. They were, madam; and, as I copied them myself in a feigned hand, there can be no suspicion whence they came.

Lady SNEER. Did you circulate the report of Lady Brittle's intrigue with Captain Boastall?

SNAKE. That's in as fine a train as your ladyship could wish. In the common course of things, I think it must reach Mrs. Clackitt's ears within four-and-twenty hours; and then, you know, the business is as good as done.

Lady SNEER. Why, truly, Mrs. Clackitt has a very pretty talent, and a great deal of industry.

SNAKE. True, madam, and has been tolerably successful in her day. To my knowledge, she has been the cause of six matches being broken off, and three sons being disinherited; of four forced elopements, and as many close confinements; nine separate maintenances, and two divorces. Nay, I have more than once traced her causing a *tête-à-tête* in the "Town and Country Magazine," when the parties, perhaps, had never seen each other's face before in the course of their lives.

Lady SNEER. She certainly has talents, but her manner is gross.

SNAKE. 'Tis very true. She generally designs well, has a free tongue and a bold invention; but her coloring is too dark, and her outlines often extravagant. She wants that delicacy

of tint, and mellowness of sneer, which distinguish your ladyship's scandal.

Lady SNEER. You are partial, Snake.

SNAKE. Not in the least; everybody allows that Lady Sneerwell can do more with a word or look than many can with the most labored detail, even when they happen to have a little truth on their side to support it.

Lady SNEER. Yes, my dear Snake; and I am no hypocrite to deny the satisfaction I reap from the success of my efforts. Wounded myself, in the early part of my life, by the envenomed tongue of slander, I confess I have since known no pleasure equal to the reducing others to the level of my own reputation.

SNAKE. Nothing can be more natural. But, Lady Sneerwell, there is one affair in which you have lately employed me, wherein, I confess, I am at a loss to guess your motives.

Lady SNEER. I conceive you mean with respect to my neighbor, Sir Peter Teazle, and his family?

SNAKE. I do. Here are two young men, to whom Sir Peter has acted as a kind of guardian since their father's death; the eldest possessing the most amiable character, and universally well spoken of—the youngest, the most dissipated and extravagant young fellow in the kingdom, without friends or character: the former an avowed admirer of your ladyship, and apparently your favorite; the latter attached to Maria, Sir Peter's ward, and confessedly beloved by her. Now, on the face of these circumstances, it is utterly unaccountable to me, why you, the widow of a city knight, with a good jointure, should not close with the passion of a man of such character and expectations as Mr. Surface; and more so why you should be so uncommonly earnest to destroy the mutual attachment subsisting between his brother Charles and Maria.

Lady SNEER. Then, at once to unravel this mystery, I must inform you that love has no

re whatever in the intercourse between Mr. face and me.

Snake. No!

Lady SNEER. His real attachment is to Maria her fortune; but finding in his brother a favoured rival, he has been obliged to mask his pretensions, and profit by my assistance.

Snake. Yet still I am more puzzled why you would interest yourself in his success.

Lady SNEER. Heavens! how dull you are! cannot you surmise the weakness which I hitherto, through shame, have concealed even from myself? Must I confess that Charles—that libertine, that extravagant, that bankrupt in fortune and reputation—that he it is for whom I am so anxious and malicious, and to gain whom I would sacrifice everything?

Snake. Now, indeed, your conduct appears consistent; but how came you and Mr. Surface confidential?

Lady SNEER. For our mutual interest. I have found him out a long time since. I know him to be artful, selfish, and malicious—in short, a sentimental knave; while with Sir Peter, and indeed with all his acquaintance, he passes for a youthful miracle of prudence, goodness, and benevolence.

Snake. Yes; yet Sir Peter vows he has not his equal in England; and, above all, he praises him as a man of sentiment.

Lady SNEER. True; and with the assistance of his sentiment and hypocrisy he has brought Sir Peter entirely into his interest with regard to Maria; while poor Charles has no friend in the house—though, I fear, he has a powerful enemy in Maria's heart, against whom we must direct our scheme.

Enter SERVANT.

SER. Mr. Surface.

Lady SNEER. Show him up.—[*Exit SERVANT.*] He generally calls about this time. I

don't wonder at people giving him to me for a lover.

Enter JOSEPH SURFACE.

JOS. SURFACE. My dear Lady Sneerwell, how do you do to-day? Mr. Snake, your most obedient.

Lady SNEER. Snake has just been rallying me on our mutual attachment; but I have informed him of our real views. You know how useful he has been to us; and, believe me, the confidence is not ill-placed.

JOS. SURF. Madam, it is impossible for me to suspect a man of Mr. Snake's sensibility and discernment.

Lady SNEER. Well, well, no compliments now; but tell me when you saw your mistress, Maria—or, what is more material to me, your brother.

JOS. SURF. I have not seen either since I left you; but I can inform you that they never meet. Some of your stories have taken a good effect on Maria.

Lady SNEER. Ah, my dear Snake! the merit of this belongs to you. But do your brother's distresses increase?

JOS. SURF. Every hour. I am told he has had another execution in the house yesterday. In short, his dissipation and extravagance exceed anything I have ever heard of.

Lady SNEER. Poor Charles!

JOS. SURF. True, madam; notwithstanding his vices, one can't help feeling for him. Poor Charles! I'm sure I wish it were in my power to be of any essential service to him; for the man who does not share in the distresses of a brother, even though merited by his own misconduct, deserves——

Lady SNEER. O Lud! you are going to be moral, and forget that you are among friends.

JOS. SURF. Egad, that's true! I'll keep that sentiment till I see Sir Peter. However, it is certainly a charity to rescue Maria from such a

libertine, who, if he is to be reclaimed, can be so only by a person of your ladyship's superior accomplishments and understanding.

SNAKE. I believe, Lady Sneerwell, here's company coming : I'll go and copy the letter I mentioned to you. Mr. Surface, your most obedient.

JOS. SURF. Sir, your very devoted.—[*Exit SNAKE.*] Lady Sneerwell, I am very sorry you have put any farther confidence in that fellow.

Lady SNEER. Why so ?

JOS SURF. I have lately detected him in frequent conference with old Rowley, who was formerly my father's steward, and has never, you know, been a friend of mine.

Lady SNEER. And do you think he would betray us ?

JOS. SURF. Nothing more likely : take my word for't, Lady Sneerwell, that fellow hasn't virtue enough to be faithful even to his own villany. Ah, Maria !

Enter MARIA.

Lady SNEER. Maria, my dear, how do you do ? What's the matter ?

MAR. Oh ! there's that disagreeable lover of mine, Sir Benjamin Backbite, has just called at my guardian's, with his odious uncle, Crabtree ; so I slipped out, and ran hither to avoid them.

Lady SNEER. Is that all ?

JOS. SURF. If my brother Charles had been of the party, madam, perhaps you would not have been so much alarmed.

Lady SNEER. Nay, now you are severe ; for I dare swear the truth of the matter is, Maria heard you were here. But, my dear, what has Sir Benjamin done, that you should avoid him so ?

MAR. Oh, he has done nothing—but 'tis for what he has said ; his conversation is a perpetual libel on all his acquaintance.

JOS. SURF. Ay, and the worst of it is, there is

no advantage in not knowing him ; for he'll abuse a stranger just as soon as his best friend : and his uncle's as bad.

Lady SNEER. Nay, but we should make allowance ; Sir Benjamin is a wit and a poet.

MAR. For my part, I own, madam, wit loses its respect with me, when I see it in company with malice. What do you think, Mr. Surface ?

JOS. SURF. Certainly, madam ; to smile at the jest which plants a thorn in another's breast is to become a principal in the mischief.

Lady SNEER. Psha ! there's no possibility of being witty without a little ill-nature : the malice of a good thing is the barb that makes it stick. What's your opinion, Mr Surface ?

JOS. SURF. To be sure, madam ; that conversation, where the spirit of raillery is suppressed, will ever appear tedious and insipid.

MAR. Well, I'll not debate how far scandal may be allowable ; but in a man, I am sure, it is always contemptible. We have pride, envy, rivalry, and a thousand motives to depreciate each other ; but the male slanderer must have the cowardice of a woman before he can traduce one.

Re-enter SERVANT.

SER. Madam, Mrs. Candour is below, and, if your ladyship's at leisure, will leave her carriage.

Lady SNEER. Beg her to walk in.—[*Exit SERVANT.*] Now, Maria, here is a character to your taste ; for, though Mrs. Candour is a little talkative, everybody allows her to be the best-natured and best sort of woman.

MAR. Yes, with a very gross affectation of good nature and benevolence, she does more mischief than the direct malice of old Crabtree.

JOS. SURF. I'faith that's true, Lady Sneerwell : whenever I hear the current running against the characters of my friends, I never think them in such danger as when Candour undertakes their defence.

Lady SNEER. Hush !—here she is !

Enter MRS. CANDOUR.

Mrs. CAN. My dear Lady Sneerwell, how have you been this century?—Mr. Surface, what news do you hear?—though indeed it is no matter, for I think one hears nothing else but scandal.

JOS. SURF. Just so, indeed, ma'am.

Mrs. CAN. Oh, Maria! child,—what, is the whole affair off between you and Charles? His extravagance, I presume—the town talks of nothing else.

MAR. I am very sorry, ma'am, the town has so little to do.

Mrs. CAN. True, true, child; but there's no stopping people's tongues. I own I was hurt to hear it, as I indeed was to learn, from the same quarter, that your guardian, Sir Peter, and Lady Teazle have not agreed lately as well as could be wished.

MAR. 'Tis strangely impertinent for people to busy themselves so.

Mrs. CAN. Very true, child; but what's to be done? People will talk—there's no preventing it. Why, it was but yesterday I was told that Miss Gadabout had eloped with Sir Filagree Flirt. But, Lord! there's no minding what one hears; though to be sure, I had this from very good authority.

MAR. Such reports are highly scandalous.

Mrs. CAN. So they are, child—shameful, shameful! But the world is so censorious, no character escapes. Lord, now who would have suspected your friend, Miss Prim, of an indiscretion? Yet such is the ill-nature of people, that they say her uncle stopped her last week, just as she was stepping into the York mail with her dancing-master.

MAR. I'll answer for't there are no grounds for that report.

Mrs. CAN. Ah, no foundation in the world, I dare swear: no more, probably, than for the story circulated last month, of Mrs. Festino's

affair with Colonel Cassino—though, to be sure, that matter was never rightly cleared up.

JOS. SURF. The license of invention some people take is monstrous indeed.

MAR. 'Tis so ; but, in my opinion, those who report such things are equally culpable.

Mrs CAN. To be sure they are ; tale-bearers are as bad as the tale-makers—'tis an old observation, and a very true one : but what's to be done, as I said before ? how will you prevent people from talking ? To-day, Mrs. Clackitt assured me, Mr. and Mrs. Honeymoon were at last become mere man and wife, like the rest of their acquaintance. She likewise hinted that a certain widow, in the next street, had got rid of her dropsy and recovered her shape in a most surprising manner. And at the same time Miss Tattle, who was by, affirmed, that Lord Buffalo had discovered his lady at a house of no extraordinary fame ; and that Sir Harry Bouquet and Tom Saunter were to measure swords on a similar provocation. But, Lord, do you think I would report these things ! No, no ! tale-bearers, as I said before, are just as bad as the tale-makers.

JOS. SURF. Ah ! Mrs. Candour, if everybody had your forbearance and good nature !

Mrs. CAN. I confess, Mr. Surface, I cannot bear to hear people attacked behind their backs ; and when ugly circumstances come out against our acquaintance I own I always love to think the best. By-the-by, I hope 'tis not true that your brother is absolutely ruined ?

JOS. SURF. I am afraid his circumstances are very bad indeed, ma'am.

Mrs. CAN. Ah ! I heard so—but you must tell him to keep up his spirits ; everybody almost is in the same way : Lord Spindle, Sir, Thomas Splint, Captain Quinze, and Mr. Nickit—all up, I hear, within this week ; so, if Charles is undone, he'll find half his acquaintance ruined too, and that, you know, is a consolation.

JOS. SURF. Doubtless, ma'am, a very great one.

Re-enter SERVANT.

SER. Mr. Crabtree and Sir Benjamin Backbite. *[Exit.*

Lady SNEER. So Maria, you see your lover pursues you ; positively you shan't escape.

Enter CRABTREE and SIR BENJAMIN BACKBITE.

CRAB. Lady Sneerwell, I kiss your hand. Mrs. Candour, I don't believe you are acquainted with my nephew, Sir Benjamin Backbite? Egad, ma'am, he has a pretty wit, and is a pretty poet too. Isn't he, Lady Sneerwell?

Sir BEN. O fie, uncle!

CRAB. Nay, egad it's true : I back him at a rebus or a charade against the best rhymers in the kingdom. Has your ladyship heard the epigram he wrote last week on Lady Frizzle's feather catching fire?—Do, Benjamin, repeat it, or the charade you made last night extempore at Mrs. Drowzie's conversazione. Come now ; your first is the name of a fish, your second a great naval commander, and——

Sir BEN. Uncle, now—pr'ythee——

CRAB. I'faith, ma'am, 'twould surprise you to hear how ready he is at all these sort of things.

Lady SNEER. I wonder, Sir Benjamin, you never publish anything.

Sir BEN. To say truth, ma'am, 'tis very vulgar to print ; and, as my little productions are mostly satires and lampoons on particular people, I find they circulate more by giving copies in confidence to the friends of the parties. However, I have some love elegies, which, when favored with the lady's smiles, I mean to give the public. *[Pointing to MARIA.*

CRAB. *[To Maria.]* 'Fore heaven ma'am, they'll immortalize you !—you will be handed

down to posterity, like Petrarch's *Laura*, or Waller's *Sacharissa*.

Sir BEN. [*To Maria.*] Yes, madam, I think you will like them, when you shall see them on a beautiful quarto page, where a neat rivulet of text shall meander through a meadow of margin. 'Fore Gad, they will be the most elegant things of their kind!

CRAB. But, ladies, that's true—have you heard the news?

Mrs. CAN. What, sir, do you mean the report of—

CRAB. No, ma'am, that's not it.—Miss Nicely is going to be married to her own foot-man.

Mrs. CAN. Impossible!

CRAB. Ask Sir Benjamin.

Sir BEN. 'Tis very true, ma'am: everything is fixed, and the wedding liveries bespoke.

CRAB. Yes—and they do say there were pressing reasons for it.

Lady SNEER. Why, I have heard something of this before.

Mrs. CAN. It can't be and I wonder any one should believe such a story of so prudent a lady as Miss Nicely.

Sir BEN. O Lud! ma'am, that's the very reason 'twas believed at once. She has always been so cautious and so reserved, that everybody was sure there was some reason for it at bottom.

Mrs. CAN. Why, to be sure, a tale of scandal is as fatal to the credit of a prudent lady of her stamp as a fever is generally to those of the strongest constitutions. But there is a sort of puny sickly reputation, that is always ailing, yet will outlive the robuster characters of a hundred prudes.

Sir BEN. True, madam, there are valetudinarians in reputation as well as constitution, who, being conscious of their weak part, avoid the least breath of air, and supply their want of stamina by care and circumspection.

Mrs. CAN. Well, but this may be all a mistake. You know, Sir Benjamin, very trifling circumstances often give rise to the most injurious tales.

CRAB. That they do, I'll be sworn, ma'am. Did you ever hear how Miss Piper came to lose her lover and her character last summer at Tunbridge?—Sir Benjamin, you remember it?

Sir BEN. Oh, to be sure!—the most whimsical circumstance.

Lady SNEER. How was it, pray?

CRAB. Why, one evening, at Mrs. Ponto's assembly, the conversation happened to turn on the breeding Nova Scotia sheep in this country. Says a young lady in company, I have known instances of it; for Miss Letitia Piper, a first cousin of mine, had a Nova Scotia sheep that produced her twins. "What!" cries the Lady Dowager Dundizy (who you know is as deaf as a post), "has Miss Piper had twins?" This mistake, as you may imagine, threw the whole company into a fit of laughter. However, 'twas the next morning everywhere reported, and in a few days believed by the whole town, that Miss Letitia Piper had actually been brought to bed of a fine boy and girl: and in less than a week there were some people who could name the father, and the farm-house where the babies were put to nurse.

Lady SNEER. Strange, indeed!

CRAB. Matter of fact, I assure you. O Lud! Mr. Surface, pray is it true that your uncle, Sir Oliver, is coming home?

JOS. SURF. Not that I know of, indeed, sir.

CRAB. He has been in the East Indies a long time. You can scarcely remember him, I believe? Sad comfort, whenever he returns, to hear how your brother has gone on!

JOS. SURF. Charles has been imprudent, sir, to be sure; but I hope no busy people have already prejudiced Sir Oliver against him. He may reform.

Sir BEN. To be sure he may; for my part, I

never believed him to be so utterly void of principle as people say; and though he has lost all his friends, I am told nobody is better spoken of by the Jews.

CRAB. That's true, egad, nephew. If the Old Jewry was a ward, I believe Charles would be an alderman: no man more popular there, 'fore Gad! I hear he pays as many annuities as the Irish tontine; and that, whenever he is sick, they have prayers for the recovery of his health in all the synagogues.

Sir BEN. Yet no man lives in greater splendor. They tell me, when he entertains his friends he will sit down to dinner with a dozen of his own securities; have a score of tradesmen waiting in the antechamber, and an officer behind every guest's chair.

JOS. SURF. This may be entertainment to you, gentlemen, but you pay very little regard to the feelings of a brother.

MAR. [*Aside.*] Their malice is intolerable! — [*Aloud.*] Lady Sneerwell, I must wish you a good morning: I'm not very well. [*Exit.*]

Mrs. CAN. O dear! she changes color very much.

Lady SNEER. Do, Mrs. Candour, follow her; she may want your assistance.

Mrs. CAN. That I will, with all my soul, ma'am.—Poor dear girl, who knows what her situation may be! [*Exit.*]

Lady SNEER. 'Twas nothing but that she could not bear to hear Charles reflected on, notwithstanding their difference.

Sir BEN. The young lady's *penchant* is obvious.

CRAB. But, Benjamin, you must not give up the pursuit for that: follow her, and put her into good humor. Repeat her some of your own verses. Come, I'll assist you.

Sir BEN. Mr. Surface, I did not mean to hurt you; but depend on't your brother is utterly undone.

CRAB. O Lud, ay! undone as ever man was—can't raise a guinea.

Sir BEN. And everything sold, I'm told, that was movable.

CRAB. I have seen one that was at his house. Not a thing left but some empty bottles that were overlooked, and the family pictures, which I believe are framed in the wainscots.

Sir BEN. And I'm very sorry also to hear some bad stories against him. [*Going.*]

CRAB. Oh, he has done many mean things, that's certain.

Sir BEN. But, however, as he's your brother— [*Going.*]

CRAB. We'll tell you all another opportunity.

[*Exeunt CRABTREE and SIR BENJAMIN.*]

Lady SNEER. Ha, ha! 'tis very hard for them to leave a subject they have not quite run down.

JOS. SURF. And I believe the abuse was no more acceptable to your ladyship than to Maria.

Lady SNEER. I doubt her affections are further engaged than we imagine. But the family are to be here this evening, so you may as well dine where you are, and we shall have an opportunity of observing further; in the meantime, I'll go and plot mischief, and you shall study sentiment. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*A Room in SIR PETER TEAZLE'S House.*

Enter SIR PETER TEAZLE.

Sir PET. When an old bachelor marries a young wife, what is he to expect? 'Tis now six months since Lady Teazle made me the happiest of men—and I have been the most miserable dog ever since! We tift a little going to church, and fairly quarrelled before the bells had done ringing. I was more than once nearly choked with gall during the honeymoon, and had lost all comfort in life before my friends

had done wishing me joy. Yet I chose with caution—a girl bred wholly in the country, who never knew luxury beyond one silk gown, nor dissipation above the annual gala of a race ball. Yet she now plays her part in all the extravagant fopperies of fashion and the town, with as ready a grace as if she never had seen a bush or a grass-plot out of Grosvenor Square ! I am sneered at by all my acquaintance, and paragraphed in the newspapers. She dissipates my fortune, and contradicts all my humors ; yet the worst of it is, I doubt I love her, or I should never bear all this. However, I'll never be weak enough to own it.

Enter ROWLEY.

Row. Oh ! Sir Peter, your servant : how is it with you, sir ?

Sir PET. Very bad, Master Rowley, very bad. I meet with nothing but crosses and vexations.

Row. What can have happened since yesterday ?

Sir PET. A good question to a married man !

Row. Nay, I'm sure, Sir Peter, your lady can't be the cause of your uneasiness.

Sir PET. Why, has anybody told you she was dead ?

Row. Come, come, Sir Peter, you love her, notwithstanding your tempers don't exactly agree.

Sir PET. But the fault is entirely hers, Master Rowley. I am, myself, the sweetest-tempered man alive, and hate a teasing temper ; and so I tell her a hundred times a day.

Row. Indeed !

Sir PET. Ay ; and what is very extraordinary, in all our disputes she is always in the wrong ! But Lady Sneerwell, and the set she meets at her house, encourage the perverseness of her disposition. Then, to complete my vexation, Maria, my ward, whom I ought to have the power of a father over, is determined to turn

rebel too, and absolutely refuses the man whom I have long resolved on for her husband ; meaning, I suppose, to bestow herself on his profligate brother.

Row. You know, Sir Peter, I have always taken the liberty to differ with you on the subject of these two young gentlemen. I only wish you may not be deceived in your opinion of the elder. For Charles, my life on't ! he will retrieve his errors yet. Their worthy father, once my honored master, was, at his years, nearly as wild a spark ; yet, when he died, he did not leave a more benevolent heart to lament his loss.

Sir PET. You are wrong, Master Rowley. On their father's death, you know, I acted as a kind of guardian to them both, till their uncle Sir Oliver's liberality gave them an early independence : of course, no person could have more opportunities of judging of their hearts, and I was never mistaken in my life. Joseph is indeed a model for the young men of the age. He is a man of sentiment, and acts up to the sentiments he professes ; but, for the other, take my word for't, if he had any grain of virtue by descent, he has dissipated it with the rest of his inheritance. Ah ! my old friend, Sir Oliver, will be deeply mortified when he finds how part of his bounty has been misapplied.

Row. I am sorry to find you so violent against the young man, because this may be the most critical period of his fortune. I came hither with news that will surprise you.

Sir PET. What ! let me hear.

Row. Sir Oliver is arrived, and at this moment in town.

Sir PET. How ! you astonish me ! I thought you did not expect him this month.

Row. I did not : but his passage has been remarkably quick.

Sir PET. Egad, I shall rejoice to see my old friend. 'Tis sixteen years since we met. We have had many a day together : but does he

still enjoin us not to inform his nephews of his arrival?

Row. Most strictly. He means, before it is known, to make some trial of their dispositions

Sir PET. Ah! There needs no art to discover their merits—however, he shall have his way; but, pray, does he know I am married?

Row. Yes, and will soon wish you joy.

Sir PET. What, as we drink—health to a friend in consumption! Ah, Oliver will laugh at me. We used to rail at matrimony together, but he has been steady to his text. Well, he must be soon at my house, though—I'll instantly give orders for his reception. But, Master Rowley, don't drop a word that Lady Teazle and I ever disagree.

Row. By no means.

Sir PET. For I should never be able to stand Noll's jokes; so I'll have him think, Lord forgive me! that we are a very happy couple.

Row. I understand you:—but then you must be very careful not to differ while he is in the house with you.

Sir PET. Egad, and so we must—and that's impossible. Ah! Master Rowley, when an old bachelor marries a young wife, he deserves—no—the crime carries its punishment along with it.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Room in SIR PETER TEAZLE'S House.*

Enter SIR PETER and LADY TEAZLE.

Sir PET. Lady Teazle, Lady Teazle, I'll not bear it!

Lady TEAZ. Sir Peter, Sir Peter, you may bear it or not, as you please; but I ought to have my own way in everything, and what's more, I will too. What though I was educated

in the country, I know very well that women of fashion in London are accountable to nobody after they are married.

Sir PET. Very well, ma'am, very well; so a husband is to have no influence, no authority?

Lady TEAZ. Authority! No, to be sure:—if you wanted authority over me, you should have adopted me, and not married me: I am sure you were old enough.

Sir PET. Old enough!—ay, there it is! Well, well, Lady Teazle, though my life may be made unhappy by your temper, I'll not be ruined by your extravagance!

Lady TEAZ. My extravagance! I'm sure I'm not more extravagant than a woman of fashion ought to be.

Sir PET. No, no, madam, you shall throw away no more sums on such unmeaning luxury. 'Slife! to spend as much to furnish your dressing-room with flowers in winter as would suffice to turn the Pantheon into a greenhouse, and give a *jête champêtre* at Christmas.

Lady TEAZ. And am I to blame, Sir Peter, because flowers are dear in cold weather? You should find fault with the climate, and not with me. For my part, I'm sure I wish it was spring all the year round, and that roses grew under our feet!

Sir PET. Oons! madam—if you had been born to this, I shouldn't wonder at your talking thus; but you forget what your situation was when I married you.

Lady TEAZ. No, no, I don't; 'twas a very disagreeable one, or I should never have married you.

Sir PET. Yes, yes, madam, you were then in somewhat a humbler style—the daughter of a plain country squire. Recollect, Lady Teazle, when I saw you first sitting at your tambour, in a pretty figured linen gown, with a bunch of keys at your side, your hair combed smooth over a roll, and your apartment hung round with fruits in worsted, of your own working.

Lady TEAZ. Oh, yes ! I remember it very well, and a curious life I led. My daily occupation to inspect the dairy, superintend the poultry, make extracts from the family receipt-book, and comb my aunt Deborah's lapdog.

Sir PET. Yes, yes, ma'am, 'twas so indeed.

Lady TEAZ. And then, you know, my evening amusements ! To draw patterns for ruffles, which I had not materials to make up ; to play Pope Joan with the Curate ; to read a sermon to my aunt ; or to be stuck down to an old spinnet to strum my father to sleep after a fox-chase.

Sir PET. I am glad you have so good a memory. Yes, madam, these were the recreations I took you from ; but now you must have your coach—*vis-à-vis*—and three powdered footmen before your chair ; and, in the summer, a pair of white cats to draw you to Kensington Gardens. No recollection, I suppose, when you were content to ride double, behind the butler, on a docked coach-horse ?

Lady TEAZ. No—I swear I never did that : I deny the butler and the coach-horse.

Sir PET. This, madam, was your situation ; and what have I done for you ? I have made you a woman of fashion, of fortune, of rank—in short, I have made you my wife.

Lady TEAZ. Well, then, and there is but one thing more you can make me to add to the obligation, that is——

Sir PET. My widow, I suppose ?

Lady TEAZ. Hem ! hem !

Sir PET. I thank you, madam—but don't flatter yourself ; for, though your ill-conduct may disturb my peace of mind, it shall never break my heart, I promise you : however, I am equally obliged to you for the hint.

Lady TEAZ. Then why will you endeavor to make yourself so disagreeable to me, and thwart me in every little elegant expense :

Sir PET. 'Slife, madam, I say, had you any

of these little elegant expenses when you married me?

Lady TEAZ. Lud, Sir Peter! would you have me be out of the fashion?

Sir PET. The fashion, indeed! what had you to do with the fashion before you married me?

Lady TEAZ. For my part, I should think you would like to have your wife thought a woman of taste.

Sir PET. Ay—there again—taste! Zounds! madam, you had no taste when you married me!

Lady TEAZ. That's very true, indeed, Sir Peter! and, after having married you, I should never pretend to taste again, I allow. But now, Sir Peter, since we have finished our daily jangle, I presume I may go to my engagement at Lady Sneerwell's?

Sir PET. Ay, there's another precious circumstance—a charming set of acquaintance you have made there!

Lady TEAZ. Nay, Sir Peter, they are all people of rank and fortune, and remarkably tenacious of reputation.

Sir PET. Yes, egad, they are tenacious of reputation with a vengeance; for they don't choose anybody should have a character but themselves! Such a crew! Ah! many a wretch has rid on a hurdle who has done less mischief than these utterers of forged tales, coiners of scandal, and clippers of reputation.

Lady TEAZ. What, would you restrain the freedom of speech?

Sir PET. Ah! they have made you just as bad as any one of the society.

Lady TEAZ. Why, I believe I do bear a part with a tolerable grace.

Sir PET. Grace, indeed!

Lady TEAZ. But I vow I bear no malice against the people I abuse: when I say an ill-natured thing, 'tis out of pure good humor; and I take it for granted they deal exactly in the same manner with me. But, Sir Peter, you

know you promised to come to Lady Sneerwell's too.

Sir PET. Well, well, I'll call in, just to look after my own character.

Lady TEAZ. Then, indeed, you must make haste after me, or you'll be too late. So good-bye to ye. *[Exit.*

Sir PET. So—I have gained much by my intended expostulation! Yet with what a charming air she contradicts everything I say, and how pleasantly she shows her contempt for my authority! Well, though I can't make her love me, there is great satisfaction in quarrelling with her; and I think she never appears to such advantage as when she is doing everything in her power to plague me. *[Exit.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in LADY SNEERWELL'S House.*

LADY SNEERWELL, MRS. CANDOUR, CRABTREE,
SIR BENJAMIN BACKBITE, and JOSEPH SURFACE, *discovered.*

Lady SNEER. Nay, positively, we will hear it.

JOS. SURF. Yes, yes, the epigram, by all means.

Sir BEN. O plague on't, uncle! 'tis mere nonsense.

CRAB. No, no; 'fore Gad, very clever for an extempore!

Sir BEN. But, ladies, you should be acquainted with the circumstance. You must know, that one day last week, as Lady Betty Curricke was taking the dust in Hyde Park, in a sort of duodecimo phaeton, she desired me to write some verses on her ponies; upon which, I took out my pocket-book, and in one moment produced the following:—

Sure never were seen two such beautiful ponies;
Other horses are clowns, but these macaronies:
To give them this title, I'm sure can't be wrong,
Their legs are so slim, and, and their tails are so long.

CRAB. There, ladies, done in the smack of a
tip, and on horseback too.

JOS. SURF. A very Phœbus, mounted—in-
ed, Sir Benjamin!

Sir BEN. Oh dear, sir!—trifles—trifles.

Enter LADY TEAZLE and MARIA.

Mrs. CAN. I must have a copy.

Lady SNEER. Lady Teazle, I hope we shall
see Sir Peter?

Lady TEAZ. I believe he'll wait on your lady-
ship presently.

Lady SNEER. Maria, my love, you look grave.
Come, you shall sit down to piquet with Mr.
Surface.

MAR. I take very little pleasure in cards—
however, I'll do as your ladyship pleases.

Lady TEAZ. I am surprised Mr. Surface
could sit down with her; I thought he would
have embraced this opportunity of speaking to
her before Sir Peter came. [*Aside.*

Mrs. CAN. Now, I'll die; but you are so
indulgent, I'll forswear your society.

Lady TEAZ. What's the matter, Mrs. Can-
on?

Mrs. CAN. They'll not allow our friend Miss
Armilion to be handsome.

Lady SNEER. Oh, surely she is a pretty wo-
man.

CRAB. I am very glad you think so, ma'am.

Mrs. CAN. She has a charming fresh color.

Lady TEAZ. Yes, when it is fresh put on.

Mrs. CAN. Oh, fie! I'll swear her color is
artificial: I have seen it come and go!

Lady TEAZ. I dare swear you have, ma'am:
it goes off at night, and comes again in the
morning.

Sir BEN. True, ma'am, it not only comes
and goes; but, what's more, egad, her maid
fetch and carry it?

Mrs. CAN. Ha! ha! ha! how I hate to hear
you talk so! But surely, now, her sister is, or
was, very handsome.

CRAB. Who? Mrs. Evergreen? O Lord! she's six-and-fifty if she's an hour!

Mrs. CAN. Now positively you wrong her; fifty-two or fifty-three is the utmost—and I don't think she looks more.

Sir BEN. Ah! there's no judging by her looks, unless one could see her face.

Lady SNEER. Well, well, if Mrs. Evergreen does take some pains to repair the ravages of time, you must allow she effects it with great ingenuity; and surely that's better than the careless manner in which the widow Ochre caulks her wrinkles.

Sir BEN. Nay, now, Lady Sneerwell, you are severe upon the widow. Come, come, 'tis not that she paints so ill—but, when she has finished her face, she joins it on so badly to her neck, that she looks like a mended statue, in which the connoisseur may see at once that the head is modern, though the trunk's antique!

CRAB. Ha! ha! ha! Well said, nephew!

Mrs. CAN. Ha! ha! ha! Well, you make me laugh; but I vow I hate you for it. What do you think of Miss Simper?

Sir BEN. Why, she has very pretty teeth.

Lady TEAZ. Yes; and on that account, when she is neither speaking nor laughing (which very seldom happens), she never absolutely shuts her mouth, but leaves it always on ajar, as it were—thus. [*Shows her teeth.*]

Mrs. CAN. How can you be so ill-natured?

Lady TEAZ. Nay, I allow even that's better than the pains Mrs. Prim takes to conceal her losses in front. She draws her mouth till it positively resembles the aperture of a poor's-box, and all her words appear to slide out edgewise, as it were—thus: *How do you do, Madam? Yes, Madam.* [*Mimics.*]

Lady SNEER. Very well, Lady Teazle; I see you can be a little severe.

Lady TEAZ. In defence of a friend it is but

ce. But here comes Sir Peter to spoil our santry.

Enter SIR PETER TEAZLE.

r PET. Ladies, your most obedient—[*Aside.*] cy on me, here is the whole set ! a character l at every word, I suppose.

rs. CAN. I am rejoiced you are come, Sir r. They have been so censorious—and y Teazle as bad as any one.

r PET. That must be very distressing to indeed, Mrs. Candour.

rs. CAN. Oh, they will allow good qualities obody ; not even good nature to our friend Pursy.

ady TEAZ. What, the fat dowager who was rs. Quadrille's last night ?

rs. CAN. Nay, her bulk is her misfortune ; when she takes so much pains to get rid , you ought not to reflect on her.

ady SNEER. That's very true, indeed.

ady TEAZ. Yes, I know she almost lives on s and small whey ; laces herself by pulleys ; often, in the hottest noon in summer, you see her on a little squat pony, with her plaited up behind like a drummer's and ng round the Ring on a full trot.

rs. CAN. I thank you, Lady Teazle, for nding her.

r PET. Yes, a good defence, truly.

rs. CAN. Truly, Lady Teazle is as censori- as Miss Sallow.

RAB. Yes, and she is a curious being to end to be censorious—an awkward gawky, out any one good point under heaven.

rs. CAN. Positively you shall not be so very re. Miss Sallow is a near relation of mine marriage, and, as for her person great allow- is to be made ; for, let me tell you, a an labors under many disadvantages who to pass for a girl of six-and-thirty.

ady SNEER. Though, surely, she is hand-

some still—and for the weakness in her eyes, considering how much she reads by candle-light, it is not to be wondered at.

Mrs. CAN. True ; and then as to her manner upon my word I think it is particularly graceful, considering she never had the least education ; for you know her mother was a Welsh milliner, and her father a sugar-baker at Bristol.

Sir BEN. Ah ! you are both of you too good-natured !

Sir PET. Yes, damned good-natured ! This their own relation ! mercy on me ! [Aside.

Mrs. CAN. For my part, I own I cannot bear to hear a friend ill-spoken of.

Sir PET. No, to be sure !

Sir BEN. Oh ! you are of a moral turn. Mrs. Candour and I can sit for an hour and hear Lady Stucco talk sentiment.

Lady TEAZ. Nay, I vow Lady Stucco is very well with the dessert after dinner ; for she's just like the French fruit one cracks for mottoes—made up of paint and proverb.

Mrs. CAN. Well, I will never join in ridiculing a friend ; and so I constantly tell my cousin Ogle, and you all know what pretensions she has to be critical on beauty.

CRAB. Oh, to be sure ! she has herself the oddest countenance that ever was seen ; 'tis a collection of features from all the different countries of the globe.

Sir BEN. So she has, indeed—an Irish front——

CRAB. Caledonian locks——

Sir BEN. Dutch nose——

CRAB. Austrian lips——

Sir BEN. Complexion of a Spaniard——

CRAB. And teeth *à la Chinoise*——

Sir BEN. In short, her face resembles a *table d'hôte* at Spa—where no two guests are of a nation——

CRAB. Or a congress at the close of a general war—wherein all the members, even to her eyes, appear to have a different interest, and

er nose and chin are the only parties likely to
in issue.

Mrs. CAN. Ha! ha! ha!

Sir PET. Mercy on my life!—a person they
ine with twice a week! [Aside.

Mrs. CAN. Nay, but I vow you shall not
irry the laugh off so—for give me leave to
ay, that Mrs. Ogle—

Sir PET. Madam, madam, I beg your pardon
-there's no stopping these good gentlemen's
ngues. But when I tell you, Mrs. Candour,
at the lady they are abusing is a particular
riend of mine, I hope you will not take her
art.

Lady SNEER. Ha! ha! ha! well said, Sir
eter! but you are a cruel creature—too phleg-
atic yourself for a jest, and too peevish to al-
w wit in others.

Sir PET. Ah, madam, true wit is more nearly
lied to good-nature than your ladyship is aware

Lady TEAZ. True, Sir Peter: I believe they
e so near akin that they can never be united.

Sir BEN. Or rather, suppose them man and
ife, because one seldom sees them together.

Lady TEAZ. But Sir Peter is such an enemy
scandal, I believe he would have it put down
parliament.

Sir PET. 'Fore heaven, madam, if they were
consider the sporting with reputation of as
uch importance as poaching on manors, and
iss an act for the preservation of fame, as
ell as game, I believe many would thank them
r the bill.

Lady SNEER. O Lud! Sir Peter; would you
prive us of our privileges?

Sir PET. Ay, madam; and then no person
ould be permitted to kill characters and run
own reputations, but qualified old maids and
sappointed widows.

Lady SNEER. Go, you monster!

Mrs. CAN. But, surely, you would not be

quite so severe on those who only report what they hear?

SIR PET. Yes, madam, I would have law merchant for them too; and in all cases of slander currency, whenever the drawer of the lie was not to be found, the injured parties should have a right to come on any of the endorsers.

CRAB. Well, for my part, I believe there never was a scandalous tale without some foundation.

Lady SNEER. Come, ladies, shall we sit down to cards in the next room?

Enter SERVANT, who whispers SIR PETER.

SIR PET. I'll be with them directly.—[*Exit SERVANT.*] I'll get away unperceived. [*Aside.*

Lady SNEER. Sir Peter, you are not going to leave us?

SIR PET. Your ladyship must excuse me; I'm called away by particular business. But I leave my character behind me. [*Exit.*

SIR BEN. Well—certainly, Lady Teazle, that lord of yours is a strange being: I could tell you some stories of him would make you laugh heartily if he were not your husband.

Lady TEAZ. Oh, pray don't mind that; come, do let's hear them. [*Exeunt all but JOSEPH SURFACE and MARIA.*

JOS. SURF. Maria, I see you have no satisfaction in this society.

MAR. How is it possible I should? If to raise malicious smiles at the infirmities or misfortunes of those who have never injured us be the province of wit or humor, Heaven grant me a double portion of dulness!

JOS. SURF. Yet they appear more ill-natured than they are; they have no malice at heart.

MAR. Then is their conduct still more contemptible; for, in my opinion, nothing could excuse the intemperance of their tongues but a natural and uncontrollable bitterness of mind.

JOS. SURF. Undoubtedly, madam; and it has

always been a sentiment of mine, that to propagate a malicious truth wantonly is more despicable than to falsify from revenge. But can you, Maria, feel thus for others, and be unkind to me alone? Is hope to be denied the tenderest passion?

MAR. Why will you distress me by renewing this subject?

JOS. SURF. Ah, Maria! you would not treat me thus, and oppose your guardian, Sir Peter's will, but that I see that profligate Charles is still a favored rival.

MAR. Ungenerously urged! But, whatever my sentiments are for that unfortunate young man, be assured I shall not feel more bound to give him up, because his distresses have lost him the regard even of a brother.

JOS. SURF. Nay, but, Maria, do not leave me with a frown: by all that's honest, I swear——
[*Kneels.*]

Re-enter LADY TEAZLE behind.

[*Aside.*] Gad's life, here's Lady Teazle.—[*Aloud to MARIA.*] You must not—no, you shall not—for, though I have the greatest regard for Lady Teazle——

MAR. Lady Teazle!

JOS. SURF. Yet were Sir Peter to suspect——

LADY TEAZ. [*Coming forward*] What is this, pray? Does he take her for me?—Child, you are wanted in the next room.—[*Exit. MARIA.*] What is all this, pray?

JOS. SURF. Oh, the most unlucky circumstance in nature! Maria has somehow suspected the tender concern I have for your happiness, and threatened to acquaint Sir Peter with her suspicions, and I was just endeavoring to reason with her when you came in.

LADY TEAZ. Indeed! but you seemed to adopt a very tender mode of reasoning—do you usually argue on your knees?

JOS. SURF. No, she's a child, and I thought a

little bombast—but, Lady Teazle, when are you to give me your judgment on my library, as you promised?

Lady TEAZ. No, no; I begin to think it would be imprudent, and you know I admit you as a lover no farther than fashion requires.

JOS. SURF. True—a mere Platonic cicisbeo, what every wife is entitled to.

Lady TEAZ. Certainly, one must not be out of the fashion. However, I have so many of my country prejudices left, that, though Sir Peter's ill humor may vex me ever so, it never shall provoke me to——

JOS. SURF. The only revenge in your power. Well, I applaud your moderation.

Lady TEAZ. Go—you are an insinuating wretch! But we shall be missed—let us join the company.

JOS. SURF. But we had best not return together.

Lady TEAZ. Well, don't stay; for Maria shan't come to hear any more of your reasoning, I promise you. *[Exit.]*

JOS. SURF. A curious dilemma, truly, my politics have run me into! I wanted, at first, only to ingratiate myself with Lady Teazle, that she might not be my enemy with Maria; and I have, I don't know how, become her serious lover. Sincerely I begin to wish I had never made such a point of gaining so very good a character, for it has led me into so many cursed rogueries that I doubt I shall be exposed at last. *[Exit.]*

SCENE III.—*A Room in SIR PETER TEAZLE'S House.*

Enter SIR OLIVER SURFACE and ROWLEY.

Sir OLIV. Ha! ha! ha! so my old friend is married, hey?—a young wife out of the country. Ha! ha! ha! that he should have stood bluff to old bachelor so long, and sink into a husband at last!

Row. But you must not rally him on the subject, Sir Oliver ; 'tis a tender point, I assure you, though he has been married only seven months.

Sir OLIV. Then he has been just half a year on the stool of repentance !—Poor Peter ! But you say he has entirely given up Charles—never sees him, hey ?

Row. His prejudice against him is astonishing, and I am sure greatly increased by a jealousy of him with Lady Teazle, which he has industriously been led into by a scandalous society in the neighborhood, who have contributed not a little to Charles's ill name. Whereas the truth is, I believe, if the lady is partial to either of them, his brother is the favorite.

Sir OLIV. Ay, I know there are a set of malicious, prating, prudent gossips, both male and female, who murder characters to kill time, and will rob a young fellow of his good name before he has years to know the value of it. But I am not to be prejudiced against my nephew by such, I promise you ! No, no : if Charles has done nothing false or mean, I shall compound for his extravagance.

Row. Then, my life on't, you will reclaim him. Ah, sir, it gives me new life to find that your heart is not turned against him, and that the son of my good old master has one friend, however, left.

Sir OLIV. What ! shall I forget, Master Rowley, when I was at his years myself ? Egad, my brother and I were neither of us very prudent youths ; and yet, I believe, you have not seen many better men than your old master was ?

Row. Sir, 'tis this reflection gives me assurance that Charles may yet be a credit to his family. But here comes Sir Peter.

Sir OLIV. Egad, so he does ! Mercy on me, he's greatly altered, and seems to have a settled married look ! One may read husband in his face at this distance !

Enter SIR PETER TEAZLE.

SIR PET. Ha ! Sir Oliver—my old friend !
Welcome to England a thousand times !

SIR OLIV. Thank you, thank you, Sir Peter !
and i'faith I am glad to find you well, believe
me !

SIR PET. Oh ! 'tis a long time since we met
—fifteen years, I doubt, Sir Oliver, and many
a cross accident in the time.

SIR OLIV. Ay, I have had my share. But,
what ! I find you are married, hey, my old boy ?
Well, well, it can't be helped ; and so—I wish
you joy with all my heart !

SIR PET. Thank you, thank you, Sir Oliver.
—Yes, I have entered into—the happy state ;
but we'll not talk of that now.

SIR OLIV. True, true, Sir Peter ; old friends
should not begin on grievances at first meeting.
No, no, no.

ROW. [*Aside to* SIR OLIVER.] Take care, pray,
sir.

SIR OLIV. Well, so one of my nephews is a
wild rogue, hey ?

SIR PET. Wild ! Ah ! my old friend, I grieve
for your disappointment there ; he's a lost young
man, indeed. However, his brother will make
you amends ; Joseph is, indeed, what a youth
should be—everybody in the world speaks well
of him.

SIR OLIV. I am sorry to hear it ; he has too
good a character to be an honest fellow. Every-
body speaks well of him ! Psha ! then he has
bowed as low to knaves and fools as to the
honest dignity of genius and virtue.

SIR PET. What, Sir Oliver ! do you blame him
for not making enemies ?

SIR OLIV. Yes, if he has merit enough to
deserve them.

SIR PET. Well, well—you'll be convinced
when you know him. 'Tis edification to hear
him converse ; he professes the noblest senti-
ments.

Sir OLIV. Oh, plague of his sentiments ! If salutes me with a scrap of morality in his mouth, I shall be sick directly. But, however, I don't mistake me, Sir Peter ; I don't mean to defend Charles's errors : but, before I form my judgment of either of them, I intend to make a trial of their hearts ; and my friend Rowley and I have planned something for the purpose.

Row. And Sir Peter shall own for once he has been mistaken.

Sir PET. Oh, my life on Joseph's honor !

Sir OLIV. Well—come, give us a bottle of good wine, and we'll drink the lads' health, and I'll show you our scheme.

Sir PET. *Allons*, then !

Sir OLIV. And don't, Sir Pèter, be so severe against your old friend's son. Odds my life ! I am not sorry that he has run out of the course a little ; for my part, I hate to see prudence coming to the green suckers of youth ; 'tis like pruning round a sapling, and spoils the growth of the tree.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Room in SIR PETER TEAZLE'S House.*

Enter SIR PETER TEAZLE, SIR OLIVER SURFACE, and ROWLEY.

Sir PET. Well, then, we will see this fellow at, and have our wine afterwards. But how this, Master Rowley ? I don't see the jest of your scheme.

Row. Why, sir, this Mr. Stanley, whom I was speaking of, is nearly related to them by his mother. He was once a merchant in London, but has been ruined by a series of un-

deserved misfortunes. He has applied, by letter, since his confinement, both to Mr. Surface and Charles : from the former he has received nothing but evasive promises of future service, while Charles has done all that his extravagance has left him power to do ; and he is, at this time, endeavoring to raise a sum of money, part of which, in the midst of his own distresses, I know he intends for the service of poor Stanley.

Sir OLIV. Ah ! he is my brother's son.

Sir PET. Well, but how is Sir Oliver personally to——

Row. Why, sir, I will inform Charles and his brother that Stanley has obtained permission to apply personally to his friends ; and, as they have neither of them ever seen him, let Sir Oliver assume his character, and he will have a fair opportunity of judging, at least, of the benevolence of their dispositions : and believe me, sir, you will find in the youngest brother one who, in the midst of folly and dissipation, has still, as our immortal bard expresses it,—

“ a heart to pity, and a hand
Open as day, for melting charity.”

Sir PET. Psha ! What signifies his having an open hand or purse either, when he has nothing left to give ? Well, well, make the trial, if you please. But where is the fellow whom you brought for Sir Oliver to examine, relative to Charles's affairs ?

Row. Below, waiting his commands, and no one can give him better intelligence—This, Sir Oliver, is a friendly Jew, who, to do him justice, has done everything in his power to bring your nephew to a proper sense of his extravagance.

Sir PET. Pray let us have him in.

Row. Desire Mr. Moses to walk upstairs.

[Calls to SERVANT.]

Sir PET. But, pray, why should you suppose he will speak the truth ?

Row. Oh, I have convinced him that he has chance of recovering certain sums advanced Charles but through the bounty of Sir Oliver, so he knows is arrived ; so that you may depend on his fidelity to his own interests. I have also another evidence in my power, one I take, whom I have detected in a matter little short of forgery, and shall shortly produce to remove some of your prejudices, Sir Peter, relative to Charles and Lady Teazle.

Sir PET. I have heard too much on that subject.

Row. Here comes the honest Israelite.

Enter MOSES.

This is Sir Oliver.

Sir OLIV. Sir, I understand you have lately had great dealings with my nephew Charles.

Mos. Yes, Sir Oliver, I have done all I could for him ; but he was ruined before he came to me for assistance.

Sir OLIV. That was unlucky, truly ; for you would have had no opportunity of showing your talents.

Mos. None at all ; I hadn't the pleasure of assisting his distresses till he was some thousands worse than nothing.

Sir OLIV. Unfortunate, indeed ! But I suppose you have done all in your power for him, honest Moses ?

Mos. Yes, he knows that. This very evening I was to have brought him a gentleman from the city, who does not know him, and will believe, advance him some money.

Sir PET. What, one Charles has never had money from before ?

Mos. Yes, Mr. Premium, of Crutched Friars, formerly a broker.

Sir PET. Egad, Sir Oliver, a thought strikes me !—Charles, you say, does not know Mr. Premium ?

Mos. Not at all.

Sir PET. Now then, Sir Oliver, you may have a better opportunity of satisfying yourself than by an old romancing tale of a poor relation : go with my friend Moses, and represent Premium, and then, I'll answer for it, you'll see your nephew in all his glory.

Sir OLIV. Egad, I like this idea better than the other, and I may visit Joseph afterwards as old Stanley.

Sir PET. True—so you may.

Row. Well, this is taking Charles rather at a disadvantage to be sure. However, Moses, you understand Sir Peter, and will be faithful?

Mos. You may depend upon me.—[*Looks at his watch.*] This is near the time I was to have gone.

Sir OLIV. I'll accompany you as soon as you please, Moses——But hold ! I have forgot one thing—how the plague shall I be able to pass for a Jew?

Mos. There's no need—the principal is Christian.

Sir OLIV. Is he? I'm very sorry to hear it. But, then again, an't I rather too smartly dressed to look like a money-lender?

Sir PET. Not at all; 'twould not be out of character, if you went in your carriage—would it, Moses?

Mos. Not in the least.

Sir OLIV. Well, but how must I talk? there's certainly some cant of usury and mode of treating that I ought to know.

Sir PET. Oh, there's not much to learn. The great point, as I take it, is to be exorbitant enough in your demands. Hey, Moses?

Mos. Yes, that's a very great point.

Sir OLIV. I'll answer for't I'll not be wanting in that. I'll ask him eight or ten per cent. on the loan, at least.

Mos. If you ask him no more than that, you'll be discovered immediately.

Sir OLIV. Hey! what, the plague! how much then?

Mos. That depends upon the circumstances. If he appears not very anxious for the supply, you should require only forty or fifty per cent. ; but if you find him in great distress, and want the moneys very bad, you may ask double.

Sir PET. A good honest trade you're learning, Sir Oliver !

Sir OLIV. Truly, I think so—and not unprofitable.

Mos. Then, you know, you haven't the moneys yourself, but are forced to borrow them for him of a friend.

Sir OLIV. Oh ! I borrow it of a friend, do I ?

Mos. And your friend is an unconscionable dog : but you can't help that.

Sir OLIV. My friend an unconscionable dog, is he ?

Mos. Yes, and he himself has not the moneys by him, but is forced to sell stock at a great loss.

Sir OLIV. He is forced to sell stock at a great loss, is he ? Well, that's very kind of him.

Sir PET. I'faith, Sir Oliver—Mr. Premium, I mean—you'll soon be master of the trade. But, Moses ! would not you have him run out a little against the annuity bill ? That would be in character, I should think.

Mos. Very much.

Row. And lament that a young man now must be at years of discretion before he is suffered to ruin himself ?

Mos. Ay, great pity !

Sir PET. And abuse the public for allowing merit to an act whose only object is to snatch misfortune and imprudence from the rapacious gripe of usury, and give the minor a chance of inheriting his estate without being undone by coming into possession.

Sir OLIV. So, so—Moses shall give me further instructions as we go together.

Sir PET. You will not have much time, for your nephew lives hard by.

Sir Oliv. Oh, never fear! my tutor appears so able, that though Charles lived in the next street, it must be my own fault if I am not a complete rogue before I turn the corner.

[*Exit with MOSES,*

Sir PET. So, now, I think Sir Oliver will be convinced: you are partial, Rowley, and would have prepared Charles for the other plot.

Row. No, upon my word, Sir Peter.

Sir PET. Well, go bring me this Snake, and I'll hear what he has to say presently. I see Maria, and want to speak with her. [*Exit ROWLEY.*] I should be glad to be convinced my suspicions of Lady Teazle and Charles were unjust. I have never yet opened my mind on this subject to my friend Joseph—I am determined I will do it—he will give me his opinion sincerely.

Enter MARIA.

So, child, has Mr. Surface returned with you?

MAR. No, sir; he was engaged.

Sir PET. Well, Maria, do you not reflect, the more you converse with that amiable young man, what return his partiality for you deserves?

MAR. Indeed, Sir Peter, your frequent importunity on this subject distresses me extremely—you compel me to declare, that I know no man who has ever paid me a particular attention whom I would not prefer to Mr. Surface.

Sir PET. So—here's perverseness! No, no, Maria, 'tis Charles only whom you would prefer. 'Tis evident his vices and follies have won your heart.

MAR. This is unkind, sir. You know I have obeyed you in neither seeing nor corresponding with him: I have heard enough to convince me that he is unworthy my regard. Yet I cannot think it culpable, if, while my understanding severely condemns his vices, my heart suggests some pity for his distresses.

Sir PET. Well, well, pity him as much as you please; but give your heart and hand to a worthier object.

MAR. Never to his brother!

Sir PET. Go, perverse and obstinate! But take care, madam; you have never yet known what the authority of a guardian is: don't compel me to inform you of it.

MAR. I can only say, you shall not have just reason. 'Tis true, by my father's will, I am for a short period bound to regard you as his substitute; but must cease to think you so when you would compel me to be miserable.

[*Exit.*]

Sir PET. Was ever man so crossed as I am, everything conspiring to fret me! I had not been involved in matrimony a fortnight, before her father, a hale and hearty man, died, on purpose, I believe, for the pleasure of plaguing me with the care of his daughter.—[*Lady Teazle sings without.*] But here comes my help-mate! She appears in great good humor. How happy I should be if I could tease her into loving me, though but a little!

Enter LADY TEAZLE.

Lady TEAZ. Lud! Sir Peter, I hope you haven't been quarrelling with Maria? It is not using me well to be ill-humored when I am not by.

Sir PET. Ah, Lady Teazle, you might have the power to make me good-humored at all times.

Lady TEAZ. I am sure I wish I had; for I want you to be in a charming sweet temper at this moment. Do be good humored, now, and let me have two hundred pounds, will you?

Sir PET. Two hundred pounds; what, an't I to be in a good humor without paying for it! But speak to me thus, and i'faith there's nothing I could refuse you. You shall have it; but seal me a bond for the repayment.

Lady TEAZ. Oh, no—there—my note of hand will do as well. [*Offering her hand.*]

Sir PET. And you shall no longer reproach me with not giving you an independent settlement. I mean shortly to surprise you; but shall we always live thus, hey?

Lady TEAZ. If you please. I'm sure I don't care how soon we leave off quarrelling, provided you'll own you were tired first.

Sir PET. Well—then let our future contest be, who shall be most obliging.

Lady TEAZ. I assure you, Sir Peter, good nature becomes you. You look now as you did before we were married, when you used to walk with me under the elms, and tell me stories of what a gallant you were in your youth, and chuck me under the chin, you would; and ask me if I thought I could love an old fellow, who would deny me nothing—didn't you?

Sir PET. Yes, yes, and you were as kind and attentive——

Lady TEAZ. Ay, so I was, and would always take your part, when my acquaintance used to abuse you, and turn you into ridicule.

Sir PET. Indeed!

Lady TEAZ. Ay, and when my cousin Sophy has called you a stiff, peevish old bachelor, and laughed at me for thinking of marrying one who might be my father, I have always defended you, and said, I didn't think you so ugly by any means.

Sir PET. Thank you.

Lady TEAZ. And I dared say you'd make a very good sort of a husband.

Sir PET. And you prophesied right; and we shall now be the happiest couple——

Lady TEAZ. And never differ again?

Sir PET. No never—though at the same time, indeed, my dear Lady Teazle, you must watch your temper very seriously; for in all our little quarrels, my dear, if you recollect, my love, you always began first.

Lady TEAZ. I beg your pardon, my dear Sir

ter : indeed, you always gave the provocation.

Sir PET. Now, see, my angel ! take care—contradicting isn't the way to keep friends.

Lady TEAZ. Then, don't you begin it, my love !

Sir PET. There, now ! you—you are going on. You don't perceive, my life, that you are just doing the very thing which you know always makes me angry.

Lady TEAZ. Nay, you know if you will be angry without any reason, my dear——

Sir PET. There ! now you want to quarrel again.

Lady TEAZ. No, I'm sure I don't : but, if you will be so peevish——

Sir PET. There now ! who begins first ?

Lady TEAZ. Why, you, to be sure. I said nothing—but there's no bearing your temper.

Sir PET. No, no, madam : the fault's in your own temper.

Lady TEAZ. Ay, you are just what my cousin Sophy said you would be.

Sir PET. Your cousin Sophy is a forward impertinent gypsy.

Lady TEAZ. You are a great bear, I am sure, to abuse my relations.

Sir PET. Now may all the plagues of marriage be doubled on me, if ever I try to be friends with you any more !

Lady TEAZ. So much the better.

Sir PET. No, no, madam : 'tis evident you never cared a pin for me, and I was a madman to marry you—a pert, rural coquette, that had seduced half the honest 'squires in the neighbourhood !

Lady TEAZ. And I am sure I was a fool to marry you—an old dangling bachelor, who was single at fifty, only because he never could meet with any one who would have him.

Sir PET. Ay, ay, madam ; but you were so easy enough to listen to me : you never had such an offer before.

Lady TEAZ. No! didn't I refuse Sir Tivy Terrier, who everybody said would have been a better match? for his estate is just as good as yours, and he has broke his neck since we have been married.

Sir PET. I have done with you, madam! You are an unfeeling ungrateful—but there's an end of everything. I believe you capable of everything that is bad. Yes, madam, I now believe the reports relative to you and Charles, madam. Yes, madam, you and Charles, are not without grounds——

Lady TEAZ. Take care, Sir Peter! you had better not insinuate any such thing! I'll not be suspected without cause, I promise you.

Sir PET. Very well, madam! very well! a separate maintenance as soon as you please. Yes, madam, or a divorce! I'll make an example of myself for the benefit of all old bachelors. Let us separate, madam.

Lady TEAZ. Agreed! agreed! And now, my dear Sir Peter, we are of a mind once more, we may be the happiest couple, and never differ again, you know: ha! ha! ha! Well, you are going to be in a passion, I see, and I shall only interrupt you—so, bye! bye! [*Exit.*]

Sir PET. Plagues and tortures! can't I make her angry either! Oh, I am the most miserable fellow! But I'll not bear her presuming to keep her temper: no! she may break my heart, but she shan't keep her temper. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—*A Room in CHARLES SURFACE'S House.*

Enter TRIP, MOSES, and SIR OLIVER SURFACE.

TRIP. Here, Master Moses! if you'll stay a moment, I'll try whether, what's the gentleman's name?

Sir OLIV. Mr. Moses, what is my name?

[*Aside to MOSES.*]

Mos. Mt. Premium.

TRIP. Premium—very well.

[Exit, taking snuff.]

Sir OLIV. To judge by the servants, one wouldn't believe the master was ruined. But what!—sure, this was my brother's house?

Mos. Yes, sir; Mr. Charles bought it of Mr. Joseph, with the furniture, pictures, &c., just as the old gentleman left it. Sir Peter thought it a piece of extravagance in him.

Sir OLIV. In my mind, the other's economy in selling it to him was more reprehensible by half.

Re-enter TRIP.

TRIP. My master says you must wait, gentlemen: he has company, and can't speak with you yet.

Sir OLIV. If he knew who it was wanted to see him, perhaps he would not send such a message?

TRIP. Yes, yes, sir; he knows you are here—I did not forget little Premium: no, no, no.

Sir OLIV. Very well; and I pray, sir, what may be your name?

TRIP. Trip, sir; my name is Trip, at your service.

Sir OLIV. Well, then, Mr. Trip, you have a pleasant sort of place here, I guess?

TRIP. Why, yes—here are three or four of us pass our time agreeably enough; but then our wages are sometimes a little in arrear—and not very great either—but fifty pounds a year, and find our own bags and bouquets.

Sir OLIV. Bags and bouquets! halters and bastinadoes!

[Aside.]

TRIP. And *à propos*, Moses, have you been able to get me that little bill discounted?

Sir OLIV. Wants to raise money, too!—mercy on me! Has his distresses too, I warrant, like a lord, and affects creditors and duns. [Aside.]

Mos. 'Twas not to be done, indeed, Mr. Trip.

TRIP. Good lack, you surprise me! My friend

Brush has indorsed it, and I thought when he put his name at the back of a bill 'twas the same as cash.

Mos. No, 'twouldn't do.

TRIP. A small sum—but twenty pounds. Hark'ee, Moses, do you think you couldn't get it me by way of annuity?

Sir OLIV. An annuity! ha! ha! a footmen raise money by way of annuity! Well done, luxury, egad! [*Aside.*]

Mos. Well, but you must insure your place.

TRIP. Oh, with all my heart! I'll insure my place, and my life too, if you please.

Sir OLIV. It's more than I would your neck. [*Aside.*]

Mos. But is there nothing you could deposit?

TRIP. Why, nothing capital of my master's wardrobe has dropped lately; but I could give you a mortgage on some of his winter clothes, with equity of redemption before November—or you shall have the reversion of the French velvet, or a post-obit on the blue and silver;—these, I should think, Moses, with a few pair of point ruffles, as a collateral security—hey, my little fellow?

Mos. Well, well. [*Bell rings.*]

TRIP. Egad, I heard the bell! I believe, gentlemen, I can now introduce you. Don't forget the annuity, little Moses! This way, gentlemen, I'll insure my place, you know.

Sir OLIV. [*Aside.*] If the man be a shadow of the master, this is the temple of dissipation indeed! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*Another Room in the same.*

CHARLES SURFACE, SIR HARRY BUMPER, CARELESS, and GENTLEMEN, *discovered drinking.*

CHAS. SURF. 'Fore heaven, 'tis true!—there's the great degeneracy of the age. Many of our

acquaintance have taste, spirit, and politeness ; but plague on't they won't drink.

CARE. It is so, indeed, Charles ! they give into all the substantial luxuries of the table. and abstain from nothing but wine and wit. Oh, certainly society suffers by it intolerably ! for now, instead of the social spirit of raillery that used to mantle over a glass of bright Burgundy, their conversation is become just like the Spa-water they drink, which has all the pertness and flatulency of champagne, without its spirit or flavor.

1 GENT. But what are they to do who love play better than wine ?

CARE. True ! there's Sir Harry diets himself for gaming, and is now under a hazard regimen.

CHAS. SURF. Then he'll have the worst of it. What ! you wouldn't train a horse for the course by keeping him from corn ? For my part, egad, I'm never so successful as when I am a little merry : let me throw on a bottle of champagne, and I never lose.

ALL. Hey, what ?

CARE. At least I never feel my losses, which is exactly the same thing.

2 GENT. Ay, that I believe.

CHAS. SURF. And, then, what man can pretend to be a believer in love, who is an abjurer of wine ? 'Tis the test by which the lover knows his own heart. Fill a dozen bumpers to a dozen beauties, and she that floats at the top is the maid that has bewitched you.

CARE. Now then, Charles, be honest, and give us your real favorite.

CHAS. SURF. Why, I have withheld her only in compassion to you. If I toast her, you must give a round of her peers, which is impossible —on earth.

CARE. Oh, then we'll find some canonized vestals or heathen goddesses that will do, I warrant !

CHAS. SURF. Here then, bumpers, you rogues! bumpers! Maria! Maria—

Sir HAR. Maria who?

CHAS. SURF. Oh, damn the surname!—'tis too formal to be registered in Love's calendar—Maria!

ALL. Maria.

CHAS. SURF. But now, Sir Harry, beware, we must have beauty superlative.

CARE. Nay, never study, Sir Harry: we'll stand to the toast, though your mistress should want an eye, and you know you have a song will excuse you.

Sir HAR. Egad, so I have! and I'll give him the song instead of the lady. [*Sings.*

Here's to the maiden of bashful fifteen;
Here's to the widow of fifty;
Here's to the flaunting extravagant quean.
And here's to the housewife that's thrifty.

Chorus. Let the toast pass,—
Drink to the lass,
I'll warrant she'll prove an excuse for a glass.

Here's to the charmer whose dimples we prize;
Now to the maid who has none, sir;
Here's to the girl with a pair of blue eyes,
And here's to the nymph with but one, sir.

Chorus. Let the toast pass, &c.

Here's to the maid with a bosom of snow;
Now to her that's as brown as a berry;
Here's the wife with a face full of woe.
And now to the damsel that's merry.

Chorus. Let the toast pass, &c.

For let 'em be clumsy, or let 'em be slim,
Young or ancient, I care not a feather;
So fill a pint bumper quite up to the brim,
So fill up your glasses, nay, fill to the brim,
And let us e'en toast them together.

Chorus. Let the toast pass, &c.

ALL. Bravo! Bravo!

Enter TRIP, and whispers CHARLES SURFACE

CHAS. SURF. Gentlemen, you must excuse me a little.—Careless, take the chair, will you?

CARE. Nay, pr'ythee, Charles, what now? This is one of your peerless beauties, I suppose, dropped in by chance?

CHAS. SURF. No, faith! To tell you the truth, 'tjs a Jew and a broker, who are come by appointment.

CARE. Oh, damn it! let's have the Jew in.

1 GENT. Ay, and the broker too, by all means.

2 GENT. Yes, yes, the Jew and the broker.

CHAS. SURF. Egad, with all my heart!—Trip, bid the gentlemen walk in.—[*Exit TRIP.*] Though there's one of them a stranger, I can tell you.

CARE. Charles, let us give them some generous Burgundy, and perhaps they'll grow conscientious.

CHAS. SURF. Oh, hang 'em, no! wine does but draw forth a man's natural qualities; and to make them drink would only be to whet their knavery.

Re-enter TRIP, with SIR OLIVER SURFACE and MOSES.

CHAS. SURF. So, honest Moses; walk in, pray, Mr. Premium—that's the gentleman's name, isn't it, Moses?

Mos. Yes, sir.

CHAS. SURF. Set chairs, Trip.—Sit down, Mr. Premium.—Glasses, trip.—[*TRIP gives chairs and glasses, and exit.*] Sit down, Moses.—Come, Mr. Premium, I'll give you a sentiment; here's *Success to usury!*—Moses, fill the gentleman a bumper.

Mos. Success to usury! [*Drinks.*]

CARE. Right, Moses—usury is prudence and industry, and deserves to succeed.

Sir OLIV. Then here's—All the success it deserves! [*Drinks.*]

CARE. No, no, that won't do ! Mr. Premium, you have demurred at the toast, and must drink it in a pint bumper.

1 GENT. A pint bumper, at least.

Mos. Oh, pray, sir, consider—Mr. Premium's a gentleman.

CARE. And therefore loves good wine.

2 GENT. Give Moses a quart glass—this is mutiny, and a high contempt for the chair.

CARE : Here, now for't ! I'll see justice done, to the last drop of my bottle.

Sir OLIV. Nay, pray, gentlemen—I did not expect this usage.

CHAS. SURF. No, hang it, you shan't ; Mr. Premium's a stranger.

Sir OLIV. Odd ! I wish I was well out of their company. [*Aside.*

CARE. Plague on 'em then ! if they won't drink, we'll not sit down with them. Come, Harry, the dice are in the next room.—Charles, you'll join us when you have finished your business with the gentlemen ?

CHAS. SURF. I will ! I will !—[*Exeunt* SIR HARRY BUMPER and GENTLEMEN ; CARELESS following.] Careless.

CARE. [*Returning.*] Well !

CHAS. SURF. Perhaps I may want you.

CARE. Oh, you know I am always ready : word, note, or bond, 'tis all the same to me.

[*Exit.*

Mos. Sir, this is Mr. Premium, a gentleman of the strictest honor and secrecy ; and always performs what he undertakes. Mr. Premium, this is——

CHAS. SURF. Psha ! have done. Sir, my friend Moses is a very honest fellow, but a little slow at expression : he'll be an hour giving us our titles. Mr. Premium, the plain state of the matter is this : I am an extravagant young fellow who wants to borrow money ; you I take to be a prudent old fellow, who have got money to lend. I am blockhead enough to give fifty per cent. sooner than not have it ! and you, I pre-

sume, are rogue enough to take a hundred if you can get it. Now, sir, you see we are acquainted at once, and may proceed to business without further ceremony.

Sir OLIV. Exceeding frank, upon my word. I see, sir, you are not a man of many compliments.

CHAS SURF. Oh, no, sir ! plain dealing in business I always think best.

Sir OLIV. Sir, I like you better for it. However, you are mistaken in one thing : I have no money to lend, but I believe I could procure some of a friend ; but then he's an unconscionable dog. Isn't he, Moses ? And must sell stock to accommodate you. Musn't he, Moses !

Mos. Yes, indeed ! You know I always speak the truth, and scorn to tell a lie !

CHAS. SURF. Right. People that speak truth generally do. But these are trifles, Mr. Premium. What ! I know money isn't to be bought without paying for't !

Sir OLIV. Well, but what security could you give ? You have no land, I suppose ?

CHAS. SURF. Not a mole-hill, nor a twig, but what's in the bough-pots out of the window !

Sir OLIV. Nor any stock, I presume ?

CHAS. SURF. Nothing but live stock—and that's only a few pointers and ponies. But pray, Mr. Premium, are you acquainted at all with any of my connections ?

Sir OLIV. Why, to say the truth, I am.

CHAS. SURF. Then you must know that I have a devilish rich uncle in the East Indies, Sir Oliver Surface, from whom I have the greatest expectations ?

Sir OLIV. That you have a wealthy uncle, I have heard ; but how your expectations will turn out is more, I believe, than you can tell.

CHAS. SURF. Oh, no !—there can be no doubt. They tell me I'm a prodigious favorite, and that he talks of leaving me everything.

Sir OLIV. Indeed ! this is the first I've heard of it.

CHAS. SURF. Yes, yes, 'tis just so. Moses knows 'tis true; don't you, Moses?

Mos. Oh, yes! I'll swear to't.

Sir OLIV. Egad, they'll persuade me presently I'm at Bengal. [*Aside.*]

CHAS. SURF. Now I propose, Mr. Premium, if it's agreeable to you, a post-obit on Sir Oliver's life: though at the same time the old fellow has been so liberal to me, that I give you my word, I should be very sorry to hear that anything had happened to him.

Sir OLIV. Not more than I should, I assure you. But the bond you mention happens to be just the worst security you could offer me—for I might live to a hundred and never see the principal.

CHAS. SURF. Oh, yes, you would! the moment Sir Oliver dies, you know, you would come on me for the money.

Sir OLIV. Then I believe I should be the most unwelcome dun you ever had in your life.

CHAS. SURF. What! I suppose you're afraid that Sir Oliver is too good a life?

Sir OLIV. No, indeed I am not; though I have heard he is as hale and healthy as any man of his years in Christendom.

CHAS. SURF. There again, now, you are misinformed. No, no, the climate has hurt him considerably, poor uncle Oliver. Yes, yes, he breaks apace, I'm told—and is so much altered lately that his nearest relations would not know him.

Sir OLIV. No! Ha! ha! ha! so much altered lately that his nearest relations would not know him! Ha! ha! ha! egad—ha! ha! ha!

CHAS. SURF. Ha! ha!—you're glad to hear that, little Premium?

Sir OLIV. No, no, I'm not.

CHAS. SURF. Yes, yes, you are—ha! ha! ha!—you know that mends your chance.

Sir OLIV. But I'm told Sir Oliver is coming over; nay, some say he is actually arrived.

CHAS. SURF. Psha! sure I must know better

than you whether he's come or not. No, no, rely on't he's at this moment at Calcutta. Isn't he, Moses?

Mos. Oh, yes, certainly.

Sir OLIV. Very true, as you say, you must know better than I, though I have it from pretty good authority. Haven't I, Moses!

Mos. Yes, most undoubted!

Sir OLIV. But, sir, as I understand you want a few hundreds immediately, is there nothing you could dispose of?

CHAS. SURF. How do you mean?

Sir OLIV. For instance, now, I have heard that your father left behind him a great quantity of massy old plate.

CHAS. SURF. O Lud! that's gone long ago. Moses can tell you how better than I can.

Sir OLIV. [*Aside.*] Good lack! all the family race-cups and corporation-bowls!—[*Aloud.*] Then it was also supposed that his library was one of the most valuable and compact.

CHAS. SURF. Yes, yes, so it was—vastly too much so for a private gentleman. For my part, I was always of a communicative disposition, so I thought it a shame to keep so much knowledge to myself.

Sir OLIV. [*Aside.*] Mercy upon me! learning that had run in the family like an heir-loom!—[*Aloud.*] Pray, what has become of the books?

CHAS. SURF. You must inquire of the auctioneer, Master Premium, for I don't believe even Moses can direct you.

Mos. I know nothing of books.

Sir OLIV. So, so, nothing of the family property left, I suppose?

CHAS. SURF. Not much, indeed; unless you have a mind to the family pictures. I have got a room full of ancestors above: and if you have a taste for old paintings, egad, you shall have 'em a bargain!

Sir OLIV. Hey! what the devil! sure, you wouldn't sell your forefathers, would you?

CHAS. SURF. Every man of them, to the best bidder.

Sir OLIV. What! your great-uncles and aunts?

CHAS. SURF. Ay, and my great-grandfathers and grandmothers too.

Sir OLIV. [*Aside.*] Now I give him up!—
[*Aloud.*] What the plague, have you no bowels for your own kindred? Odd's life! do you take me for Shylock in the play, that you would raise money of me on your own flesh and blood?

CHAS. SURF. Nay, my little broker, don't be angry: what need you care, if you have your money's worth?

Sir OLIV. Well, I'll be the purchaser: I think I can dispose of the family canvas.—
[*Aside.*] Oh, I'll never forgive him this! never!

Re-enter CARELESS.

CARE. Come, Charles, what keeps you?

CHAS. SURF. I can't come yet. I'faith, we are going to have a sale above stairs; here's little Premium will buy all my ancestors!

CARE. Oh, burn your ancestors!

CHAS. SURF. No, he may do that afterwards, if he pleases. Stay, Careless, we want you: egad, you shall be auctioneer—so come along with us.

CARE. Oh, have with you, if that's the case. I can handle a hammer as well as a dice box! Going! going!

Sir OLIV. Oh, the profligates! [*Aside.*

CHAS. SURF. Come, Moses, you shall be appraiser, if we want one. Gad's life, little Premium, you don't seem to like the business?

Sir OLIV. Oh, yes, I do, vastly! Ha! ha! ha! yes, yes, I think it a rare joke to sell one's family by auction—ha! ha! [*Aside.*] Oh, the prodigal!

CHAS. SURF. To be sure! when a man wants

money, where the plague should he get assistance, if he can't make free with his own relations?

SIR OLIV. I'll never forgive him; never! never!

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Picture Room in CHARLES SURFACE'S House.*

Enter CHARLES SURFACE, SIR OLIVER SURFACE, MOSES, *and* CARELESS.

CHAS. SURF. Walk in, gentlemen, pray walk in;—here they are, the family of the Surfaces, up to the Conquest.

Sir OLIV. And, in my opinion, a goodly collection.

CHAS. SURF. Ay, ay, these are done in the true spirit of portrait-painting; no *volontière grace* or expression. Not like the works of your modern Raphaels, who give you the strongest resemblance, yet contrive to make your portrait independent of you; so that you may sink the original and not hurt the picture. No, no; the merit of these is the inveterate likeness—all stiff and awkward as the originals, and like nothing in human nature besides.

Sir OLIV. Ah! we shall never see such figures of men again.

CHAS. SURF. I hope not. Well, you see, Master Premium, what a domestic character I am; here I sit of an evening surrounded by my family. But come, get to your pulpit, Mr. Auctioneer; here's an old gouty chair of my grandfather's will answer the purpose.

CARE. Ay, ay, this will do. But, Charles, I haven't a hammer; and what's an auctioneer without his hammer?

CHAS. SURF. Egad, that's true. What parch-

ment have we here? Oh, our genealogy in full. [*Taking pedigree down.*] Here, Careless, you shall have no common bit of mahogany, here's the family tree for you, you rogue! This shall be your hammer, and now you may knock down my ancestors with their own pedigree.

Sir OLIV. What an unnatural rogue!—an *ex post facto* parricide! [*Aside.*]

CARE. Yes, yes, here's a list of your generation indeed;—faith, Charles, this is the most convenient thing you could have found for the business, for 'twill not only serve as a hammer, but a catalogue into the bargain. Come, begin—A-going, a-going, a-going!

CHAS. SURF. Bravo, Careless! Well, here's my great uncle, Sir Richard Ravelin, a marvellous good general in his day, I assure you. He served in all the Duke of Marlborough's wars, and got that cut over his eye at the battle of Malplaquet. What say you, Mr. Premium? look at him—there's a hero! not cut out of his feathers, as your modern clipped captains are, but enveloped in wig and regimentals, as a general should be. What do you bid?

Sir OLIV. [*Aside to Moses*] Bid him speak.

MOS. Mr. Premium would have you speak.

CHAS. SURF. Why, then, he shall have him for ten pounds, and I'm sure that's not dear for a staff-officer.

Sir OLIV. [*Aside.*] Heaven deliver me! his famous uncle Richard for ten pounds!—[*Aloud.*] Very well, sir, I take him at that.

CHAS. SURF. Careless, knock down my uncle Richard.—Here, now, is a maiden sister of his, my great-aunt Deborah, done by Kneller, in his best manner, and esteemed a very formidable likeness. There she is, you see, a shepherdess feeding her flock. You shall have her for five pounds ten—the sheep are worth the money.

Sir OLIV. [*Aside.*] Ah! poor Deborah! a woman who set such a value on herself!—[*Aloud.*] Five pounds ten—she's mine.

CHAS. SURF. Knock down my aunt Deborah! Here, now, are two that were a sort of cousins of theirs.—You see, Moses, these pictures were done some time ago, when beaux wore wigs, and the ladies their own hair.

Sir OLIV. Yes, truly, head-dresses appear to have been a little lower in those days.

CHAS. SURF. Well, take that couple for the same.

MOS. 'Tis a good bargain.

CHAS. SURF. Careless!—This, now, is a grandfather of my mother's, a learned judge, well known on the western circuit.—What do you rate him at, Moses?

MOS. Four guineas.

CHAS. SURF. Four guineas! Gad's life, you don't bid me the price of his wig.—Mr. Premium, you have more respect for the woolsack; do let us knock his lordship down at fifteen.

Sir OLIV. By all means.

CARE. Gone!

CHAS. SURF. And there are two brothers of his, William and Walter Blunt, Esquires, both members of Parliament, and noted speakers; and, what's very extraordinary, I believe, this is the first time they were ever bought or sold.

Sir OLIV. That is very extraordinary, indeed! I'll take them at your own price, for the honor of Parliament.

CARE. Well said, little Premium! I'll knock them down at forty.

CHAS. SURF. Here's a jolly fellow—I don't know what relation, but he was Mayor of Norwich: take him at eight pounds.

Sir OLIV. No, no; six will do for the Mayor.

CHAS. SURF. Come, make it guineas, and I'll throw you the two aldermen there into the bargain.

Sir OLIV. They're mine.

CHAS. SURF. Careless, knock down the mayor and aldermen. But, plague on't! we shall be all day retailing in this manner: do let us deal wholesale: what say you, little Premium? Give

me three hundred pounds for the rest of the family in the lump.

CARE. Ay, ay, that will be the best way.

Sir OLIV. Well, well, anything to accommodate you; they are mine. But there is one portrait which you have always passed over.

CARE. What, that ill-looking little fellow over the settee?

Sir OLIV. Yes, sir, I mean that; though I don't think him so ill-looking a little fellow, by any means.

CHAS. SURF. What, that? Oh; that's my uncle Oliver! 'Twas done before he went to India.

CARE. Your uncle Oliver! Gad, then you'll never be friends, Charles. That, now to me, is as stern a looking rogue as ever I saw; an unforgiving eye, and a damned disinheriting countenance! an inveterate knave, depend on't. Don't you think so, little Premium?

Sir OLIV. Upon my soul, sir, I do not; I think it is as honest a looking face as any in the room, dead or alive. But I suppose uncle Oliver goes with the rest of the lumber?

CHAS. SURF. No, hang it! I'll not part with poor Noll. The old fellow has been very good to me, and, egad, I'll keep his picture while I've got a room to put it in.

Sir OLIV. [*Aside.*] The rogue's my nephew after all!—[*Aloud.*] But, sir, I have somehow taken a fancy to that picture.

CHAS. SURF. I'm sorry for't, for you certainly will not have it. Oons, haven't you got enough of them?

Sir OLIV. [*Aside.*] I forgive him everything!—[*Aloud.*] But, sir, when I take a whim in my head, I don't value money. I'll give you as much for that as for all the rest.

CHAS. SURF. Don't tease me, master broker; I tell you I'll not part with it, and there's an end of it.

Sir OLIV. [*Aside.*] How like his father the dog is.—[*Aloud.*] Well, well, I have done.—

[*Aside.*] I did not perceive it before, but I think I never saw such a striking resemblance.

—[*Aloud.*] Here is a draught for your sum.

CHAS. SURF. Why, 'tis for eight hundred pounds!

Sir OLIV. You won't let Sir Oliver go?

CHAS. SURE. Zounds! no! I tell you, once more.

Sir OLIV. Then never mind the difference, we'll balance that another time. But give me your hand on the bargain; you are an honest fellow, Charles—I beg pardon, sir, for being so free.—Come, Moses.

CHAS. SURF. Egad, this is a whimsical old fellow!—But hark'ee, Premium, you'll prepare lodgings for these gentlemen.

Sir OLIV. Yes, yes, I'll send for them in a day or two.

CHAS. SURF. But hold; do now send a genteel conveyance for them, for, I assure you, they were most of them used to ride in their own carriages.

Sir OLIV. I will, I will—for all but Oliver.

CHAS. SURF. Ay, all but the little nabob.

Sir OLIV. You're fixed on that?

CHAS. SURF. Peremptorily.

Sir OLIV. [*Aside.*] A dear extravagant rogue!
—[*Aloud.*] Good day!—Come, Moses.—[*Aside.*]
Let me hear now who dares call him profligate!
[*Exit with Moses*]

CARE. Why, this is the oddest genius of the sort I ever met with!

CHAS. SURF. Egad, he's the prince of brokers, I think. I wonder how the devil Moses got acquainted with so honest a fellow.—Ha! here's Rowley.—Do, Careless, say I'll join the company in a few moments.

CARE. I will—but don't let that old block-head persuade you to squander any of that money on old musty debts, or any such nonsense; for tradesmen, Charles, are the most exorbitant fellows.

CHAS. SURF. Very true, and paying them is only encouraging them.

CARE. Nothing else.

CHAS. SURF. Ay, ay, never fear.—[*Exit. CARELESS.*] So this was an odd old fellow, indeed. Let me see, two-thirds of these five hundred and thirty odd pounds are mine by right. 'Fore Heaven! I find one's ancestors are more valuable relations than I took them for!—Ladies and gentlemen, your most obedient and very grateful servant.

[*Bows ceremoniously to the pictures.*]

Enter ROWLEY.

Ha! old Rowley! egad, you are just come in time to take leave of your old acquaintance.

Row. Yes, I heard they were a-going. But I wonder you can have such spirits under so many distresses.

CHAS. SURF. Why, there's the point! my distresses are so many, that I can't afford to part with my spirits; but I shall be rich and powerful all in good time. However, I suppose you're surprised that I am not more sorrowful parting with so many near relations; to be sure, 'tis very affecting; but you see they don't move a muscle, so why should I?

Row. There's no making you serious a moment.

CHAS. SURF. Yes, faith, I am so now. Here, my honest Rowley, here, get me this changed directly, and take a hundred pounds and immediately to old Stanley.

Row. A hundred pounds! Consider only—

CHAS. SURF. Gad's life, don't talk about it! old Stanley's wants are pressing, and if you don't make haste, we shall have some one call that has a better right to the money.

Row. Ah! there's the point! I never will cease dunning you with the old proverb—

CHAS. SURF. *Be just before you're generous.*—Why, so I would if I could; but Justice is an

I hobbling beldame, and I can't get her to keep pace with Generosity, for the soul of me.
Row. Yet Charles, believe me, one hour's lecture——

CHAS. SURF. Ay, ay, it's very true; but, thank'ee, Rowley, while I have, by Heaven I'll live; so, damn your economy; and now for goodnight.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*Another room in the same.*

Enter SIR OLIVER SURFACE *and* MOSES.

Mos. Well, sir, I think, as Sir Peter said, I have seen Mr. Charles in high glory; 'tis great pity he's so extravagant.

Sir OLIV. True, but he would not sell my picture.

Mos. And loves wine and women so much.

Sir OLIV. But he would not sell my picture.

Mos. And games so deep.

Sir OLIV. But he would not sell my picture.
Here's Rowley.

Enter ROWLEY.

Row. So, Sir Oliver, I find you have made a purchase——

Sir OLIV. Yes, yes, our young rake has started with his ancestors like old tapestry.

Row. And here has he commissioned me to deliver you part of the purchase-money—I mean, though, in your necessitous character of old Stanley.

Mos. Ah! there is the pity of all: he is so named charitable.

Row. And I left a hosier and two tailors in the hall, who, I'm sure, won't be paid, and this hundred would satisfy them.

Sir OLIV. Well, well, I'll pay his debts, and benevolence too. But now I am no more a debtor, and you shall introduce me to the elder brother as old Stanley.

Row. Not yet awhile; Sir Peter, I know, means to call there about this time.

Enter TRIP.

TRIP. Oh, gentlemen, I beg pardon for not showing you out; this way—Moses, a word.

[Exit with MOSES.]

Sir OLIV. There's a fellow for you! Would you believe it, that puppy intercepted the Jew on our coming, and wanted to raise money before he got to his master!

Row. Indeed!

Sir OLIV. Yes, they are now planning an annuity business. Ah, Master Rowley, in my days servants were content with the follies of their masters, when they were worn a little threadbare; but now they have their vices, like their birthday clothes, with the gloss on.

[Excunt.]

SCENE III.—*A Library in JOSEPH SURFACE'S House.*

Enter JOSEPH SURFACE and SERVANT.

JOS. SURF. No letter from Lady Teazle?

SER. No, sir.

JOS. SURF. *[Aside.]* I am surprised she has not sent, if she is prevented from coming. Sir Peter certainly does not suspect me. Yet I wish I may not lose the heiress, through the scrape I have drawn myself into with the wife; however Charles's imprudence and bad character are great points in my favor.

[Knocking without.]

SER. Sir, I believe that must be Lady Teazle.

JOS. SURF. Hold! See whether it is or not, before you go to the door: I have a particular message for you if it should be my brother.

SER. 'Tis her ladyship, sir; she always leaves the chair at the milliner's in the next street.

JOS. SURF. Stay, stay: draw that screen be-

fore the window—that will do ; my opposite neighbor is a maiden lady of so curious a temper.—[SERVANT *draws the screen, and exit.*] I have a difficult hand to play in this affair. Lady Teazle has lately suspected my views on Maria ; but she must by no means be let into that secret,—at least, till I have her more in my power.

Enter LADY TEAZLE.

LADY TEAZ. What, sentiment in soliloquy now ? Have you been very impatient ? O Lud ! don't pretend to look grave. I vow I couldn't come before.

JOS. SURF. O madam, punctuality is a species of constancy very unfashionable in a lady of quality.

[*Places chairs and sits after* LADY TEAZLE *is seated.*]

LADY TEAZ. Upon my word, you ought to pity me. Do you know Sir Peter is grown so ill-natured to me of late, and so jealous of Charles too—that's the best of the story, isn't it ?

JOS. SURF. I am glad my scandalous friends keep that up. [*Aside.*]

LADY TEAZ. I am sure, I wish he would let Maria marry him, and then perhaps he would be convinced ; don't you, Mr. Surface ?

JOS. SURF. [*Aside.*] Indeed I do not.—[*Aloud.*] Oh, certainly I do ! for then my dear Lady Teazle would also be convinced how wrong her suspicions were of my having any design on the silly girl.

LADY TEAZ. Well, well, I'm inclined to believe you. But isn't it provoking, to have the most ill-natured things said of one ? And there's my friend Lady Sneerwell has circulated I don't know how many scandalous tales of me, and all without any foundation, too ; that's what vexes me.

JOS. SURF. Ay, madam, to be sure, that is the provoking circumstance—without foundation ; yes, yes, there's the mortification, indeed ;

for, when a scandalous story is believed against one, there certainly is no comfort like the consciousness of having deserved it.

LADY TEAZ. No, to be sure, then I'd forgive their malice; but to attack me, who am really so innocent, and who never say an ill-natured thing of anybody—that is, of any friend; and then Sir Peter, too, to have him so peevish, and so suspicious, when I know the integrity of my own heart—indeed 'tis monstrous!

JOS. SURF. But, my dear Lady Teazle, 'tis your own fault if you suffer it. When a husband entertains a groundless suspicion of his wife, and withdraws his confidence from her, the original compact is broken, and she owes it to the honor of her sex to endeavor to outwit him.

LADY TEAZ. Indeed! So that, if he suspects me without cause, it follows, that the best way of curing his jealousy is to give him reason for't?

JOS. SURF. Undoubtedly—for your husband should never be deceived in you: and in that case it becomes you to be frail in compliment to his discernment.

LADY TEAZ. To be sure, what you say is very reasonable, and when the consciousness of my innocence——

JOS. SURF. Ah, my dear madam, there is the great mistake; 'tis this very conscious innocence that is of the greatest prejudice to you. What is it that makes you negligent of forms, and careless of the world's opinion? why the consciousness of your own innocence. What makes you thoughtless in your conduct, and apt to run into a thousand little imprudences? why, the consciousness of your own innocence. What makes you impatient of Sir Peter's temper, and outrageous at his suspicions? why the consciousness of your innocence.

LADY TEAZ. 'Tis very true!

JOS. SURF. Now, my dear Lady Teazle, if you would but once make a trifling *faux pas*,

you can't conceive how cautious you would grow, and how ready to humor and agree with your husband.

Lady TEAZ. Do you think so?

Jos. SURF. Oh, I'm sure on't; and then you would find all scandal would cease at once, for—in short, your character at present is like a person in a plethora, absolutely dying from too much health.

Lady TEAZ. So, so; then I perceive your prescription is, that I must sin in my own defence, and part with my virtue to preserve my reputation?

Jos. SURF. Exactly so, upon my credit, ma'am.

Lady TEAZ. Well, certainly this is the oddest doctrine, and the newest receipt for avoiding calumny?

Jos. SURF. An infallible one, believe me. Prudence, like experience, must be paid for.

Lady TEAZ. Why, if my understanding were once convinced —

Jos. SURF. Oh, certainly, madam, your understanding should be convinced. Yes, yes—Heaven forbid I should persuade you to do anything you thought wrong. No, no, I have too much honor to desire it.

Lady TEAZ. Don't you think we may as well leave honor out of the argument? [*Rises.*]

Jos. SURF. Ah, the ill effects of your country education, I see, still remain with you.

Lady TEAZ. I doubt they do, indeed; and I will fairly own to you, that if I could be persuaded to do wrong, it would be by Sir Peter's ill-usage sooner than your honorable logic, after all.

Jos. SURF. Then, by this hand, which he is unworthy of— [*Taking her hand.*]

Re-enter SERVANT.

'Sdeath, you blockhead—what do you want?

SER. I beg your pardon, sir, but I thought

you would not choose Sir Peter to come up without announcing him.

JOS. SURF. Sir Peter!—Oons—the devil!

LADY TEAZ. Sir Peter! O Lud! I'm ruined! I'm ruined!

SER. Sir, 'twasn't I let him in.

LADY TEAZ. Oh! I'm quite undone! What will become of me? Now, Mr. Logic—Oh! mercy, sir, he's on the stairs—I'll get behind here—and if ever I'm so imprudent again——

[Goes behind the screen.]

JOS. SURF. Give me that book.

[Sits down. SERVANT pretends to adjust his chair.]

Enter SIR PETER TEAZLE.

SIR PET. Ay, ever improving himself. Mr. Surface, Mr. Surface——

[Pats JOSEPH on the shoulder.]

JOS. SURF. Oh, my dear Sir Peter, I beg your pardon. *[Gaping, throws away the book.]* I have been dozing over a stupid book. Well, I am much obliged to you for this call. You haven't been here, I believe, since I fitted up this room. Books, you know, are the only things I am a coxcomb in.

SIR PET. 'Tis very neat indeed. Well, well, that's proper; and you can make even your screen a source of knowledge—hung, I perceive, with maps.

JOS. SURF. Oh, yes, I find great use in that screen.

SIR PET. I dare say you must, certainly, when you want to find anything in a hurry.

JOS. SURF. Ay, or to hide anything in a hurry either. *[Aside.]*

SIR PET. Well, I have a little private business——

JOS. SURF. You need not stay. *[To SERVANT.]*

SER. No, sir.

JOS. SURF. Here's a chair, Sir Peter—I beg——

Sir PET. Well, now we are alone, there is a subject, my dear friend, on which I wish to unburden my mind to you—a point of the greatest moment to my peace; in short, my good friend, Lady Teazle's conduct of late has made me very unhappy.

Jos. SURF. Indeed! I am very sorry to hear it.

Sir PET. Yes, 'tis but too plain she has not the least regard for me; but, what's worse, I have pretty good authority to suppose she has formed an attachment to another.

Jos. SURF. Indeed! you astonish me!

Sir PET. Yes! and, between ourselves, I think I've discovered the person.

Jos. SURF. How! you alarm me exceedingly.

Sir PET. Ay, my dear friend, I knew you would sympathize with me!

Jos. SURF. Yes, believe me, Sir Peter, such a discovery would hurt me just as much as it would you.

Sir PET. I am convinced of it. Ah! it is a happiness to have a friend whom we can trust even with one's family secrets. But have you no guess who I mean?

Jos. SURF. I haven't the most distant idea. It can't be Sir Benjamin Backbite!

Sir PET. Oh, no! What say you to Charles?

Jos. SURF. My brother! impossible!

Sir PET. Oh, my dear friend, the goodness of your own heart misleads you. You judge of others by yourself.

Jos. SURF. Certainly, Sir Peter, the heart that is conscious of its own integrity is ever slow to credit another's treachery.

Sir PET. True; but your brother has no sentiment—you never hear him talk so.

Jos. SURF. Yet I can't but think Lady Teazle herself has too much principle.

Sir PET. Ay; but what is principle against the flattery of a handsome, lively young fellow?

Jos. SURF. That's very true.

Sir PET. And then, you know, the difference

of our ages makes it very improbable that she should have any great affection for me ; and if she were to be frail, and I were to make it public, why the town would only laugh at me, the foolish old bachelor, who had married a girl.

JOS. SURF. That's true, to be sure—they would laugh.

Sir PET. Laugh ! ay, and make ballads, and paragraphs, and the devil knows what of me.

JOS. SURF. No, you must never make it public.

Sir PET. But then again—that the nephew of my old friend, Sir Oliver, should be the person to attempt such a wrong, hurts me more nearly.

JOS. SURF. Ay, there's the point. When ingratitude bars the dart of injury, the wound has double danger in it.

Sir PET. Ay—I, that was, in a manner, left his guardian : in whose house he had been so often entertained ; who never in my life denied him—my advice !

JOS. SURF. Oh, 'tis not to be credited ! There may be a man capable of such baseness, to be sure ; but for my part, till you can give me positive proofs, I cannot but doubt it. However, if it should be proved on him, he is no longer a brother of mine—I disclaim kindred with him : for the man who can break the laws of hospitality, and tempt the wife of his friend, deserves to be branded as the pest of society.

Sir PET. What a difference there is between you ! What noble sentiments !

JOS. SURF. Yet I cannot suspect Lady Teazle's honor.

Sir PET. I am sure I wish to think well her, and to remove all ground of quarrel between us. She has lately reproached me more than once with having made no settlement on her ; and, in our last quarrel, she almost hinted that she should not break her heart if I was dead. Now, as we seem to differ in our ideas

of expense, I have resolved she shall have her own way, and be her own mistress in that respect for the future ; and, if I were to die, she will find I have not been inattentive to her interest while living. Here, my friend, are the drafts of two deeds, which I wish to have your opinion on. By one, she will enjoy eight hundred a year independent while I live ; and, by the other, the bulk of my fortune at my death.

JOS. SURF. This conduct, Sir Peter, is indeed truly generous.—[*Aside.*] I wish it may not corrupt my pupil.

Sir PET. Yes, I am determined she shall have no cause to complain, though I would not have her acquainted with the latter instance of my affection yet awhile.

JOS. SURF. Nor I, if I could help it. [*Aside.*]

Sir PET. And now, my dear friend, if you please, we will talk over the situation of your hopes with Maria.

JOS. SURF. [*Softly.*] Oh, no, Sir Peter ; another time, if you please.

Sir PET. I am sensibly chagrined at the little progress you seem to make in her affections.

JOS. SURF. [*Softly.*] I beg you will not mention it. What are my disappointments when your happiness is in debate ?—[*Aside.*] 'Sdeath. I shall be ruined every way !

Sir PET. And though you are averse to my acquainting Lady Teazle with your passion, I'm sure she's not your enemy in the affair.

JOS. SURF. Pray. Sir Peter, now oblige me. I am really too much affected by the subject we have been speaking of to bestow a thought on my own concerns. The man who is entrusted with his friend's distresses can never——

Re-enter SERVANT.

Well, sir ?

SER. Your brother, sir, is speaking to a gentleman in the street, and says he knows you are within.

JOS. SURF. 'Sdeath, blockhead, I'm not within—I'm out for the day.

Sir PET. Stay—hold—a thought has struck me :—you shall be at home.

JOS. SURF. Well, well, let him up.—[*Exit Servant.*] He'll interrupt Sir Peter, however.

[*Aside.*

Sir PET. Now, my good friend, oblige me, I entreat you. Before Charles comes, let me conceal myself somewhere, then do you tax him on the point we have been talking, and his answer may satisfy me at once.

JOS. SURF. Oh, fie, Sir Peter ! would you have me join in so mean a trick ?—to trepan my brother too ?

Sir PET. Nay, you tell me you are sure he is innocent ; if so, you do him the greatest service by giving him an opportunity to clear himself, and you will set my heart at rest. Come, you shall not refuse me : [*Going up*] here, behind the screen will be—Hey ! what the devil ! there seems to be one listener here already—I'll swear I saw a petticoat !

JOS. SURF. Ha ! ha ! ha ! Well, this is ridiculous enough. I'll tell you, Sir Peter, though I hold a man of intrigue to be a most despicable character, yet you know, it does not follow that one is to be an absolute Joseph either ! Hark'ee, 'tis a little French milliner, a silly rogue that plagues me ; and having some character to lose, on your coming, sir, she ran behind the screen.

Sir PET. Ah, Joseph ! Joseph ! Did I ever think that you—But, egad, she has overheard all I have been saying of my wife.

JOS. SURF. Oh, 'twill never go any farther, you may depend upon it !

Sir PET. No ! then, faith, let her hear it out.—Here's a closet will do as well.

JOS. SURF. Well, go in there.

Sir PET. Sly rogue ! sly rogue !

[*Goes into the closet.*]

JOS. SURF. A narrow escape, indeed ! and a curious situation I'm in, to part man and wife in this manner.

Lady TEAZ. [*Peeping.*] Couldn't I steal off?

JOS. SURF. Keep close, my angel!

Sir PET. [*Peeping.*] Joseph, tax him home.

JOS. SURF. Back, my dear friend!

Lady TEAZ. [*Peeping.*] Couldn't you lock Sir Peter in?

JOS. SURF. Be still, my life!

Sir PET. [*Peeping.*] You're sure the little milliner won't blab?

JOS. SURF. In, in, my dear Sir Peter!—'Fore Gad, I wish I had a key to the door.

Enter CHARLES SURFACE.

CHAS. SURF. Holla! brother, what has been the matter? Your fellow would not let me up at first. What! have you had a Jew or a wench with you?

JOS. SURF. Neither, brother, I assure you.

CHAS. SURF. But what has made Sir Peter steal off? I thought he had been with you.

JOS. SURF. He was, brother; but, hearing you were coming, he did not choose to stay.

CHAS. SURF. What! was the old gentleman afraid I wanted to borrow money of him?

JOS. SURF. No, sir: but I am sorry to find, Charles, you have lately given that worthy man grounds for great uneasiness.

CHAS. SURF. Yes, they tell me I do that to a great many worthy men. But how so, pray?

JOS. SURF. To be plain with you, brother, he thinks you are endeavoring to gain Lady Teazle's affections from him.

CHAS. SURF. Who, I? O Lud! not I, upon my word. Ha! ha! ha! ha! so the old fellow has found out that he has got a young wife, has he?—or, what is worse, Lady Teazle has found out she has an old husband?

JOS. SURF. This is no subject to jest on, brother. He who can laugh—

CHAS. SURF. True, true, as you were going to say—then, seriously, I never had the least idea of what you charge me with, upon my honor.

JOS. SURF. Well, it will give Sir Peter great satisfaction to hear this. [*Raising his voice.*]

CHAS. SURF. To be sure, I once thought the lady seemed to have taken a fancy to me; but, upon my soul, I never gave her the least encouragement. Besides, you know my attachment to Maria.

JOS. SURF. But sure, brother, even if Lady Teazle had betrayed the fondest partiality for you——

CHAS. SURF. Why, look'ee, Joseph, I hope I shall never deliberately do a dishonorable action; but if a pretty woman was purposely to throw herself in my way—and that pretty woman married to a man old enough to be her father——

JOS. SURF. Well!

CHAS. SURF. Why, I believe I should be obliged to——

JOS. SURF. What?

CHAS. SURF. To borrow a little of your morality, that's all. But, brother, do you know now that you surprise me exceedingly, by naming me with Lady Teazle; for, i'faith, I always understood you were her favorite.

JOS. SURF. Oh, for shame, Charles! This retort is foolish.

CHAS. SURF. Nay, I swear I have seen you exchange such significant glances——

JOS. SURF. Nay, nay, sir, this is no jest.

CHAS. SURF. Egad, I'm serious! Don't you remember one day, when I called here——

JOS. SURF. Nay, p'rythee, Charles——

CHAS. SURF. And found you together——

JOS. SURF. Zounds, sir, I insist——

CHAS. SURF. And another time, when your servant——

JOS. SURF. Brother, brother, a word with you!—[*Aside.*] Gad, I must stop him.

CHAS. SURF. Informed, I say, that——

JOS. SURF. Hush! I beg your pardon, but Sir Peter has overheard all we have been say-

ing. I knew you would clear yourself, or I should not have consented.

CHAS. SURF. How, Sir Peter! Where is he?

JOS. SURF. Softly, there! [*Points to the closet.*]

CHAS. SURF. Oh, 'fore Heaven, I'll have him out. Sir Peter, come forth!

JOS. SURF. No, no——

CHAS. SURF. I say, Sir Peter, come into court.—[*Pulls in SIR PETER.*] What! my old guardian!—What!—turn inquisitor, and take evidence, incog?—Oh, fie! Oh, fie!

Sir PET. Give me your hand, Charles—I believe I have suspected you wrongfully; but you mustn't be angry with Joseph—'twas my plan!

CHAS. SURF. Indeed!

Sir PET. But I acquit you. I promise you I don't think near so ill of you as I did. What I have heard has given me great satisfaction.

CHAS. SURF. Egad, then, 'twas lucky you didn't hear any more. Wasn't it, Joseph?

Sir PET. Ah! you would have retorted on him.

CHAS. SURF. Ah, ay, that was a joke.

Sir PET. Yes, yes, I know his honor too well.

CHAS. SURF. But you might as well have suspected him as me in this matter, for all that. Mightn't he, Joseph?

Sir PET. Well, well, I believe you.

JOS. SURF. Would they were both out of the room! [*Aside.*]

Sir PET. And in future, perhaps, we may not be such strangers.

Re-enter SERVANT and whispers JOSEPH SURFACE.

SERV. Lady Sneerwell is below, and says she will come up.

JOS. SURF. Lady Sneerwell! Gad's life! she must not come here. [*Exit SERVANT.*] Gentlemen, I beg pardon—I must wait on you down-

stairs ; here is a person come on particular business.

CHAS. SURF. Well, you can see him in another room. Sir Peter and I have not met a long time, and I have something to say to him.

JOS. SURF. [*Aside.*] They must not be left together.—[*Aloud.*] I'll send Lady Sneerwell away, and return directly.—[*Aside to Sir Peter.*] Sir Peter, not a word of the French milliner.

Sir PET. [*Aside to JOSEPH SURFACE.*] I ! not for the world !—[*Exit JOSEPH SURFACE.*] Ah, Charles, if you associated more with your brother, one might indeed hope for your reformation. He is a man of sentiment. Well, there is nothing in the world so noble as a man of sentiment.

CHAS. SURF. Psha ! he is too moral by half ; and so apprehensive of his good name, as he calls it, that I suppose he would as soon let a priest into his house as a wench.

Sir PET. No, no,—come, come,—you wrong him. No, no, Joseph is no rake, but he is no such saint either, in that respect.—[*Aside.*] I have a great mind to tell him—we should have such a laugh at Joseph.

CHAS. SURF. Oh, hang him ! he's a very anchorite, a young hermit !

Sir PET. Hark'ee—you must not abuse him : he may chance to hear of it again, I promise you.

CHAS. SURF. Why, you won't tell him ?

Sir PET. No—but—this way.—[*Aside.*] Egad, I'll tell him. [*Aloud.*] Hark'ee, have you a mind to have a good laugh at Joseph ?

CHAS. SURF. I should like it of all things.

Sir PET. Then, i'faith, we will ! I'll be quit with him for discovering me. He had a girl with him when I called. [*Whispers.*

CHAS. SURF. What ! Joseph ? you jest.

Sir PET. Hush !—a little French milliner—and the best of the jest is—she's in the room now.

CHAS. SURF. The devil she is !

Sir PET. Hush ! I tell you.

[*Points to the screen.*

CHAS. SURF. Behind the screen ! 'Slife, let's unveil her !

Sir PET. No, no, he's coming :—you shan't, indeed !

CHAS. SURF. Oh, egad, we'll have a peep at the little milliner !

Sir PET. Not for the world !—Joseph will never forgive me.

CHAS. SURF. I'll stand by you——

Sir PET. Odds, here he is !

[CHARLES SURFACE *throws down the screen.*

Re-enter JOSEPH SURFACE.

CHAS. SURF. Lady Teazle, by all that's wonderful !

Sir PET. Lady Teazle, by all that's damnable !

CHAS SURF. Sir Peter, this is one of the smartest French milliners I ever saw. Egad, you seem all to have been diverting yourselves here at hide and seek, and I don't see who is out of the secret. Shall I beg your ladyship to inform me ? Not a word !—Brother, will you be pleased to explain this matter ? What ! is Morality dumb too ?—Sir Peter, though I found you in the dark, perhaps you are not so now ! All mute ! Well—though I can make nothing of the affair, I suppose you perfectly understand one another ; so I'll leave you to yourselves.—[*Going.*] Brother, I'm sorry to find you have given that worthy man grounds for so much uneasiness.—Sir Peter ! there's nothing in the world so noble as a man of sentiment ! [*Exit.*

JOS. SURF. Sir Peter — notwithstanding — I confess—that appearances are against me—if you will afford me your patience—I make no doubt—but I shall explain everything to your satisfaction.

Sir PET. If you please, sir.

JOS. SURF. The fact is, sir, that Lady Teazle,

knowing my pretensions to your ward Maria—I say, sir, Lady Teazle, being apprehensive of the jealousy of your temper—and knowing my friendship to the family—she, sir, I say—called here—in order that—I might explain these pretensions—but on your coming—being apprehensive—as I said—of your jealousy—she withdrew—and this, you may depend on it, is the whole truth of the matter.

Sir PET. A very clear account, upon my word ; and I dare swear the lady will vouch for every article of it.

Lady TEAZ. For not one word of it, Sir Peter !

Sir PET. How ! don't you think it worth while to agree in the lie ?

Lady TEAZ. There is not one syllable of truth in what that gentleman has told you.

Sir PET. I believe you, upon my soul, ma'am !

JOS. SURF. [*Aside to LADY TEAZLE.*] 'Sdeath, madam, will you betray me ?

Lady TEAZ. Good, Mr. Hypocrite, by your leave, I'll speak for myself.

Sir PET. Ay, let her alone, sir ; you'll find she'll make out a better story than you, without prompting.

Lady TEAZ. Hear me, Sir Peter !—I came here on no matter relating to your ward, and even ignorant of this gentleman's pretensions to her. But I came, seduced by his insidious arguments, at least to listen to his pretended passion, if not to sacrifice your honor to his baseness.

Sir PET. Now, I believe, the truth is coming, indeed !

JOS. SURF. The woman's mad !

Lady TEAZ. No, sir ; she has recovered her senses, and your own arts have furnished her with the means.—Sir Peter, I do not expect you to credit me—but the tenderness you expressed for me, when I am sure you could not think I was a witness to it, has so penetrated

to my heart, that had I left the place without the shame of this discovery, my future life should have spoken the sincerity of my gratitude. As for that smooth-tongued hypocrite, who would have seduced the wife of his too credulous friend, while he affected honorable addresses to his ward—I behold him now in a light so truly despicable, that I shall never again respect myself for having listened to him. *[Exit.*

JOS. SURF. Notwithstanding all this, Sir Peter, Heaven knows——

SIR PET. That you are a villain! and so I leave you to your conscience.

JOS. SURF. You are too rash, Sir Peter; you shall hear me. The man who shuts out conviction by refusing to——

SIR PET. Oh, damn your sentiments!
[Exeunt SIR PETER and JOSEPH SURFACE, talking.]

ACT. V.

SCENE I.—*The Library in JOSEPH SURFACE'S House.*

Enter JOSEPH SURFACE and SERVANT.

JOS. SURF. Mr. Stanley! and why should you think I would see him? you must know he comes to ask something.

SER. Sir, I should not have let him in, but that Mr. Rowley came to the door with him.

JOS. SURF. Psha! blockhead! to suppose that I should now be in a temper to receive visits from poor relations!—Well, why don't you show the fellow up?

SER. I will, sir.—Why, sir, it was not my fault that Sir Peter discovered my lady——

JOS. SURF. Go, fool!—*[Exit SERVANT.]* Sure

Fortune never played a man of my policy such a trick before! My character with Sir Peter, my hopes with Maria, destroyed in a moment! I'm in a rare humor to listen to other people's distresses! I shan't be able to bestow even a benevolent sentiment on Stanley.—So! here he comes, and Rowley with him. I must try to recover myself, and put a little charity into my face, however. *[Exit.]*

Enter SIR OLIVER SURFACE and ROWLEY.

Sir OLIV. What! does he avoid us? .That was he, was it not?

Row. It was, sir. But I doubt you are come a little too abruptly. His nerves are so weak, that the sight of a poor relation may be too much for him. I should have gone first to break it to him.

Sir OLIV. Oh, plague of his nerves! Yet this he whom Sir Peter extols as a man of the most benevolent way of thinking!

Row. As to his way of thinking, I cannot pretend to decide; for, to do him justice, he appears to have as much speculative benevolence as any private gentlemen in the kingdom, though he is seldom so sensual as to indulge himself in the exercise of it.

Sir OLIV. Yet he has a string of charitable sentiments at his fingers' ends.

Row. Or, rather, at his tongue's end, Sir Oliver; for I believe there is no sentiment he has such faith in as that *Charity begins at home.*

Sir OLIV. And his, I presume, is of that domestic sort which never stirs abroad at all.

Row. I doubt you'll find it so;—but he's coming. I mustn't seem to interrupt you; and you know, immediately as you leave him, I come in to announce your arrival in your real character.

Sir OLIV. True; and afterwards you'll meet me at Sir Peter's.

Row. Without losing a moment. *[Exit.]*

Sir OLIV. I don't like the complaisance of his features.

Re-enter JOSEPH SURFACE.

JOS. SURF. Sir, I beg you ten thousand pardons for keeping you a moment waiting.—Mr. Stanley, I presume.

Sir OLIV. At your service.

JOS. SURF. Sir, I beg you will do me the honor to sit down—I entreat you, sir.

Sir OLIV. Dear Sir—there's no occasion.—*[Aside.]* Too civil by half!

JOS. SURF. I have not the pleasure of knowing you, Mr. Stanley; but I am extremely happy to see you look so well. You were nearly related to my mother, I think, Mr. Stanley?

Sir OLIV. I was, sir; so nearly that my present poverty, I fear, may do discredit to her wealthy children, else I should not have presumed to trouble you.

JOS. SURF. Dear sir, there needs no apology: he that is in distress, though a stranger, has a right to claim kindred with the wealthy. I am sure I wish I was one of that class, and had it in my power to offer you even a small relief.

Sir OLIV. If your uncle, Sir Oliver, were here, I should have a friend.

JOS. SURF. I wish he was, sir, with all my heart: you should not want an advocate with him, believe me, sir.

Sir OLIV. I should not need one—my distresses would recommend me. But I imagined his bounty would enable you to become the agent of his charity.

JOS. SURF. My dear sir, you were strangely misinformed. Sir Oliver is a worthy man, a very worthy man; but avarice, Mr. Stanley, is the vice of age. I will tell you, my good sir, in confidence, what he has done for me has been a mere nothing; though people, I know, have thought otherwise and, for my part, I never chose to contradict the report.

Sir OLIV. What ! has he never transmitted you bullion—rupees—pagodas ?

Jos. SURF. Oh, dear sir, nothing of the kind ! No, no ; a few presents now and then—china, shawls, congou tea, avadavats, and Indian crackers—little more, believe me.

Sir OLIV. Here's gratitude for twelve thousand pounds !—Avadavats and Indian crackers !

[*Aside.*]

Jos. SURF. Then, my dear sir, you have heard, I doubt not, of the extravagance of my brother ; there are very few would credit what I have done for that unfortunate young man.

Sir OLIV. Not I, for one !

[*Aside.*]

Jos. SURF. The sums I have lent him ! Indeed I have been exceedingly to blame ; it was an amiable weakness ; however, I don't pretend to defend it—and now I feel it doubly culpable, since it has deprived me of the pleasure of serving you, Mr. Stanley, as my heart dictates.

Sir OLIV. [*Aside.*] Dissembler !—[*Aloud.*] Then, Sir, you can't assist me ?

Jos. SURF. At present, it grieves me to say, I cannot ; but, whenever I have the ability, you may depend upon hearing from me.

Sir OLIV. I am extremely sorry—

Jos. SURF. Not more than I, believe me ; to pity, without the power to relieve, is still more painful than to ask and be denied.

Sir OLIV. Kind sir, your most obedient humble servant.

Jos. SURF. You leave me deeply affected, Mr. Stanley.—William, be ready to open the door.

[*Calls to SERVANT.*]

Sir OLIV. O, dear sir, no ceremony.

Jos. SURF. Your very obedient.

Sir OLIV. Your most obsequious.

Jos. SURF. You may depend upon hearing from me, whenever I can be of service.

Sir OLIV. Sweet sir, you are too good.

Jos. SURF. In the meantime I wish you health and spirits.

Sir OLIV. Your ever grateful and perpetual humble servant.

JOS. SURF. Sir, yours as sincerely.

Sir OLIV. [*Aside.*] Now I am satisfied. [*Exit.*]

JOS. SURF. This is one bad effect of a good character; it invites application from the unfortunate, and there needs no small degree of address to gain the reputation of benevolence without incurring the expense. The silver ore of pure charity is an expensive article in the catalogue of a man's good qualities; whereas the sentimental French plate I use instead of it makes just as good a show, and pays no tax.

Re-enter ROWLEY.

Row. Mr. Surface, your servant: I was apprehensive of interrupting you, though my business demands immediate attention, as this note will inform you.

JOS. SURF. Always happy to see Mr. Rowley.—a rascal.—[*Aside. Reads the letter.*] Sir Oliver Surface!—My uncle arrived!

Row. He is, indeed: we have just parted—quite well, after a speedy voyage, and impatient to embrace his worthy nephew.

JOS. SURF. I am astonished!—William! stop Mr. Stanley, if he's not gone. [*Calls to SERVANT.*]

Row. Oh! he's out of reach, I believe.

JOS. SURF. Why did you not let me know this when you came in together?

Row. I thought you had particular business. But I must be gone to inform your brother, and appoint him here to meet your uncle. He will be with you in a quarter of an hour.

JOS. SURF. So he says. Well, I am strangely overjoyed at his coming.—[*Aside.*] Never, to be sure, was anything so damned unlucky!

Row. You will be delighted to see how well he looks.

JOS. SURF. Oh! I'm overjoyed to hear it.—[*Aside.*] Just at this time!

Row. I'll tell him how impatiently you expect him.

JOS. SURF Do, do; pray give my best duty and affection. Indeed, I cannot express the sensations I feel at the thought of seeing him.—*[Exit ROWLEY.]* Certainly his coming just at this time is the cruellest piece of ill fortune.
[Exit.]

SCENE II.—*A Room in SIR PETER TEAZLE'S House.*

Enter MRS. CANDOUR and MAID.

MAID. Indeed, ma'am, my lady will see nobody at present.

Mrs. CAN. Did you tell her it was her friend Mrs. Candour?

MAID. Yes, ma'am; but she begs you will excuse her.

Mrs. CAN. Do go again; I shall be glad to see her, if it be only for a moment, for I am sure she must be in great distress.—*[Exit MAID.]* Dear heart, how provoking! I'm not mistress of half the circumstance! We shall have the whole affair in the newspapers, with the names of the parties at length, before I have dropped the story at a dozen houses.

Enter SIR BENJAMIN BACKBITE.

Oh, dear Sir Benjamin! you have heard, I suppose——

Sir BEN. Of Lady Teazle and Mr. Surface

Mrs. CAN. And Sir Peter's discovery——

Sir BEN. Oh, the strangest piece of business, to be sure!

Mrs. CAN. Well, I never was so surprised in my life. I am so sorry for all parties, indeed.

Sir BEN. Now, I don't pity Sir Peter at all: he was so extravagantly partial to Mr. Surface.

Mrs. CAN. Mr. Surface! Why, 'twas with Charles Lady Teazle was detected.

Sir BEN. No, no, I tell you: Mr. Surface is the gallant.

Mrs. CAN. No such thing ! Charles is the an. 'Twas Mr. Surface brought Sir Peter on rpose to discover them.

Sir BEN. I tell you I had it from one——

Mrs. CAN. And I have it from one——

Sir BEN. Who had it from one, who had it

Mrs. CAN. From one immediately. But here comes Lady Sneerwell ; perhaps she knows the whole affair.

Enter LADY SNEERWELL.

Lady SNEER. So, my dear Mrs Candour, there's a sad affair of our friend Lady Teazle !

Mrs. CAN. Ay, my dear friend, who would have thought——

Lady SNEER. Well, there is no trusting to appearances ; though indeed, she was always too rely for me.

Mrs. CAN. To be sure, her manners were a little too free ; but then she was so young !

Lady SNEER. And had, indeed, some good qualities.

Mrs. CAN. So she had, indeed. But have you heard the particulars ?

Lady SNEER. No ; but everybody says that Mr. Surface——

Sir BEN. Ay, there ; I told you Mr. Surface was the man.

Mrs. CAN. No, no : indeed the assignation was with Charles.

Lady SNEER. With Charles ! You alarm me, Mrs. Candour !

Mrs. CAN. Yes, yes : he was the lover. Mr. Surface, to do him justice, was only the intruder.

Sir BEN. Well, I'll not dispute with you, Mrs. Candour ; but, be it which it may, I hope that Mr. Peter's wound will not——

Mrs. CAN. Sir Peter's wound ! Oh, mercy ! I don't hear a word of their fighting.

Lady SNEER. Nor I, a syllable.

Sir BEN. No ! what, no mention of the duel ?

Mrs. CAN. Not a word.

Sir BEN. Oh, yes : they fought before they left the room.

Lady SNEER. Pray let us hear.

Mrs. CAN. Ay, do oblige us with the duel.

Sir BEN. "*Sir*," says Sir Peter, immediately after the discovery, "*you are a most ungrateful fellow.*"

Mrs. CAN. Ay, to Charles——

Sir BEN. No, no—to Mr. Surface—"a *most ungrateful fellow ; and old as I am, sir*," says he, "*I insist on immediate satisfaction.*"

Mrs. CAN. Ay, that must have been to Charles ; for 'tis very unlikely Mr. Surface should fight in his own house.

Sir BEN. Gad's life, ma'am, not at all—"giving me *immediate satisfaction.*"—On this, ma'am, Lady Teazle, seeing Sir Peter in such danger, ran out of the room in strong hysterics, and Charles after her, calling out for hartshorn and water ; then madam, they began to fight with swords——

Enter CRABTREE.

CRAB. With pistols, nephew—pistols ! I have it from undoubted authority.

Mrs. CAN. Oh, Mr. Crabtree, then it is all true !

CRAB. Too true, indeed, madam, and Sir Peter is dangerously wounded——

Sir BEN. By a thrust in seagoon quite through his left side——

CRAB. By a bullet lodged in the thorax.

Mrs. CAN. Mercy on me ! Poor Sir Peter !

CRAB. Yes, madam ; though Charles would have avoided the matter, if he could.

Mrs. CAN. I told you who it was ; I knew Charles was the person.

Sir BEN. My uncle, I see, knows nothing of the matter.

CRAB. But Sir Peter taxed him with the basest ingratitude——

Sir BEN. That I told you, you know——

CRAB. Do, nephew, let me speak!—and insisted on immediate——

Sir BEN. Just as I said——

CRAB. Odds life, nephew, allow others to know something too! A pair of pistols lay on the bureau (for Mr. Surface, it seems, had come home the night before late from Salthill, where he had been to see the Montem with a friend, who has a son at Eton), so, unluckily, the pistols were left charged.

Sir BEN. I heard nothing of this.

CRAB. Sir Peter forced Charles to take one, and they fired, it seems, pretty nearly together. Charles's shot took effect, as I tell you, and Sir Peter's missed; but, what is very extraordinary, the ball struck against a little bronze Shakespeare that stood over the fireplace, glanced out of the window at a right angle, and wounded the postman, who was just coming to the door with a double letter from Northamptonshire.

Sir BEN. My uncle's account is more circumstantial, I confess; but I believe mine is the true one, for all that.

Lady SNEER. [*Aside.*] I am more interested in this affair than they imagine, and must have better information. [*Exit.*]

Sir BEN. Ah! Lady Sneerwell's alarm is very easily accounted for.

CRAB. Yes, yes, they certainly do say—but that's neither here nor there.

Mrs. CAN. But, pray, where is Sir Peter at present?

CRAB. Oh! they brought him home, and he is now in the house, though the servants, are ordered to deny him.

Mrs. CAN. I believe so, and Lady Teazle, I suppose, attending him.

CRAB. Yes, yes; and I saw one of the faculty enter just before me.

Sir BEN. Hey! who comes here?

CRAB. Oh, this is he : the physician, depend on't.

Mrs. CAN. Oh, certainly ! it must be the physician ; and now we shall know.

Enter SIR OLIVER SURFACE.

CRAB. Well, doctor, what hopes ?

Mrs. CAN. Ay, doctor, how's your patient ?

Sir BEN. Now, doctor, isn't it a wound with a small-sword.

CRAB. A bullet lodged in the thorax, for a hundred !

Sir OLIV. Doctor ! a wound with a small-sword ! and a bullet in the thorax !—Oons ! are you mad, good people ?

Sir BEN. Perhaps, sir, you are not a doctor ?

Sir OLIV. Truly, I am to thank you for my degree, if I am.

CRAB. Only a friend of Sir Peter's, then, I presume. But, sir, you must have heard of his accident ?

Sir OLIV. Not a word !

CRAB. Not of his being dangerously wounded ?

Sir OLIV. The devil he is !

Sir BEN. Run through the body——

CRAB. Shot in the breast——

Sir BEN. By one Mr. Surface——

CRAB. Ay, the young r.

Sir OLIV. Hey ! what the plague ! you seem to differ strangely in your accounts : however, you agree that Sir Peter is dangerously wounded.

Sir BEN. Oh, yes, we agree in that.

CRAB. Yes, yes, I believe there can be no doubt in that.

Sir OLIV. Then, upon my word, for a person in that situation, he is the most imprudent man alive ; for here he comes, walking as if nothing at all was the matter.

Enter SIR PETER TEAZLE.

Odds heart, Sir Peter ! you are come in good

time, I promise you ; for we had just given you over !

Sir BEN [*Aside to CRABTREE.*] Egad, uncle, this is the most sudden recovery !

Sir OLIV. Why, man ! what do you do out of bed with a small-sword through your body, and a bullet lodged in your thorax ?

Sir PET. A small-sword and a bullet ?

Sir OLIV. Ay ; these gentlemen would have killed you without law or physic, and wanted to dub me a doctor, to make me an accomplice.

Sir PET. Why, what is all this ?

Sir BEN. We rejoice, Sir Peter, that the story of the duel is not true, and are sincerely sorry for your other misfortune.

Sir PET. So, so ; all over the town already !
[*Aside.*]

CRAB. Though, Sir Peter, you were certainly vastly to blame to marry at your years.

Sir PET. Sir, what business is that of yours ?

Mrs. CAN. Though, indeed, as Sir Peter made so good a husband, he's very much to be pitied.

Sir PET. Plague on your pity, ma'am ! I desire none of it.

Sir BEN. However, Sir Peter, you must not mind the laughing and jests you will meet with on the occasion.

Sir PET. Sir, sir ! I desire to be master in my own house.

CRAB. 'Tis no uncommon case, that's one comfort.

Sir PET. I insist on being left to myself : without ceremony, I insist on your leaving my house directly !

Mrs. CAN. Well, well, we are going ; and depend on't, we'll make the best report of it we can.
[*Exit.*]

Sir PET. Leave my house !

CRAB. And tell how hardly you've been treated.
[*Exit.*]

Sir PET. Leave my house !

Sir BEN. And how patiently you bear it.
[*Exit.*]

Sir PET. Friends ! vipers ! furies ! Oh ! that their own venom would choke them !

Sir OLIV. They are very provoking indeed, Sir Peter.

Enter ROWLEY.

Row. I heard high words : what has ruffled you, sir ?

Sir PET. Psha ! what signifies asking ? Do I ever pass a day without my vexations ?

Row. Well, I'm not inquisitive.

Sir OLIV. Well, Sir Peter, I have seen both my nephews in the manner we proposed.

Sir PET. A precious couple they are !

Row. Yes, and Sir Oliver is convinced that your judgment was right, Sir Peter.

Sir OLIV. Yes, I find Joseph is indeed the man, after all.

Row. Ay, as Sir Peter says, he is a man of sentiment.

Sir OLIV. And acts up to the sentiments he professes.

Row. It certainly is edification to hear him talk.

Sir OLIV. Oh, he's a model for the young men of the age ! But how's this, Sir Peter ? you don't join us in your friend Joseph's praise, as I expected.

Sir PET. Sir Oliver, we live in a damned wicked world, and the fewer we praise the better.

Row. What ! do you say so, Sir Peter, who were never mistaken in your life ?

Sir PET. Psha ! plague on you both ! I see by your sneering you have heard the whole affair. I shall go mad among you !

Row. Then, to fret you no longer, Sir Peter, we are indeed acquainted with it all. I met Lady Teazle coming from Mr. Surface's so humbled, that she deigned to request me to be her advocate with you.

Sir PET. And does Sir Oliver know all this ?

Sir OLIV. Every circumstance.

Sir PET. What, of the closet and the screen, hey?

Sir OLIV. Yes, yes, and the little French milliner. Oh, I have been vastly diverted with the story! ha! ha! ha!

Sir PET. 'Twas very pleasant.

Sir OLIV. I never laughed more in my life, I assure you: ha! ha! ha!

Sir PET. Oh, vastly diverting! ha! ha! ha!

Row. To be sure, Joseph with his sentiments! ha! ha! ha!

Sir PET. Yes, his sentiments! ha! ha! ha! Hypocritical villain!

Sir OLIV. Ay, and that rogue Charles to pull Sir Peter out of the closet: ha! ha! ha!

Sir PET. Ha! ha! 'twas devilish entertaining, to be sure!

Sir OLIV. Ha! ha! ha! Egad, Sir Peter, I should like to have seen your face when the screen was thrown down: ha! ha!

Sir PET. Yes, my face when the screen was thrown down: ha! ha! ha! Oh, I must never show my head again!

Sir OLIV. But come, come, it isn't fair to laugh at you neither, my old friend; though, upon my soul, I can't help it.

Sir PET. Oh, pray don't restrain your mirth on my account; it does not hurt me at all! I laugh at the whole affair myself. Yes, yes, I think being a standing jest for all one's acquaintance a very happy situation. Oh, yes, and then of a morning to read the paragraphs about Mr. S——, Lady T——, and Sir P——, will be so entertaining!

Row. Without affectation, Sir Peter, you may despise the ridicule of fools. But I see Lady Teazle going towards the next room; I am sure you must desire a reconciliation as earnestly as she does.

Sir OLIV. Perhaps my being here prevents her coming to you. Well, I'll leave honest Rowley to mediate between you; but he must bring you all presently to Mr. Surface's, where

I am now returning, if not to reclaim a libertine, at least to expose hypocrisy.

Sir PET. Ah, I'll be present at your discovering yourself there with all my heart; though tis a vile unlucky place for discoveries.

Row. We'll follow.

[*Exit* SIR OLIVER SURFACE.

Sir PET. She is not coming here, you see, Rowley.

Row. No, but she has left the door of that room open, you perceive. See, she is in tears.

Sir PET. Certainly a little mortification appears very becoming in a wife. Don't you think it will do her good to let her pine a little?

Row. Oh, this is ungenerous in you!

Sir PET. Well, I know not what to think. You remember the letter I found of hers evidently intended for Charles?

Row. A mere forgery, Sir Peter! laid in your way on purpose. This is one of the points which I intend Snake shall give you conviction of.

Sir PET. I wish I were once satisfied of that. She looks this way. What a remarkably elegant turn of the head she has. Rowley, I'll go to her.

Row. Certainly.

Sir PET. Though, when it is known that we are reconciled, people will laugh at me ten times more.

Row. Let them laugh, and retort their malice only by showing them you are happy in spite of it.

Sir PET. I'faith, so I will! and, if I'm not mistaken, we may yet be the happiest couple in the country.

Row. Nay, Sir Peter, he who once lays aside suspicion——

Sir PET. Hold, Master Rowley! if you have any regard for me, never let me hear you utter anything like a sentiment: I have had enough of them to serve me the rest of my life.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The Library in JOSEPH SURFACE'S House.*

Enter JOSEPH SURFACE and LADY SNEERWELL.

LADY SNEER. Impossible ! Will not Sir Peter immediately be reconciled to Charles, and of course no longer oppose his union with Maria ? The thought is distraction to me.

JOS. SURF. Can passion furnish a remedy ?

LADY SNEER. No, nor cunning either. Oh, I was a fool, an idiot, to league with such a blunderer !

JOS. SURE. Sure, Lady Sneerwell, I am the greatest sufferer ; yet you see I bear the accident with calmness.

LADY SNEER. Because the disappointment doesn't reach your heart ; your interest only attached you to Maria. Had you felt for her what I have for that ungrateful libertine, neither your temper nor hypocrisy could prevent your showing the sharpness of your vexation.

JOS. SURF. But why should your reproaches fall on me for this disappointment ?

LADY SNEER. Are you not the cause of it ? Had you not a sufficient field for your roguery in imposing upon Sir Peter, and supplanting your brother, but you must endeavor to seduce his wife ? I hate such an avarice of crimes ; 'tis an unfair monopoly, and never prospers.

JOS. SURF. Well, I admit I have been to blame. I confess I deviated from the direct road of wrong, but I don't think we're so totally defeated either.

LADY SNEER. No !

JOS. SURF. You tell me you have made a trial of Snake since we met, and that you still believe him faithful to us ?

LADY SNEER. I do believe so.

JOS. SURF. And that he has undertaken, should it be necessary, to swear and prove, that Charles is at this time contracted by vows

and honor to your ladyship, which some of his former letters to you will serve to support?

Lady SNEER. This, indeed, might have assisted.

JOS. SURF. Come, come; it is not too late yet.—[*Knocking at the door.*] But hark! this is probably my uncle, Sir Oliver: retire to that room; we'll consult further when he's gone.

Lady SNEER. Well, but if he should find you out too.

JOS. SURF. Oh, I have no fear of that. Sir Peter will hold his tongue for his own credit's sake—and you may depend on it I shall soon discover Sir Oliver's weak side!

Lady SNEER. I have no diffidence of your abilities: only be constant to one roguery at a time.

JOS. SURF. I will, I will!—[*Exit LADY SNEER-WELL.*] So! 'tis confounded hard, after such bad fortune, to be baited by one's confederate in evil. Well, at all events, my character is so much better than Charles's, that I certainly—hey!—what—this is not Sir Oliver, but old Stanley again. Plague on't that he should return to tease me just now! I shall have Sir Oliver come and find him here—and——

Enter SIR OLIVER SURFACE.

Gad's life, Mr. Stanley, why have you come back to plague me at this time? You must not stay now, upon my word.

Sir OLIV. Sir, I hear your uncle Oliver is expected here, and though he has been so penurious to you, I'll try what he'll do for me.

JOS. SURF. Sir, 'tis impossible for you to stay now, so I must beg——Come any other time, and I promise you, you shall be assisted.

Sir OLIV. No: Sir Oliver and I must be acquainted.

JOS. SURF. Zounds, sir! then I insist on your quitting the room directly.

Sir OLIV. Nay, sir——

JOS. SURF. Sir, I insist on't!—Here, William! show this gentleman out. Since you compel me, sir, not one moment—this is such insolence.
[*Going to push him out.*]

Enter CHARLES SURFACE.

CHAS. SURF. Heyday! what's the matter now? What the devil have you got hold of my little broker here? Zounds, brother, don't hurt little Premium. What's the matter, my little fellow?

JOS. SURF. So! he has been with you, too, has he?

CHAS. SURF. To be sure he has. Why, he's as honest a little——But sure, Joseph, you have not been borrowing money too, have you?

JOS. SURF. Borrowing! no! But brother, you know we expect Sir Oliver here every——

CHAS. SURF. O Gad, that's true! Noll mustn't find the little broker here, to be sure.

JOS. SURF. Yet, Mr. Stanley insists——

CHAS. SURF. Stanley! why his name's Premium.

JOS. SURF. No, sir, Stanley.

CHAS. SURF. No, no, Premium.

JOS. SURF. Well, no matter which—but——

CHAS. SURF. Ay, ay, Stanley or Premium, 'tis the same thing, as you say; for I suppose he goes by half a hundred names, besides A. B. at the coffee-house.
[*Knocking.*]

JOS. SURF. 'Sdeath! here's Sir Oliver at the door. Now I beg, Mr. Stanley——

CHAS. SURF. Ay, ay, and I beg Mr. Premium——

SIR OLIV. Gentlemen——

JOS. SURF. Sir, by heaven you shall go!

CHAS. SURF. Ay, out with him, certainly!

SIR OLIV. This violence——

JOS. SURF. Sir, 'tis your own fault.

CHAS. SURF. Out with him, to be sure.

Both forcing SIR OLIVER out.

Enter SIR PETER and LADY TEAZLE MARIA, and ROWLEY.

Sir PET. My old friend, Sir Oliver—hey ! what in the name of wonder !—here are dutiful nephews—assault their uncle at his first visit !

Lady TEAZ. Indeed, Sir Oliver, 'was well we came in to rescue you.

Row. Truly it was ; for I perceive, Sir Oliver, the character of old Stanley was no protection to you.

Sir OLIV. Nor of Premium either : the necessities of the former could not extort a shilling from that benevolent gentlemen ; and with the other I stood a chance of faring worse than my ancestors, and being knocked down without being bid for.

JOS. SURF. Charles !

CHAS. SURF. Joseph !

JOS. SURF. 'Tis now complete !

CHAS. SURF. Very.

Sir OLIV. Sir Peter, my friend, and Rowley too—look on that elder nephew of mine. You know what he has already received from my bounty ; and you also know how gladly I would have regarded half my fortune as held in trust for him ? judge, then, my disappointment in discovering him to be destitute of truth, charity and gratitude !

Sir PET. Sir Oliver, I should be more surprised at this declaration, if I had not myself found him to be mean, treacherous, hypocritical.

Lady TEAZ. And if the gentleman pleads not guilty to these, pray let him call me to his character.

Sir PET. Then, I believe, we need add no more : if he knows himself, he will consider it as the most perfect punishment that he is known to the world.

CHAS. SURF. If they talk this way to Honesty what will they say to me, by-and-by ? [*Aside.*

[SIR PETER, LADY TEAZLE, and MARIA retire.]

Sir OLIV. As for that prodigal, his brother, there——

CHAS. SURF. Ay, now comes my turn : the damned family pictures will ruin me ! [*Aside.*

Jos. SURF. Sir Oliver—uncle, will you honor me with a hearing ?

CHAS. SURF. Now, if Joseph would make one of his long speeches, I might recollect myself a little. [*Aside.*

Sir OLIV. I suppose you would undertake to justify yourself. [*To* JOSEPH SURFACE.

Jos. SURF. I trust I could.

Sir OLIV. [*To* CHARLES SURFACE,] Well, sir !—and you could justify yourself too, I suppose !

CHAS. SURF. Not that I know of, Sir Oliver.

Sir OLIV. What !—Little Premium has been let too much into the secret, I suppose ?

CHAS. SURF. True, sir : but they were family secrets, and should not be mentioned again, you know.

Row. Come, Sir Oliver, I know you cannot speak of Charles's follies with anger.

Sir OLIV. Odd's heart, no more I can ; nor with gravity either. Sir Peter, do you know the rogue bargained with me for all his ancestors ; sold me judges and generals by the foot, and maiden aunts as cheap as broken china.

CHAS. SURF. To be sure, Sir Oliver, I did make a little free with the family canvas, that's the truth on't. My ancestors may rise in judgment against me, there's no denying it ; but believe me sincere when I tell you—and upon my soul I would not say so if I was not—that if I do not appear mortified at the exposure of my follies, it is because I feel at this moment the warmest satisfaction at seeing you, my liberal benefactor.

Sir OLIV. Charles, I believe you. Give me me your hand again : the ill-looking little fellow over the settee has made your peace.

CHAS. SURF. Then, sir, my gratitude to the original is still increased.

Lady TEAZ. [*Advancing.*] Yet, I believe, Sir Oliver, here is one whom Charles is still more anxious to be reconciled to. [*Pointing to MARIA.*]

Sir OLIV. Oh, I have heard of his attachment there ; and, with the young lady's pardon, if I construe right—that blush——

Sir PET. Well, child, speak your sentiments.

MAR. Sir, I have little to say, but that I shall rejoice to hear that he is happy ; for me, whatever claim I had to his attention, I willingly resign to one who has a better title.

CHAS. SURF. How, Maria !

Sir PET. Heyday ! what's the mystery now ? While he appeared an incorrigible rake, you would give your hand to no one else ; and now that he is likely to reform I'll warrant you won't have him.

MAR. His own heart and Lady Sneerwell know the cause.

CHAS. SURF. Lady Sneerwell !

JOS. SURF. Brother, it is with great concern I-am obliged to speak on this point, but my regard to justice compels me, and Lady Sneerwell's injuries can no longer be concealed.

[*Opens the door.*]

Enter LADY SNEERWELL.

Sir PET. So ! another French milliner ! Egad, he has one in every room in the house, I suppose !

Lady SNEER. Ungrateful Charles ! Well may you be surprised ; and feel for the indelicate situation your perfidy has forced me into.

CHAS. SURF. Pray, uncle, is this another plot of yours ? For, as I have life, I don't understand it.

JOS. SURF. I believe, sir, there is but the evidence of one person more necessary to make it extremely clear.

Sir PET. And that person, I imagine, is Mr. Snake.—Rowley, you were perfectly right to bring him with us, and pray let him appear.

Row. Walk in, Mr. Snake.

Enter SNAKE.

I thought his testimony might be wanted; however, it happens unluckily, that he comes to confront Lady Sneerwell, not to support her.

Lady SNEER. A villain! Treacherous to me at last! Speak, fellow, have you too conspired against me!

SNAKE. I beg your ladyship ten thousand pardons; you paid me extremely liberally for the lie in question; but I unfortunately have been offered double to speak the truth.

Sir PET. Plot and counter-plot, egad! I wish your ladyship joy of your negotiation.

Lady SNEER. The torments of shame and disappointment on you all! [*Going.*]

Lady TEAZ. Hold, Lady Sneerwell—before you go, let me thank you for the trouble you and that gentleman have taken, in writing letters from me to Charles, and answering them yourself; and let me also request you to make my respects to the scandalous college, of which you are president, and inform them, that Lady Teazle, licentiate, begs leave to return the diploma they granted her, as she leaves off practice, and kills characters no longer.

Lady SNEER. You too, madam!—provoking—insolent! May your husband live these fifty years! [*Exit.*]

Sir PET. Oons! what a fury!

Lady TEAZ. A malicious creature, indeed!

Sir PET. What! not for her last wish?

Lady TEAZ. Oh, no!

Sir OLIV. Well, sir, and what have you to say now?

Jos. SURF. Sir, I am so confounded, to find that Lady Sneerwell could be guilty of suborning Mr. Snake in this manner, to impose on us all, that I know not what to say: however, lest her revengeful spirit should prompt her to injure my brother, I had certainly better follow her directly. For the man who attempts to—

[*Exit.*]

Sir PET. Moral to the last!

Sir OLIV. Ay, and marry her, Joseph, if you can. Oil and vinegar!—egad you'll do very well together.

Row. I believe we have no more occasion for Mr. Snake at present?

SNAKE. Before I go, I beg pardon once for all, for whatever uneasiness I have been the humble instrument of causing to the parties present.

Sir PET. Well, well, you have made atonement by a good deed at last.

SNAKE. But I must request of the company, that it shall never be known.

Sir PET. Hey! what the plague! are you ashamed of having done a right thing once in your life?

SNAKE. Ah, sir, consider—I live by the badness of my character; and, if it were once known that I had been betrayed into an honest action, I should lose every friend I have in the world.

Sir OLIV. Well, well—we'll not traduce you by saying anything in your praise, never fear.

[*Exit.*]

Sir PET. There's a precious rogue!

Lady TEAZ. See, Sir Oliver, there needs no rsuasion now to reconcile your nephew and ria.

Sir OLIV. Ay, ay, that's as it should be, and, gad, we'll have the wedding to-morrow morning.

CHAS. SURF. Thank you, dear uncle.

Sir. PET. What, you rogue! don't you ask the girl's consent first?

CHAS. SURF. Oh, I have done that a long time—a minute ago—and she has looked yes.

MAR. For shame, Charles!—I protest, Sir Peter, there has not been a word—

Sir OLIV. Well, then, fewer the better; may your love for each other never know abatement.

Sir PET. And may you live as happily together as Lady Teazle and I intend to do!

CHAS. SURF. Rowley, my old friend, I am sure you congratulate me; and I suspect that I owe you much.

Sir OLIV. You do, indeed, Charles.

Sir PET. Ay, honest Rowley, always said you would reform.

CHAS. SURF. Why as to reforming, Sir Peter, I'll make no promises, and that I take to be a proof that I intend to set about it. But here shall be my monitor—my gentle guide.—Ah! can I leave the virtuous path those eyes illumine?

Though thou, dear maid, shouldst waive thy beauty's sway,

Thou still must rule, because I will obey :

An humble fugitive from Folly view,

No sanctuary near but Love and you: [*To the audience.*]

You can, indeed, each anxious fear remove,

For even Scandal dies if you approve. [*Excunt omnes.*]

EPILOGUE.

BY MR. COLMAN.

SPOKEN BY LADY TEAZLE.

I, who was late so volatile and gay,
Like a trade-wind must now blow all one way,
Bend all my cares, my studies, and my vows,
To one dull rusty weathercock—my spouse !
So wills our virtuous bard—the motley Bayes
Of crying epilogues and laughing plays !
Old bachelors, who marry smart young wives,
Learn from our play to regulate your lives :
Each bring his dear to town, all faults upon
her—

London will prove the very source of honor.
Plunged fairly in, like a cold bath it serves,
When principles relax, to brace the nerves :
Such is my case ; and yet I must deplore
That the gay dream of dissipation's o'er.
And say, ye fair ! was ever lively wife,
Born with a genius for the highest life,
Like me untimely blasted in her bloom,
Like me condemned to such a dismal doom ?
Save money—when I just knew how to waste it !
Leave London—just as I began to taste it !

Must I then watch the early growing co

The melancholy ticking of a clock ;
 In a lone rustic hall forever pounded,
 With dogs, cats, rats, and squalling brats sur-
 rounded ?

With humble curate can I now retire,
 (While good Sir Peter boozes with the squire,)
 And at backgammon mortify my soul,
 That pants for loo, or flutters at a vole
 Seven's the main ! Dear sound that must ex-
 pire,

Lost at hot cockles round a Christmas fire ;
 The transient hour of fashion too soon spent,
 Farewell the tranquil mind, farewell content !
 Farewell the plumed head, the cushion'd tête,
 'That takes the cushion from its proper seat !
 That spirit-stirring drum !—card drums I mean,
 Spadille—odd trick—pam—basto—king and
 queen !

And you, ye knockers, that, with brazen throat,
 The welcome visitors' approach denote ;
 Farewell all quality of high renown,
 Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious
 town !

Farewell ! your revels I partake no more,
 And Lady Teazle's occupation's o'er !
 All this I told our bard ; he smiled, and said
 'twas clear,

I ought to play deep tragedy next year.
 Meanwhile he drew wise morals from his play,
 And in these solemn periods stalk'd away :—

“ Bless'd were the fair like you ; her faults who
 stopp'd,

And closed her follies when the curtain dropp'd !
 No more in vice or error to engage,
 Or play the fool at large on life's great stage.”

EVERY MAN IN HIS HUMOR.

A COMEDY.

By BEN JONSON.

TO THE MOST LEARNED, AND MY HONORED
FRIEND.

MASTER CAMDEN.

CLARENCIEUX.

SIR,—There are, no doubt, a supercilious race in the world, who will esteem all office, done you in this kind, an injury; so seldom a vice it is with them to use the authority of their ignorance, to the crying down of POETRY, or the professors: but my gratitude must not leave to correct their error; since I am none of those that can suffer the benefits conferred upon my youth to perish with my age. It is a frail memory that remembers but present things: and, had the favor of the times so conspired with my disposition, as it could have brought forth other, or better, you had had the same proportion, and number of the fruits, the first. Now I pray you to accept this; such wherein neither the confession of my manners shall make you blush; nor of my studies, repent you to have been the instructor: and for the profession of my thankfulness, I am sure it will, with good men, find either praise or excuse. Your true lover,
BEN JONSON.

BEN JONSON.

BENJAMIN (usually styled BEN) JONSON, an English dramatist who ranks, though at a long interval, next after Shakespeare, was born probably in 1573, and died at London in 1637. The accounts of his life which have been handed down are perhaps not altogether reliable. It seems, however, that his father was a clergyman, who died a little before the birth of his son ; and that his mother subsequently married a bricklayer. Ben is stated to have received a good education at Westminster School. It is at least certain that he early acquired a fair knowledge of Latin authors. As he grew up his step-father employed him in his own trade of bricklayer. The young man not liking this occupation, enlisted as a soldier, and served a campaign in Flanders. He returned to England, and at the age of about twenty became connected with the stage as an actor and dramatic writer. In 1596 his *Comedy of Humors* was brought out. Two years afterwards this drama was recast into the form in which it now appears. *Every Man in his Humor* ; Shakespeare himself, it is said, aiding in the composition and even enacting one of the parts upon the stage. Jonson's life was marked by many stirring incidents. He fought a duel with another actor ; killed his antagonist, and was imprisoned. About 1603, soon after the accession of James I. to the Throne of England, Jonson, in conjunction with Chapman and Marston, wrote *Eastward Hoe*, a comedy ridiculing the Scottish nation, and the three authors were imprisoned, and came near having their ears cut off. Somehow King James was placated, took Jonson into favor, and encouraged him in writing masques and other entertainments for the Court.

For a while Jonson was a prosperous man, keeping company with the best wits of the day. In 1616 he made a journey on the Continent as tutor to a son of Sir Walter Raleigh. Three years later he was created Poet-Laureate with a stipend of 100 marks a year. But his convivial habits kept him in constant pecuniary straits. In 1628 he had a stroke of palsy, and fell into still deeper necessity. King Charles I. sent him a present of £100; nearly doubled his stipend as Poet-Laureate—making it one hundred pounds, instead of as many marks ; besides adding a present of a pipe of

Canary wine each year. Jonson wrote several pieces after his attack of palsy. Dryden styles these as his "dotages." He was originally a Protestant ; but was converted to Catholicism while imprisoned for libel ; and was subsequently reconverted to Protestantism. He was buried in Westminster Abbey.

The best collective edition of the Works of Jonson is that of Moxon, which appeared in 1853 in a single large volume. It contains seventeen plays (comedies and tragedies), of which fifteen had been presented upon the stage ; more than thirty masques and interludes ; many epigrams, translations from Horace, and numerous miscellaneous pieces in prose and verse, among which is an English Grammar. Jonson's Tragedies rank higher than his Masques, and his Comedies higher than his Tragedies ; and among his Comedies the first place must be accorded to *Every Man in his Humor*.

EVERY MAN IN HIS HUMOR.

A COMEDY.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KNOWELL, *an old Gentleman.*
EDWARD KNOWELL, *his Son.*
BRAINWORM, *the Father's Man.*
GEORGE DOWNRIGHT, *a plain Squire.*
WELLBRED, *his Half-Brother.*
KITELY, *a Merchant.*
CAPTAIN BOBADILL, *a Paul's Man.*
MASTER STEPHEN, *a Country Gull.*
MASTER MATHEW, *a Town Gull.*
THOMAS CASH, *Kitely's Cashier.*
OLIVER COB, *a Water-bearer.*
JUSTICE CLEMENT, *an old merry Magistrate.*
ROGER FORMAL *his Clerk.*
Wellbrea's Servant.

DAME KITELY, *Kitely's Wife.*
MISTRESS BRIDGET, *his Sister.*
TIB, *Cob's Wife.*
Servants, &c.

SCENE.—LONDON.

PROLOGUE.

Though need make many poets, and some such
As art and nature have not bettered much ;
Yet ours for want hath not so loved the stage,
As he dare serve the ill customs of the age,
Or purchase your delight at such a rate,
As, for it, he himself must justly hate :

To make a child now swaddled, to proceed
 Man, and then shoot up, in one beard and
 weed,

Past threescore years ; or with these rusty
 swords,

And help of some few foot and half-foot words,
 Fight over York and Lancaster's long jars,

And in the tyring-house bring wounds to scars.

He rather prays you will be pleased to see

One such to-day, as other plays should be ;

Where neither chorus wafts you o'er the seas

Nor creaking throne comes down the boys to
 please :

Nor nimble squib is seen to make afeard

The gentlewoman ; nor rolled bullet heard

To say, it thunders ; nor tempestuous drum

Rumbles, to tell you when the storm doth
 come ;

But deeds, and language, such as men do use,

And persons, such as comedy would choose,

When she would show an image of the times,

And sport with human follies, not with crimes

Except we make them such, by loving still

Our popular errors, when we know they're ill.

I mean such errors as you'll all confess,

By laughing at them, they deserve no less :

Which when you heartily do, there's hope left
 then,

You, that have so graced monsters, may like
 men.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Street.*

Enter KNOWELL, *at the door of his house.*

KNOW.—A goodly day toward, and a fresh morning.—Brainworm!

Enter BRAINWORM.

Call up your young master : bid him rise, sir.
Tell him, I have some business to employ him.

BRAI.—I will, sir, presently.

KNOW.—But hear you, sirrah,
If he be at his book, disturb him not.

BRAI.—Very good, sir. *[Exit.*

KNOW.—How happy yet should I esteem myself,

Could I, by any practice, wean the boy
From one vain course of study he affects.
He is a scholar, if a man may trust
The liberal voice of fame in her report,
Of good account in both our Universities,
Either of which hath favored him with graces :
But their indulgence must not spring in me
A fond opinion that he cannot err.
Myself was once a student, and indeed,
Fed with the self-same humor he is now,
Dreaming on nought but idle poetry,
That fruitless and unprofitable art,
Good unto none, but least to the professors ;
Which then I thought the mistress of all knowl-
edge : *[judgment,*
But since, time and the truth have waked my
And reason taught me better to distinguish
The vain from the useful learnings.

Enter MASTER STEPHEN.

Cousin Stephen,
What news with you, that you are here so early?

STEP.—Nothing, but e'en come to see how you do, uncle.

KNOW.—That's kindly done; you are welcome, coz.

STEP.—Ay, I know that, sir; I would not have come else. How does my cousin Edward, uncle?

KNOW.—O, well, coz; go in and see; I doubt he be scarce stirring yet.

STEP.—Uncle, afore I go in, can you tell me, an he have e'er a book of the sciences of hawking and hunting; I would fain borrow it.

KNOW.—Why, I hope you will not a hawking now, will you?

STEP.—No, wusse; but I'll practice against next year, uncle. I have bought me a hawk, and a hood, and bells, and all; I lack nothing but a book to keep it by.

KNOW.—O, most ridiculous!

STEP.—Nay, look you now, you are angry, uncle:—Why, you know an a man have not skill in the hawking and hunting languages now-a-days, I'll not give a rush for him: they are more studied than the Greek, or the Latin. He is for no gallants company without them; and by gad-slid I scorn it, I, so I do, to be a consort for every humdrum: hang them, scroyles! there's nothing in them i' the world. What do you talk on it? Because I dwell at Hogsden, I shall keep company with none but the archers of Finsbury, or the citizens that come a ducking to Islington ponds! A fine jest, i' faith! 'Slid, a gentleman mun show himself like a gentleman. Uncle, I pray you be not angry; I know what I have to do, I trow, I am no novice.

KNOW.—You are a prodigal, absurd coxcomb; go to!

Nay, never look at me, 'tis I that speak;
Take't as you will, sir, I'll not flatter you.

Have you not yet found means enow to waste
That which your friends have left you, but you
must

Go cast away your money on a buzzard,
And know not how to keep it, when you have
done? [man !

O, it is comely ! this will make you a gentle-
Well, cousin, well, I see you are e'en past hope
Of all reclaim :—ay, so ; now you are told on't,
You look another way.

STEP.—What would you ha' me do ?

KNOW.—What would I have you do ? I'll tell
you, kinsman ;

Learn to be wise, and practise how to thrive ;
That would I have you do : and not to spend
Your coin on every bauble that you fancy,
Or every foolish brain that humors you.

I would not have you to invade each place,
Nor thrust yourself on all societies,
Till men's affections, or your own desert,
Should worthily invite you to your rank.

He that is so disrespectful in his courses,
Oft sells his reputation at cheap market.
Nor would I, you should melt away yourself

In flashing bravery, lest while you affect
To make a blaze of gentry to the world,
A little puff of scorn extinguish it ;

And you be left like an unsavory snuff,
Whose property is only to offend.

I'd have you sober, and contain yourself,
Not that your sail be bigger than your boat ;
But moderate your expenses now, at first,
As you may keep the same proportion still.

Nor stand so much on your gentility,
Which is an airy and mere borrowed thing,
From dead men's dust and bones ; and none of
Except you make, or hold it. [yours,

Enter a Servant.

Who comes here ?

SERV.—Save you, gentlemen !

STEP.—Nay, we do not stand much on our
gentility, friend ; yet you are welcome : and I

assure you mine uncle here is a man of a thousand a year, Middlesex land. He has but one son in all the world, I am his next heir, at the common law, master Stephen, as simple as I stand, here, if my cousin die, as there's hope he will: I have a pretty living o' mine own too, beside, hard by here.

SERV.—In good time, sir.

STEP.—In good time, sir! why, and in very good time, sir! You do not flout, friend, do you?

SERV.—Not I, sir.

STEP.—Not you, sir! you were best not, sir; an you should, here be them can perceive it, and that quickly too; go to: and they can give it again soundly too, an need be.

SERV.—Why, sir, let this satisfy you; good faith, I had no such intent.

STEP.—Sir, and I thought you had, I would talk with you, and that presently.

SERV.—Good master Stephen, so you may, sir, at your pleasure.

STEP.—And so I would, sir, good my saucy companion! an you were out o' mine uncle's ground, I can tell you; though I do not stand upon my gentility, neither, in't.

KNOW.—Cousin, cousin, will this ne'er be left?

STEP.—Whoreson, base fellow! a mechanical serving-man! By this cudgel, an 'twere not for shame, I would——

KNOW.—What would you do, you peremptory
If you cannot be quiet, get you hence. [gull?
You see the honest man demeans himself
Modestly towards you, giving no reply
To your unseasoned, quarrelling, rude fashion;
And still you huff it, with a kind of carriage
As void of wit, as of humanity.
Go, get you in; 'fore heaven, I am ashamed
Thou hast a kinsman's interest in me.

[Exit MASTER STEPHEN.

SERV.—I pray, sir, is this master Knowell's house?

KNOW.—Yes, marry is it, sir.

SERV.—I should inquire for a gentleman here, one master Edward Knowell; do you know any such, sir, I pray you?

KNOW.—I should forget myself else, sir.

SERV. Are you the gentleman? cry you mercy, sir: I was required by a gentleman in the city, as I rode out at this end o' the town, to deliver you this letter, sir,

KNOW.—To me, sir! What do you mean? pray you remember your court'sy. [*Reads.*] *To his most selected friend, master Edward Knowell.* What might the gentleman's name be, sir, that sent it? Nay, pray you be covered.

SERV.—One master Wellbred, sir.

KNOW.—Master Wellbred! a young gentleman, is he not?

SERV.—The same, sir; master Kitley married his sister; the rich merchant in the Old Jewry.

KNOW.—You say very true.—Brainworm!

Enter BRAINWORM.

BRAI.—Sir.

KNOW.—Make this honest friend drink here; pray you, go in.

[*Exeunt BRAINWORM and Servant.*]

This letter is directed to my son;
Yet I am Edward Knowell too, and may,
With the safe conscience of good manners, use
The fellow's error to my satisfaction.

Well, I will break it ope, (old men are curious,)
Be it but for the style's sake and the phrase;
To see if both do answer my son's praises,
Who is almost grown the idolater
Of this young Wellbred. What have we here?
What's this?

[*Reads.*] Why, Ned, I beseech thee, hast thou forsworn all thy friends in the Old Jewry? or dost thou think us all Jews that inhabit there? yet, if thou dost, come over, and but see our frippery; change an old shirt for a whole smock with us: do not conceive that antipathy between us and Hogsden, as was between Jews and hog-flesh. Leave thy vigilant father alone, to number

over his green apricots, evening and morning, on the north-west wall; an I had been his son, I had saved him the labor long since, if taking in all the young wenches that pass by at the back-door, and codling every kernel of the fruit for them, would have served. But, pr'ythee, come over to me quickly, this morning; I have such a present for thee!—our Turkey company never sent the like to the Grand Signior. One is a rhymers, sir, of your own batch, your own leaven; but doth think him himself poet-major of the town, willing to be shown, and worthy to be seen. The other—I will not venture his description with you, till you come, because I would have you make hither with an appetite. If the worst of 'em be not worth your journey, draw your bill of charges, as unconscionable as any Guildhall verdict will give it you, and you shall be allowed your viaticum.

From the Windmill.

From the Bordello it might come as well,
The Spittle or Pict-hatch. Is this the man
My son hath sung so, for the happiest wit,
The choicest brain, the times have sent us
forth!

I know not what he may be in the arts, [ners,
Nor what in schools; but, surely, for his man-
I judge him a profane and dissolute wretch;
Worse by possession of such great good gifts,
Being the master of so loose a spirit.

Why, what unhallowed ruffian would have writ
In such a scurrilous manner to a friend!

Why should he think to tell my apricots,
Or play the Hesperian dragon with my fruit,
To watch it? Well, my son, I had thought you
Had had more judgment to have made election
Of your companions, than t' have ta'en on trust
Such petulant, jeering gamesters, that can
spare

No argument or subject from their jest.

But I perceive affection makes a fool

Of any man too much the father.—Brainworm!

Enter BRAINWORM.

BRAI.—Sir.

KNOW.—Is the fellow gone that brought this
letter?

BRAI.—Yes, sir, a pretty while since.

KNOW.—And where is your young master?

BRAI.—In his chamber, sir.

KNOW.—He spake not with the fellow, did he?

BRAI.—No, sir, he saw him not.

KNOW.—Take you this letter, and deliver it my son; but with no notice that I have opened it, on your life.

BRAI.—O Lord, sir! that were a jest indeed.
[Exit.

KNOW.—I am resolved I will not stop his journey,
Nor practice any violent means to stay
The unbridled course of youth in him; for that
Restrained, grows more impatient; and in kind
Like to the eager, but the generous greyhound,
Who ne'er so little from his game withheld,
Turns head, and leaps up at his holder's throat,
There is a way of winning more by love,
And urging of the modesty, than fear:
Force works on servile natures, not the free.
He that's compelled to goodness, may be good,
But 'tis but for that fit; where others, drawn
By softness and example, get a habit. [same
Then, if they stray, but warn them, and the
They should for virtue have done, they'll do
for shame. [Exit.

SCENE II.—*A room in KNOWELL'S House.*

Enter E. KNOWELL, with a letter in his hand, followed by BRAINWORM.

E. KNOW.—Did he open it, say'st thou?

BRAI.—Yes, o' my word, sir, and read the contents.

E. KNOW.—That scarce contents me. What countenance, prithee, made he in the reading of it? was he angry, or pleased?

BRAI.—Nay, sir, I saw him not read it, nor open it, I assure your worship.

E. KNOW.—No! how know'st thou then that he did either?

BRAI.—Marry, sir, because he charged me, on my life, to tell nobody that he opened it; which, unless he had done, he would never fear to have it revealed.

E. KNOW.—That's true; well, I thank thee, Brainworm.

Enter STEPHEN.

STEP.—O, Brainworm, didst thou not see a fellow here in what-sha-call-him doublet? he brought mine uncle a letter e'en now.

BRAI.—Yes, master Stephen; what of him?

STEP.—O, I have such a mind to beat him—where is he, canst thou tell?

BRAI.—Faith, he is not of that mind: he is gone, master Stephen.

STEP.—Gone! which way? when went he? how long since?

BRAI.—He is rid hence; he took horse at the street-door.

STEP.—And I staid in the fields! Whoreson scanderbag rogue! O that I had but a horse to fetch him back again!

BRAI.—Why, you may have my master's gelding, to save your longing, sir.

STEP.—But I have no boots, that's the spite on't.

BRAI.—Why, a fine wisp of hay, rolled hard, master Stephen.

STEP.—No, faith, it's no boot to follow him now: let him e'en go and hang. Prithee, help to truss me a little; he does so vex me——

BRAI.—You'll be worse vexed when you are trussed, master Stephen. Best keep unbraced, and walk yourself till you be cold; your choler may founder you else.

STEP.—By my faith, and so I will, now thou tell'st me on't: how dost thou like my leg, Brainworm?

BRAI.—A very good leg, master Stephen; but the woollen stocking does not commend it so well.

STEP.—Foh! the stockings be good enough, now summer is coming on, for the dust: I'll have a pair of silk against winter, that I go to dwell in the town. I think my leg would show in a silk hose—

BRAI.—Believe me, master Stephen, rarely well.

STEP.—In sadness, I think it would: I have a reasonable good leg.

BRAI.—You have an excellent good leg, master Stephen; but I cannot stay to praise it longer now, and I am very sorry for it. [*Exit.*]

STEP.—Another time will serve, Brainworm. Gramercy for this.

E. KNOW.—Ha, ha, ha!

STEP.—'Slid, I hope he laughs not at me; an he do—

E. KNOW. Here was a letter indeed, to be intercepted by a man's father, and do him good with him! He cannot but think most virtuously, both of me, and the sender, sure, that make the careful costermonger of him in our familiar epistle. Well, if he read this with patience I'll be gelt, and troll ballads for Master John Trundle yonder, the rest of my mortality. It is true, and likely, my father may have as much patience as another man, for he takes much physic; and oft taking physic makes a man very patient. But would your packet, Master Wellbred, had arrived at him in such a minute of his patience! then we had known the end of it, which now is doubtful, and threatens—[*sees MASTER STEPHEN.*] What, my wise cousin; nay, then I'll furnish our feast with one gull more towards the mess. He writes to me of a brace, and here's one, that's three: oh, for a fourth, Fortune, if ever thou'lt use thine eyes, I entreat thee—

STEP.—Oh, now I see who he laughed at: he laughed at somebody in that letter. By this good light, an he had laughed at me—

E. KNOW.—How now, cousin Stephen, melancholy?

STEP.—Yes, a little : I thought you had laughed at me, cousin.

E. KNOW.—Why, what an I had, coz ? what would you have done ?

STEP.—By this light, I would have told mine uncle.

E. KNOW.—Nay, if you would have told your uncle, I did laugh at you, coz.

STEP.—Did you, indeed ?

E. KNOW.—Yes, indeed.

STEP.—Why then——

E. KNOW.—What then ?

STEP.—I am satisfied, it is sufficient.

E. KNOW.—Why, be so, gentle coz : and, I pray you, let me entreat a courtesy of you. I am sent for this morning by a friend in the Old Jewry, to come to him ; it is but crossing over the fields to Moorgate : Will you bear me company ? I protest it is not to draw you into bond, or any plot against the state, coz.

STEP.—Sir, that's all one an it were ; you shall command me twice so far as Moorgate, to do you good in such a matter. Do you think I would leave you ? I protest——

E. KNOW.—No, no, you shall not protest, coz.

STEP.—By my fackings, but I will, by your leave :—I'll protest more to my friend, than I'll speak of at this time.

E. KNOW.—You speak very well, coz.

STEP.—Nay, not so neither, you shall pardon me : but I speak to serve my turn.

E. KNOW.—Your turn, coz ! do you know what you say ? A gentleman of your sort, parts, carriage, and estimation, to talk of your turn in this company, and to me alone, like a tankard-bearer at a conduit ! fie ! A wight that, hitherto, his every step hath left the stamp of a great foot behind him, as every word the savor of a strong spirit, and he ! this man ! so graced, gilded, or, to use a more fit metaphor, so tin-foiled by nature, as not ten housewives' pewter, again a good time, shows more bright

to the world than he ! and he ! (as I said last, so I say again, and still shall say it) this man ! to conceal such real ornaments as these, and shadow their glory, as a milliner's wife does her wrought stomacher, with a smoaky lawn, or a black cyprus ! O, coz ! it cannot be answered ; go not about it : Drake's old ship at Deptford may sooner circle the world again. Come, wrong not the quality of your desert, with looking downward, coz ; but hold up your head, so : and let the idea of what you are be portrayed in your face, that men may read in your physnomy, *here within this place is to be seen the true, rare, and accomplished monster, or miracle of nature*, which is all one. What think you of this, coz ?

STEP.—Why, I do think of it : and I will be more proud, and melancholy, and gentleman-like, than I have been, I'll insure you.

E. KNOW.—Why, that's resolute, master Stephen !—Now, if I can but hold him up to his height, as it is happily begun, it will do well for a suburb humor : we may hap have a match with the city, and play him for forty pound.—Come, coz.

STEP.—I'll follow you.

E. KNOW.—Follow me ! you must go before.

STEP.—Nay, an I must, I will. Pray you show me, good cousin. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IIL—*The Lane before COB's House.*

Enter MASTER MATHEW.

MAT.—I think this be the house : what, ho !

Enter COB.

COB.—Who's there ? O, Master Mathew ! give your worship good morrow.

MAT.—What, Cob ! how dost thou, Good Cob ? dost thou inhabit here, Cob ?

COB.—Ay, sir, I and my lineage have kept a poor house here, in our days.

MAT.—Thy lineage, monsieur Cob! what lineage, what lineage?

COB.—Why, sir, an ancient lineage, and a princely. Mine ance'try came from a king's belly, no worse man; and yet no man neither. by your worship's leave, I did lie in that, but herring, the king of fish, (from his belly I proceed,) one of the monarchs of the world, I assure you. The first red herring that was boiled in Adam and Eve's kitchen, do I fetch my pedigree from, by the harrot's book. His cob was my great, great, mighty great grandfather.

MAT.—Why mighty, why mighty, I pray thee?

COB.—O, it was a mighty while ago, sir, and a mighty great cob.

MAT.—How know'st thou that?

COB.—How know I! why, I smell his ghost ever and anon.

MAT.—Smell a ghost! O unsavory jest! and the ghost of a herring cob?

GOB.—Ay, sir: With favor of your worship's nose, master Mathew, why not the ghost of a herring cob, as well as the ghost of Rasher Bacon?

MAT.—Roger Bacon, thou wouldst say.

COB.—I say Rasher Bacon. They were both broiled on the coals; and a man may smell broiled meat, I hope! you are a scholar, up-solve me that now.

MAT.—O raw ignorance!—Cob, canst thou show me of a gentleman, one captain Bobadill, where his lodging is?

COB.—O, my guest, sir, you mean.

MAT.—Thy guest! alas, ha, ha, ha!

COB.—Why do you laugh, sir? do you not mean captain Bobadill?

MAT.—Cob, pray thee advise thyself well: do not wrong the gentleman, and thyself too. I dare be sworn, he scorns thy house; he! he lodge in such a base obscure place as thy house! Tut, I know his disposition so well, he would not lie in thy bed if thou'dst give it him.

COB.—I will not give it him though, sir. Mass, I thought somewhat was in it, we could not get him to bed all night: Well, sir; though he lie not on my bed, he lies on my bench: an't please you to go up, sir, you shall find him with two cushions under his head, and his cloak wrapt about him, as though he had neither won nor lost, and yet, I warrant, he ne'er cast better in his life, than he has done to-night.

MAT.—Why, was he drunk?

COB.—Drunk, sir! you hear not me say so: perhaps he swallowed a tavern-token, or some such device, sir, I have nothing to do withal. I deal with water and not with wine—Give me my tankard there, ho!—God be wi' you, sir. It's six o'clock: I should have carried two turns by this. What ho! my stopple; come.

Enter TIB with a water-tankard.

MAT.—Lie in a water-bearer's house! a gentleman of his havings! Well, I'll tell him my mind.

COB.—What, Tib; shew this gentleman up to the captain. [*Exit TIB with MASTER MATHEW.*] Oh, an my house were the Brazen-head now! faith it would e'en speak *Moe fools yet*. You should have some now would take this Master Mathew to be a gentleman, at the least. His father's an honest man, a worshipful fishmonger and so forth; and now does he creep and wriggle into acquaintance with all the brave gallants about the town, such as my guest is, (O, my guest is a fine man!) and they flout him invincible. He useth every day to a merchant's house where I serve water, one master Kitley's in the Old Jewry; and here's the jest, he is in love with my master's sister, Mrs. Bridget, and calls her mistress; and there he will sit you a whole afternoon sometimes, reading of these same abominable, vile (a pox on 'em! I cannot abide them,) rascally verses, poetrie, poetrie, and speaking of interludes; 'twill

make a man burst to hear him. And the wenches, they do so jeer and ti-he at him—Well, should they do so much to me, I'd forswear them all, by the foot at Pharaoh! There's an oath! How many water-bearers shall you hear swear such an oath? O, I have a guest—he teaches me—he does swear the legiblest of any man christened: *By St. George! the foot of Pharaoh! the body of me! as I am a gentleman and a soldier!* such dainty oaths! and withal he does take this same filthy roguish tobacco, the finest and cleanliest! it would do a man good to see the fume come forth at's tonnels—Well, he owes me forty shillings, my wife lent him out of her purse, by sixpence at a time, besides his lodging: I would I had it! I shall have it, he says, the next action. Helter skelter, hang sorrow, care'll kill a cat, up-tails all, and a louse for the hangman! *[Exit.]*

SCENE IV.—*A Room in COB's House.*

BOBADILL *discovered lying on a bench.*

BOB.—Hostess, hostess!

Enter TIB.

TIB.—What say you, sir?

BOB.—A cup of thy small beer, sweet hostess.

TIB.—Sir, there's a gentleman below would speak with you.

BOB.—A gentleman! 'odso, I am not within.

TIB.—My husband told him you were, sir.

BOB.—What a plague—what meant he?

MAT.—*(below.)* Captain Bobadill!

BOB.—Who's there?—Take away the basin, good hostess;—Come up, sir.

TIB. He would desire you to come up sir. You come into a cleanly house, here!

Enter MATHEW.

MAT.—Save you, sir; save you, captain!

BOB.—Gentle master Mathew! Is it you, sir? please you to sit down.

MAT.—Thank you, good captain ; you may see I am somewhat audacious.

BOB.—Not so, sir. I was requested to supper last night by a sort of gallants, where you were wished for, and drunk to, I assure you.

MAT.—Vouchsafe me, by whom, good captain ?

BOB.—Marry, by young Wellbred, and others. Why, hostess, a stool here for this gentleman.

MAT.—No haste, sir, 'tis very well.

BOB.—Body o' me ! it was so late ere we parted last night, I can scarce open my eyes yet ; I was but new risen, as you came : how passes the day abroad, sir ? you can tell.

MAT.—Faith some half hour to seven : Now, trust me, you have an exceeding fine lodging here, very neat and private.

BOB.—Ay, sir : sit down, I pray you, Master Mathew, in any case possess no gentleman of our acquaintance with notice of my lodging ;

MAT.—Who, I sir ? no.

BOB.—Not that I need to care who know it. for the cabin is convenient ; but in regard I would not be too popular, and generally visited, as some are.

MAT.—True, captain, I conceive yon.

BOB.—For, do you see, sir, by the heart of valor in me, except it be to some peculiar and choice spirits, to whom I am extraordinarily engaged, as yourself, or so, I could not extend thus far.

MAT.—O Lord, sir ! I resolve so.

BOB.—I confess I love a cleanly and quiet privacy, above all the tumult and roar of fortune. What new book have you there ? What ! Go by, Hieronymo ?

MAT.—Ay : did you ever see it acted ? Is't not well penned ?

BOB.—Well penned ! I would fain see all the poets of these times pen such another play as that was : they'll prate and swagger, and keep a stir of art and devices, when, as I am a gentleman, read 'em, they are most shallow, pi

ful, barren fellows that live upon the face of the earth again.

[While MASTER MATHEW reads, BOBADILL makes himself ready.]

MAT.—Indeed here are a number of fine speeches in this book. *O eyes, no eyes but fountains fraught with tears!* there's a conceit! *fountains fraught with tears!* *O life, no life, but lively form of death!* another. *O world, no world, but mass of public wrongs!* a third. *Confused and filled with murders and misdeeds!* a fourth. O, the muses! Is't not excellent? Is't not simply the best that ever you heard, captain? Ha! how do you like it?

BOB.—'Tis good

Mat.—*To thee, the purest object to my sense,
The most refined essence heaven covers,
Send I these lines, wherein I do commence
The happy state of turtle-billing lovers.
If they prove rough, unpolished, harsh, and rude,
Haste made the waste: thus mildly I conclude.*

BOB.—Nay, proceed, proceed. Where's this?

MAT.—This, sir! a toy of mine own, in my nonage; the infancy of my muses. But when will you come and see my study? good faith, I can show you some very good things I have done of late—That boot becomes your leg passing well, captain, methinks.

BOB.—So, so; it's the fashion gentlemen now use.

MAT.—Troth, captain, and now you speak of the fashion, master Wellbred's elder brother and I are fallen out exceedingly: This other day, I happened to enter into some discourse of a hanger, which, I assure you, both for fashion and workmanship, was most peremptory beautiful and gentlemanlike: yet he condemned, and cried it down for the most pied and ridiculous that ever he saw.

BOB.—Squire Downright, the half brother, was't not.

MAT.—Ay, sir, he.

BOB.—Hang him, rook ! he ! why he has no more judgment than a malt-horse : By St. George, I wonder you'd lose a thought upon such an animal ; the most peremptory absurd clown of Christendom, this day, he is holden. I protest to you, as I am a gentleman and a soldier, I ne'er changed words with his like. By his discourse, he should eat nothing but hay : he was born for the manger, pannier, or pack-saddle. He has not so much as a good phrase in his belly, but all old iron, and rusty proverbs : a good commodity for some smith to make hobnails of.

MAT.—Ay, and he thinks to carry it away with his manhood still, where he comes : he brags he will give me the bastinado, as I hear.

BOB.—How ! he the bastinado ! how came he by that word, trow ?

MAT.—Nay, indeed, he said cudgel me ; I termed it so, for my more grace.

BOB.—That may be ; for I was sure it was none of his word : but when, when said he so ?

MAT.—Faith, yesterday they say ; a young gallant, a friend of mine, told me so.

BOB.—By the foot of Pharaoh, an 'twere my case now, I should send him a chartel presently. The bastinado ! a most proper and sufficient dependence, warranted by the great Caranza. Come hither, you shall chartel him ; I'll show you a trick or two you shall kill him with at pleasure ; The first stoccata, if you will, by this air.

MAT.—Indeed, you have absolute knowledge in the mystery, I have heard, sir.

BOB.—Of whom, of whom, have you heard it, I beseech you ?

MAT.—Troth, I have heard it spoken of divers, that you have very rare, and un-in-one-breath-utterable skill, sir.

BOB.—By heaven, no, not I ; no skill in the earth ; some small rudiments in the science, as to know my time, distance, or so. I have professed it more for noblemen and gentlemen's

use, than mine own practice, I assure you.—Hostess, accommodate us with another bed-staff here quickly. Lend us another bed-staff—the woman does not understand the words of action.—Look you, sir: exalt not your point above this state, at any hand, and let your poniard maintain your defence, thus:—give it the gentleman, and leave us. [*Exit TIB.*] So, sir. Come on: O, twine your body more about, that you may fall to a more sweet, comely, gentleman-like guard; so! indifferent: hollow your body more, sir, thus: now, stand fast o' your left leg, note your distance, keep your due proportion of time—oh, you disorder your point most irregularly.

MAT.—How is the bearing of it now, sir?

BOB.—O, out of measure ill: a well experienced hand would pass upon you at pleasure.

MAT.—How mean you, sir, pass upon me?

BOB.—Why, thus, sir,—make a thrust at me —[MASTER MATHEW *pushes at* BOBADILL,] come in upon the answer, control your point, and make a full career at the body: The best-practised gallants of the time name it the pasado; a most desperate thrust, believe it.

MAT.—Well, come, sir.

BOB.—Why, you do not manage your weapon with any facility or grace to invite me. I have no spirit to play with you; your dearth of judgments renders you tedious.

MAT.—But one venue, sir.

BOB.—Venue! fie; most gross denomination as ever I heard: Oh, the stoccata, while you live, sir; note that.—Come, put on your cloke, and we'll go to some private place where you are acquainted; some tavern, or so—and have a bit. I'll send for one of these fencers, and he shall breathe you, by my direction; and then I will teach you your trick; you shall kill him with it at the first, if you please. Why, I will learn you, by the true judgment of the eye, hand, and foot, to control any enemy's point in the world. Should your adversary

confront you with a pistol, 'twere nothing, by this hand! you should, by the same rule, control his bullet, in a line, except it were hail-shot, and spread. What money have you about you, master Mathew?

MAT.—Faith, I have not past a two shilling or so.

BOB.—'Tis somewhat with the least; but come; we will have a bunch of radish and salt to taste our wine, and a pipe of tobacco to close the orifice of the stomach; and then we'll call upon young Wellbred: perhaps we shall meet the Corydon his brother there, and put him to the question.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The OLD JEWRY. A Hall in KITELY'S house.*

Enter KITELY, CASH, and DOWNRIGHT.

KIT.—Thomas, come hither.
There lies a note within upon my desk;
Here take my key: it is no matter neither.—
Where is the boy?

CASH.—Within, sir in the warehouse.

KIT.—Let him tell over straight that Spanish gold,
And weigh it, with the pieces of eight. Do you
See the delivery of those silver stuffs
To Master Lucar: tell him, if he will
He shall have the grograns, at the rate I told
him.

And I will meet him on the Exchange anon.

CASH.—Good, sir. *[Exit.*

KIT.—Do you see that fellow, brother
Downright?

Dow.—Ay, what of him?

KIT.—He is a jewel, brother.
I took him of a child up at my door,

And christened him, gave him mine own name,
Thomas ;

Since bred him at the Hospital ; where proving
A toward imp, I called him home, and taught
him

So much, as I have made him my cashier.

And given him, who had none, a surname,
Cash :

And find him in his place so full of faith,
That I durst trust my life into his hands.

Dow.—So would not I in any bastard's,
brother,

As it is like he is although I knew
Myself his father. But you said you had some-
what

To tell me, gentle brother ; what is't, what is't ?

KIT.—Faith, I am very loath to utter it,
As fearing it may hurt your patience :
But that I know your judgment is of strength.
Against the nearness of affection ——

Dow.—What need this circumstance ? pray
you be direct.

KIT.—I will not say how much I do ascribe
Unto your friendship, nor in what regard
I hold your love ; but let my past behavior
And usage of your sister, [both] confirm
How well I have been affected to your ——

Dow.—You are too tedious ? come to the
matter, the matter.

KIT.—Then, without further ceremony, thus.
My brother Wellbred, sir, I know not how,
Of late is much declined in what he was,
And greatly altered in his disposition.
When he came first to lodge here in my house
Ne'er trust me if I were not proud of him :
Methought he bare himself in such a fashion,
So full of man, and sweetness in his carriage,
And what was chief, it showed not borrowed in
him,

But all he did became him as his own,
And seemed as perfect, proper, and possess,
As breath with life, or color with the blood.
But now, his course is so irregular,

So loose, affected, and deprived of grace,
 And he himself withal so far fallen off
 From that first place, as scarce no note remains,
 To tell men's judgments where he lately stood.
 He's grown a stranger to all due respect,
 Forgetful of his friends; and not content
 To stale himself in all societies,
 He makes my house here common as a mart,
 A theatre, a public receptacle
 For giddy humor, and diseased riot;
 And here, as in a tavern or a stew,
 He and his wild associates spend their hours,
 In repetition of lascivious jests,
 Swear, leap, drink, dance, and revel night by
 night,

Control my servants; and, indeed, what not?

DOW.—'Sdeins, I know not what I should
 say to him, in the whole world! He values
 me at a cracked three-farthings, for aught I
 see. It will never out of the flesh that's bred
 in the bone. I have told him enough, one
 would think, if that would serve; but counsel
 to him is as good as a shoulder of mutton to a
 sick horse. Well! he knows what to trust to,
 for George: let him spend, and spend, and
 domineer, till his heart ake; and he think to
 be relieved by me, when he is got into one o'
 your city pounds, the counters, he has the
 wrong sow by the ear, i' faith; and claps his
 dish at the wrong man's door: I'll lay my hand
 on my halfpenny, ere I part with it to fetch
 him out, I'll assure him.

KIT.—Nay, good brother, let it not trouble
 you thus.

DOW.—'Sdeath! he mads me; I could eat
 my very spur-leathers for anger! But, why
 are you so tame? why do not you speak, to
 him, and tell him how he disquiets your
 house?

KIT.—O, there are divers reasons to dissuade
 me.

But, would yourself vouchsafe to travail in it,
 (Though but with plain and easy circumstance,)

It would both come much better to his sense,
 And savor less of stomach, or of passion.
 You are his elder brother, and that title
 Both gives and warrants your authority,
 Which, by your presence seconded, must breed
 A kind of duty in him, and regard :
 Whereas, if I should intimate the least,
 It would but add contempt to his neglect,
 Heap worse on ill, make up a pile of hatred,
 That in the rearing would come tottering down,
 And in the ruin bury all our love.
 Nay, more than this, brother ; if I should speak,
 He would be ready, from his heat of humor,
 And overflowing of the vapor in him,
 To blow the ears of his familiars,
 With the false breath of telling what disgraces,
 And low disparagements, I had put upon him.
 Whilst they, sir, to relieve him in the fable,
 Make their loose comments upon every word,
 Gesture, or look, I use ; mock me all over,
 From my flat cap unto my shining shoes ;
 And, out of their impetuous rioting phant'sies,
 Beget some slander that shall dwell with me.
 And what would that be, think you ? marry
 this :

They would give out, because my wife is fair,
 Myself but lately married, and my sister
 Here sojourning a virgin in my house,
 That I were jealous !—nay, as sure as death,
 That they would say : and, how that I had
 quarrelled

My brother purposely, thereby to find
 An apt pretext to banish them my house.

Dow. — Mass, perhaps so ; they're like
 enough to do it.

KIT.—Brother, they would believe it ; so
 should I,

Like one of these penurious quack-salvers,
 But set the bills up to mine own disgrace,
 And try experiments upon myself ;
 Lend scorn and envy opportunity
 To stab my reputation and good name——

*Enter MASTER MATHEW struggling with BOB-
DILL.*

MAT.—I will speak to him.

BOB.—Speak to him ! Away ! By the foot of Pharaoh, you shall not ! you shall not do him that grace.—The time of day to you, gentleman o' the house. Is master Wellbred stirring ?

Dow.—How then ? what should he do ?

BOB.—Gentleman of the house, it is to you : is he within, sir ?

KIT.—He came not to his lodging to-night, sir, I assure you.

Dow.—Why, do you hear ? you !

BOB.—The gentleman citizen hath satisfied me ; I'll talk to no scavenger.

[Exeunt BOB and MAT.]

Dow.—How ! scavenger ! stay, sir, stay !

KIT.—Nay, brother Downright.

Dow.—'Heart ! stand you away, an you love me.

KIT.—You shall not follow him now, I pray you, brother, good faith you shall not ; I will overrule you.

Dow.—Ha ! scavenger ! well, go to, I say little : but by this good day, (God forgive me I should swear), if I put it up so, say I am the rankest cow that ever pist. 'Sdeins, an I swallow this, I'll ne'er draw my sword in the sight of Fleet-street again while I live ; I'll sit in a barn with madge-howlet, and catch mice first. Scavenger ! heart !—and I'll go near to fill that huge tumbrel-slop of yours with somewhat, an I have good luck : your Garagantus breech cannot carry it away so.

KIT.—Oh, do not fret yourself thus ; never think on't.

Dow.—These are my brother's consorts, these ! these are his camerades, his walking mates ! he's a gallant, a cavaliero too, right hangman cut ! Let men ot live, an I could not find in my heart to swinge the whole gang of 'em, one after another, and begin with him

first. I am grieved it should be said he is my brother, and take these courses: Well, as he brews, so shall he drink, for George, again. Yet he shall hear on't and that tightly too, and I live, i' faith.

KIT.—But, brother, let your reprehension, then,

Run in an easy current, not o'er high
Carried with rashness, or devouring choler;
But rather use the soft persuading way,
Whose powers will work more gently, and
compose

The imperfect thoughts you labor to reclaim;
More winning, than enforcing the conset.

DOW.—Ay, ay, let me alone for that, I warrant you.

KIT.—How now! [*Bell rings.*] Oh, the bell rings to breakfast. Brother, I pray you go in, and bear my wife company till I come; I'll but give order for some despatch of business to my servants. [*Exit DOWNRIGHT.*]

Enter COB, with his tankard.

KIT.—What, Cob! our maids will have you by the back, i' faith, for coming so late this morning.

COB.—Perhaps so, sir; take heed somebody have not them by the belly, for walking so late in the evening [*Exit.*]

KIT.—Well; yet my troubled spirit somewhat eased,

Though not reposed in that security
As I could wish: but I must be content,
Howe'er I set a face on't to the world.
Would I had lost this finger at a venture,
So Wellbred had ne'er lodged within my house.
Why 't cannot be, where there is such resort
Of wanton gallants, and young revellers,
That any woman should be honest long.
Is't like, that factious beauty will preserve
The public weal of chastity unshaken,
When such strong motives muster and make
head

Against her single peace? No, no; beware.
 When mutual appetite doth meet to treat,
 And spirits of one kind and quality
 Come once to parley in the pride of blood,
 It is no slow conspiracy that follows.
 Well, to be plain, if I but thought the time
 Had answered their affections, all the world
 Should not persuade me but I were a cuckold.
 Marry, I hope they have not got that start;
 For opportunity hath balked them yet,
 And shall do still, while I have eyes and ears
 To attend the impositions of my heart.
 My presence shall be as an iron bar,
 'Twixt the conspiring motions of desire:
 Yea, every look or glance mine eye ejects,
 Shall check occasion, as one doth his slave,
 When he forgets the limits of prescription.

Enter DAME KITELY and BRIDGET.

DAME K.—Sister Bridget, pray you fetch
 down the rose water above in the closet.
 [*Exit BRIDGET.*]—Sweet-heart, will you come
 in to breakfast?

KIT.—An she have overheard me now!—

DAME K.—I pray thee, good muse, we stay
 for you.

KIT.—By heaven, I would not for a thou-
 sand angels.

DAME K.—What ail you, sweet-heart? are
 you not well? speak, good muss.

KIT.—Troth my head akes extremely on a
 sudden.

DAME K.—[*Putting her hand to his forehead.*]
 O, the Lord!

KIT.—How now! What?

DAME K.—Alas, how it burns! Muss, keep
 you warm; good truth it is this new disease,
 there's a number are troubled withal. For love's
 sake, sweet-heart, come in, out of the air.

KIT.—How simple and how subtle are her
 answers!

A new disease, and many troubled with it?

Why true ; she heard me, all 'the world to nothing.

DAME K.—I pray thee, good sweet-heart, come in ; the air will do you harm, in troth.

KIT.—The air ! she has me in the wind.—Sweet-heart, I'll come to you presently ; 'twill away, I hope.

DAME K.—Pray Heaven it do. *[Exit.*

KIT.—A new disease ! I know not, new or old,

But it may well be called poor mortal's plague ;
For, like a pestilence, it doth infect
The houses of the brain. First it begins
Solely to work upon the phantasy,
Filling her seat with such pestiferous air,
As soon corrupts the judgment ; and from
thence,

Sends like contagion to the memory :
Still each to other giving the infection,
Which as a subtle vapor spreads itself
Confusedly through every sensitive part,
Till not a thought or motion in the mind
Be free from the black poison of suspect.
Ah ! but what misery is it to know this ?
Or knowing it, to want the mind's erection
In such extremes ? Well, I will once more strive
In spite of this black cloud, myself to be,
And shake the fever off that thus shakes me.

[Exit.

SCENE II.—MOORFIELDS.

Enter BRAINWORM disguised like a maimed soldier.

BRAI.—'Slid, I cannot choose but laugh to see myself translated thus, from a poor creature to a creator ; for now must I create an intolerable sort of lies, or my present profession loses the grace : and yet the lie, to a man of my coat, is as ominous a fruit as the fico. O, sir, it holds for good polity ever, to have that outwardly in vilest estimation, that inwardly is most dear to us ; so much for my borrowed shape. Well,

the troth is, my old master intends to follow my young master, dryfoot, over Moorfields to London, this morning ; now, I knowing of this hunting-match, or rather conspiracy, and to insinuate with my young master (for so must we that are blue waiters, and men of hope and service do, or perhaps we may wear motley at the year's end, and who wears motley, you know), have got me afore in this disguise, determining here to lie in ambuscade, and intercept him in the mid-way. If I can but get his cloke, his purse, his hat, nay, any thing to cut him off, that is, to stay his journey, *Veni, vidi, vici*, I may say with captain Cæsar, I am made for ever, i' faith. Well, now must I practice to get the true garb of one of these lance-knights, my arm here, and my—Odso! my young master, and his cousin, master Stephen, as I am true counterfeit man of war, and no soldier!

Enter E. KNOWELL and STEPHEN.

E. KNOW.—So, sir! and how then, coz?

STEP.—'Sfoot! I have lost my purse, I think.

E. KNOW.—How! lost your purse? where? when had you it?

STEP.—I cannot tell; stay.

BRAI.—'Slid, I am afeard they will know me: would I could get by them!

E. KNOW.—What, have you it?

STEP.—No; I think I was bewitched, I—
[Cries.

E. KNOW.—Nay, do not weep the loss; hang it, let it go.

STEP.—Oh, it's here: No, an it had been lost, I had not cared, but for a jet ring mistress Mary sent me.

E. KNOW.—A jet ring! O the poesie, the poesie!

STEP.—Fine, i' faith.—

Though Fancy sleep,
My love is deep.

Meaning, that though I did not fancy her, yet she loved me dearly.

E. KNOW.—Most excellent !

STEP.—And then I sent her another, and my poesie was,

The deeper the sweeter,
I'll be judg'd by St. Peter.

E. KNOW.—How, by St. Peter? I do not conceive that.

STEP.—Marry, St. Peter, to make up the metre.

E. KNOW.—Well, there the saint was your good patron, he helped you at your need; thank him, thank him.

BRAI.—I cannot take leave on 'em so; I will venture, come what will. [*Comes forward.*] Gentlemen, please you change a few crowns for a very excellent good blade here? I am a poor gentleman, a soldier; one that, in the better state of my fortunes, scorned so mean a refuge; but now it is the humor of necessity to have it so. You seem to be gentlemen well affected to martial men, else I should rather die with silence, than live with shame: however, vouchsafe to remember it is my want speaks, not myself; this condition agrees not with my spirit——

E. KNOW.—Where hast thou served?

BRAI.—May it please you, sir, in all the late wars of Bohemia, Hungary, Dalmatia, Poland, where not, sir? I have been a poor servitor by sea and land any time this fourteen years, and followed the fortunes of the best commanders in Christendom. I was twice shot at the taking of Aleppo, once at the relief of Vienna; I have been at Marseilles, Naples, and the Adriatic gulf, a gentleman-slave in the gallies, thrice; where I was most dangerously shot in the head, through both the thighs; and yet, being thus maimed, I am void of maintenance, nothing left me but my scars, the noted marks of my resolution.

STEP.—How will you sell this rapier, friend?

BRAI.—Generous sir, I refer it to your own judgment; you are a gentleman, give me what you please.

STEP.—True, I am a gentleman, I know that, friend; but what though! I pray you say, what would you ask?

BRAI.—I assure you the blade may become the side or thigh of the best prince in Europe.

E. KNOW.—Ay, with a velvet scabbard, I think.

STEP.—Nay, an't be mine, it shall have a velvet scabbard, coz, that's flat; I'd not wear it as it is, an you would give me an angel.

BRAI.—At your worship's pleasure, sir: nay, 't is a most pure Toledo.

STEP.—I had rather it were a Spaniard. But tell me, what shall I give you for it? An it had a silver hilt—

E. KNOW.—Come, come, you shall not buy it; hold, there's a shilling, fellow; take thy rapier.

STEP.—Why, but I will buy it now, because you say so; and there's another shilling, fellow; I scorn to be out-bidden. What, shall I walk with a cudgel, like Higginbottom, and may have a rapier for money!

E. KNOW.—You may buy one in the city.

STEP.—Tut! I'll buy this i' the field, so I will; I have a mind to't, because 'tis a field rapier. Tell me your lowest price.

E. KNOW.—You shall not buy it, I say.

STEP.—By this money, but I will, though I give more than 'tis worth,

E. KNOW.—Come away, you are a fool.

STEP.—Friend, I am a fool, that's granted; but I'll have it, for that word's sake. Follow me for your money.

BRAI.—At your service, sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Another Part of MOORFIELDS.**Enter KNOWELL.*

KNOW.—I cannot lose the thought yet of this
letter,

Sent to my son ; nor leave t' admire the change
Of manners, and the breeding of our youth
Within the kingdom since myself was one.—
When I was young, he lived not in the stews
Durst have conceived a scorn, and utter'd it,
On a gray head ; age was authority
Against a buffoon, and a man had then
A certain reverence paid unto his years,
That had none due unto his life : so much
The sanctity of some prevailed for others.
But now we all are fallen ; youth, from their
fear,

And age, from that which bred it, good example.
Nay, would ourselves were not the first, even
parents,

That did destroy the hopes in our own children ;
Or they not learned their vices in their cradles,
And sucked in our ill customs with their milk
Ere all their teeth be born, or they can speak.
We make their palates cunning ; the first words
We form their tongues with, are licentious jests :
Can it call whore ? cry bastard ? O, then, kiss
it,

A witty child ! can't swear ? the father's dar-
ling !

Give it two plums. Nay, rather than't shall learn
No bawdy song, the mother herself will teach
it!—

But this is in the infancy, the days
Of the long coat ; when it puts on the breeches
It will put off all this : Ay, it is like,
When it is gone into the bone already !
No, no ; this dye goes deeper than the coat,
Or shirt, or skin ; it stains into the liver,
And heart, in some : and, rather than it should
not,

Note what we fathers do ! look how we live !
What mistresses we keep ! at what expense,

In our sons' eyes ! where they may handle our
 gifts,
 Hear our lascivious courtships, see our dalli-
 ance,
 Taste of the same provoking meats with us,
 To ruin of our states ! Nay, when our own
 Portion is fled, to prey on their remainder,
 We call them into fellowship of vice ;
 Bait 'em with the young chamber-maid, to seal
 And teach 'em all bad ways to buy affliction.
 This is one path : but there are millions more,
 In which we spoil our own, with leading them.
 Well, I thank heaven, I never yet was he
 That travelled with my son, before sixteen,
 To show him the Venetian courtezans ;
 Nor read the grammar of cheating I had made
 To my sharp boy at twelve ; repeating still
 The rule, *Get money ; still, get money, boy ;*
No matter by what means ; money will do
More, boy, than my lord's letter. Neither have I
 Drest snails or mushrooms curiously before him,
 Perfumed my sauces, and taught him to make
 them ;
 Preceding still, with my gray gluttony,
 At all the ord'naries, and only feared
 His palate should degenerate, not his manners.
 These are the trade of fathers now ; however,
 My son, I hope, hath met within my threshold
 And swift, to rape youth to their precipice.
 But let the house at home be ne'er so clean
 Swept, or kept sweet from filth, nay, dust and
 cobwebs,
 If he will live abroad with his companions,
 In dung and leystals, it is worth a fear ;
 Nor is the danger of conversing less
 Than all that I have mentioned of example.

Enter BRAINWORM disguised as before.

BRAI.—My master ! nay, faith, have at you ;
 I am fleshed now, I have sped so well. [*aside.*]
 Worshipful sir, I beseech you, respect the
 estate of a poor soldier ; I am ashamed of this

base course of life,—God's my comfort—but extremity provokes me to't : what remedy?

KNOW.—I have not for you, now.

BRAI.—By the faith I bear unto truth, gentleman, it is no ordinary custom in me, but only to preserve manhood. I protest to you, a man I have been ; a man I may be, by your sweet bounty.

KNOW.—Pray thee, good friend, be satisfied.

BRAI.—Good sir, by that hand, you may do the part of a kind gentleman, in lending a poor soldier the price of two cans of beer, a matter of small value ; the king of heaven shall pay you, and I shall rest thankful : Sweet worship.—

KNOW.—Nay, and you be so importunate —

BRAI.—O, tender sir ! need will have its course ; I was not made to this vile use. Well, the edge of the enemy could not have abated me so much : it's hard when a man hath served in his prince's cause, and be thus [*weeps*]. Honorable worship, let me derive a small piece of silver from you, it shall not be given in the course of time. By this good ground, I was fain to pawn my rapier last night for a poor supper ; I had sucked the hilts long before, I am a pagan else : Sweet honor.—

KNOW.—Believe me, I am taken with some wonder,

To think a fellow of thy outward presence,
Should, in the frame and fashion of his mind,
Be so degenerate, and sordid-base.
Art thou a man ? and sham'st thou not to beg,
To practice such a servile kind of life ?
Why, were thy education ne'er so mean,
Having thy limbs, a thousand fairer courses
Offer themselves to thy election.
Either the wars might still supply thy wants,
Or service of some virtuous gentleman,
Or honest labor ; nay, what can I name.
But would become thee better than to beg :
But men of thy condition feed on sloth,

As doth the beetle on the dung she breeds in ;
Not caring how the metal of your minds
Is eaten with the rust of idleness.

Now, afore me, whate'er he be, that should
Relieve a person of thy quality,
While thou insist'st in this loose desperate
course,

I would esteem the sin not thine, but his.

BRAI.—Faith, sir, I would gladly find some
other course, if so—

KNOW.—Ay,
You'd gladly find it, but you will not seek it.

BRAI.—Alas, sir, where should a man seek ?
in the wars, there's no ascent by desert in
these days ; but ——— and for service, would
it were as soon purchased, as wished for ! the
air's my comfort.—[*Sighs.*]—I know what I
would say.

KNOW.—What's thy name ?

BRAI.—Please you, Fitz-Sword, sir.

KNOW.—Fitz-Sword !

Say that a man should entertain thee now, .
Wouldst thou be honest, humble, just, and true ?

BRAI.—Sir, by the place and honor of a
soldier——

KNOW.—Nay, nay, I like not these affected
oaths ;

Speak plainly, man, what think'st thou of my
words ?

BRAI.—Nothing, sir, but wish my fortunes
were as happy as my service should be honest.

KNOW.—Well, follow me ; I'll prove thee, if
thy deeds

Will carry a proportion to thy words. [*Exit.*]

BRAI.—Yes, sir, straight ; I'll but garter my
hose. O that my belly were hooped now, for
I am ready to burst with laughing ! never was
bottle or bagpipe fuller. 'Slid, was there ever
seen a fox in years to betray himself thus !
now shall I be possess of all his counsels ; and,
by that conduit, my young master. Well, he is
resolved to prove my honesty ; faith, and I'm
resolved to prove his patience : O, I shall abuse

him intolerably. This small piece of service will bring him clean out of love with the soldier for ever. He will never come within the sign of it, the sight of a cassock, or a musket-rest again. He will hate the musters at Mile-end for it, to his dying day. It's no matter, let the world think me a bad counterfeit, if I cannot give him the slip at an instant: why, this is better than to have staid his journey: well, I'll follow him. O, how I long to be employed! [Exit,

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The OLD JEWRY. A Room in the Windmill Tavern.*

Enter MASTER MATHEW, WELLBRED *and* BOBADILL.

MAT.—Yes, faith, sir, we were at your lodging to seek you too.

WEL.—O, I came not there to-night.

BOB.—Your brother delivered us as much.

WEL.—Who, my brother, Downright?

BOB.—He. Mr. Wellbred, I know not in what kind you hold me; but let me say to you this; as sure as honor, I esteem it so much out of the sunshine of reputation, to throw the least beam of regard upon such a ——

WEL.—Sir, I must hear no ill words of my brother.

BOB.—I protest to you, as I have a thing to be saved about me, I never saw any gentleman-like part ——

WEL.—Good captain, faces about to some other discourse.

BOB.—With your leave, sir, an there were no more men living upon the face of the earth, I should not fancy him, by St. George!

MAT.—Troth, nor I ; he is of a rustical cut, I know not how : he doth not carry himself like a gentleman of fashion.

WEL.—O, master Mathew, that's a grace peculiar but to a few, *æquos quos amavit Jupiter*.

MAT.—I understand you, sir.

WEL.—No question, you do,—or you do not, sir.

Enter E. KNOWELL and MASTER STEPHEN.

Ned Knowell ! by my soul, welcome : how dost thou, sweet spirit, my genius ? 'Slid, I shall love Apollo and the mad Thespian girls the better, while I live, for this, my dear Fury ; now, I see there's some love in thee. Sirrah, these be the two I writ to thee of : nay, what a drowsy humor is this now ! why dost thou not speak ?

E. KNOW.—O, you are a fine gallant ; you sent me a rare letter.

WEL.—Why, was't not rare ?

E. KNOW.—Yes, I'll be sworn, I was ne'er guilty of reading the like ; match it in all Pliny, or Symmachus's epistles, and I'll have my judgment burned in the ear for a rogue : make much of thy vein, for it is inimitable. But I marle what camel it was, that had the carriage of it ; for doubtless, he was no ordinary beast that brought it.

WEL.—Why ?

E. KNOW.—Why, say'st thou ! why, dost thou think that any reasonable creature, especially in the morning, the sober time of the day too, could have mistaken my father for me ?

WEL.—'Slid, you jest, I hope.

E. KNOW.—Indeed, the best use we can turn it to, is to make a jest on't, now : but I'll assure you, my father had a full view of your flourishing style some hour before I saw it.

WEL.—What a dell slave was this ! but, sirrah, what said he to it, i'faith ?

E. KNOW.—Nay, I know not what he said ; but I have a shrewd guess what he thought.

WEL.—What, what ?

E. KNOW.—Marry, that thou art some strange dissolute young fellow, and I—a grain or two better, for keeping thee company.

WEL.—Tut ! that thought is like the moon in her last quarter, 'twill change shortly : but, sirrah, I pray thee be acquainted with my two hang-by's here ; thou wilt take exceeding pleasure in them, if thou hear'st 'em once go ; my wind-instruments ; I'll wind them up — But what strange piece of silence is this, the sign of the Dumb Man ?

E. KNOW.—O, sir, a kinsman of mine, one that may make your music the fuller, an he please ; he has his humor, sir.

WEL.—O, what is't, what is't ?

E. KNOW.—Nay, I'll neither do your judgment nor his folly that wrong, as to prepare your apprehension ; I'll leave him to the mercy of your search, if you can take him, so !

WEL.—Well, captain Bobadill, master Mathew, pray you know this gentleman here ; he is a friend of mine, and one that will deserve your affection. I know not your name, sir, [*to STEPHEN,*] but I shall be glad of any occasion to render me more familiar to you.

STEP.—My name is master Stephen, sir ; I am this gentleman's own cousin, sir ; his father is mine uncle, sir : I am somewhat melancholy, but you shall command me, sir, in whatsoever is incident to a gentleman.

BOB.—Sir, I must tell you this, I am no general man ; but for master Wellbred's sake, (you may embrace it at what height of favor you please,) I do communicate with you, and conceive you to be a gentleman of some parts ; I love few words.

E. KNOW.—And I fewer, sir ; I have scarce enough to thank you.

MAT.—But are you, indeed, sir, so given to it ?

STEP.—Ay, truly, sir, I am mightily given to melancholy.

MAT.—O, it's your only fine humor, sir; your true melancholy breeds your perfect fine wit, sir. I am melancholy myself, divers times sir, and then do I no more but take pen and paper, presently, and overflow you half a score, or a dozen of sonnets at a sitting.

E. KNOW.—Sure he utters them then by the gross. *[Aside.]*

STEP.—Truly, sir, and I love such things out of measure.

E. KNOW.—I'faith, better than in measure, I'll undertake.

MAT.—Why, I pray you, sir, make use of my study, it's at your service.

STEP.—I thank you, sir, I shall be bold I warrant you; have you a stool there to be melancholy upon?

MAT.—That I have, sir, and some papers there of mine own doing, at idle hours, that you'll say there's some sparks of wit in 'em, when you see them.

WEL.—Would the sparks would kindle once, and become a fire amongst them! I might see self-love burst from her heresy. *[Aside.]*

STEP.—Cousin, is it well? am I melancholy enough?

E. KNOW.—O ay, excellent.

WEL.—Captain Bobadill, why muse you so?

E. KNOW.—He is melancholy too.

BOB.—Faith, sir, I was thinking of a most honorable piece of service, was performed to-morrow, being at St. Mark's day, shall be some ten years now.

E. KNOW.—In what place, captain?

BOB.—Why, at the beleaguering of Strigonium, where, in less than two hours, seven hundred resolute gentleman, as any were in Europe, lost their lives upon the breach. I'll tell you, gentlemen, it was the first, but the best leaguer that ever I beheld with these eyes, except the taking in of — what do you call it?

last year, by the Genoways; but that, of all other, was the most fatal and dangerous exploit that ever I was ranged in, since I first bore arms before the face of the enemy, as I am a gentleman and a soldier!

STEP.—So! I had as lief as an angel I could swear as well as that gentleman.

E. KNOW.—Then, you were a servitor at both, it seems; at Strigonium, and what do you call't?

BOB.—O lord, sir! By St. George, I was the first man that entered the breach; and had I not effected it with resolution I had been slain if I had had a million of lives.

E. KNOW.—'Twas pity you had not ten; a cat's and your own, i'faith. But, was it possible?

MAT.—Pray you mark this discourse, sir.

STEP.—So I do.

BOB.—I assure you, upon my reputation, 'tis true, and yourself shall confess.

E. KNOW.—You must bring me to the rack first. *[Aside.]*

BOB.—Observe me judicially, sweet sir; they had planted me three demi-culverins just in the mouth of the breach; now, sir, as 've were to give on, their master-gunner (a man of no mean skill and mark, you must think), confronts me with his linstock, ready to give fire; I, spying his intendment, discharged my petronel in his bosom, and with these single arms, my poor rapier, ran violently upon the Moors that guarded the ordnance, and put 'em pell-mell to the sword.

WEL.—To the sword! To the rapier, captain.

E. KNOW.—O, it was a good figure observed, sir: but did you all this, captain, without hurting your blade?

BOB.—Without any impeach o' the earth: you shall perceive, sir. *[Shews his rapier.]* It is the most fortunate weapon that ever rid on poor gentleman's thigh. Shall I tell you, sir?

You talk of Morglay, Excalibur, Durindana, or so; tut! I lend no credit to that is fabled of 'em: I know the virtue of mine own, and therefore I dare the boldier maintain it.

STEP.—I marle whether it be a Toledo or no. [sir.

BOB.—A most perfect Toledo, I assure you,

STEP.—I have a countryman of his here.

MAT.—Pray, you, let's see, sir: yes, faith it is.

BOB.—This a Toledo! Pish!

STEP.—Why do you pish, captain?

BOB.—A Fleming, by heaven! I'll buy them for a guilder a-piece, an I would have a thousand of them.

E. KNOW.—How say you, cousin? I told you thus much.

WEL.—Where bought you it, master Stephen?

STEP.—Of a scurvy rogue soldier: a hundred of lice go with him! He swore it was a Toledo.

BOB.—A poor provant rapier, no better.

MAT.—Mass, I think it be indeed, now I look on't better.

E. KNOW.—Nay, the longer you look on't, the worse. Put it up, put it up.

STEP.—Well, I will put it up; but by—I have forgot the captain's oath, I thought to have sworn by it—an e'er I meet him—

WEL.—O, it is past help now, sir; you must have patience.

STEP.—Whoreson, coney-catching rascal! I could eat the very hilts for anger.

E. KNOW.—A sign of good digestion; you have an ostrich stomach, cousin.

STEP.—A stomach! would I had him here, you should see an I had a stomach.

WEL.—It's better as it is.—Come, gentlemen, shall we go?

Enter BRAINWORM, disguised as before.

E. KNOW.—A miracle, cousin; look here, look here!

STEP.—Oh—od's lid ! By your leave, do you know me, sir ?

BRAI.—Ay, sir, I know you by sight.

STEP.—You sold me a rapier, did you not ?

BRAI.—Yes, marry did I, sir.

STEP.—You said it was a Toledo, ha ?

BRAI.—True, I did so.

STEP.—But it is none.

BRAI.—No, sir, I confess it ; it is none.

STEP.—Do you confess it ? Gentlemen, bear witness he has confest it :—Od's will, an you had not confest it——

E. KNOW.—Oh, cousin, forbear, forbear !

STEP.—Nay, I have done, cousin.

WEL.—Why, you have done like a gentleman ; he has confessed it, what would you more ?

STEP.—Yet, by his leave, he is a rascal, under his favor, do you see.

E. KNOW.—Ay, by his leave, he is, and under favor : a pretty piece of civility ! Sirrah, how dost thou like him ?

WEL.—Oh it's a most precious fool, make much on him ; I can compare him to nothing more happily than a drum ; for every one may play upon him.

E. KNOW.—No, no, a child's whistle were far the fitter.

BRAI.—Sir, shall I intreat a word with you ?

E. ENOW.—With me, sir ? you have have not another Toledo to sell, have you ?

BRAI.—You are conceited, sir : Your name is Master Knowell ; as I take it ?

E. KNOW.—You are in the right ; yon mean not to proceed in the catechism, do you ?

BRAI.—No, sir ; I am none of that coat.

E. KNOW.—Of as bare a coat, though : well, say, sir.

BRAI.—[*taking E. KNOW, aside.*] Faith, sir, I am but servant to the drum extraordinary, and indeed, this smoky varnish being washed off, and three or four patches removed, I appear

your worship's in reversion, after the decease of your good father, Brainworm.

E. KNOW.—Brainworm! 'Slight, what breath of a conjurer hath blown thee hither in the shape?

BRAI.—The breath of your letter, sir, this morning; the same that blew you to the Windmill, and your father after you.

E. KNOW.—My father!

BRAI.—Nay, never start, 'tis true; he has followed you over the fields by the foot, as you would do a hare in the snow.

E. KNOW.—Sirrah Wellbred, what shall we do, sirrah? my father is come over after me.

WEL.—Thy father! Where is he?

BRAI.—At justice Clement's house, in Coleman-street. where he but stays my return; and then——

WEL.—Who's this? Brainworm!

BRAI.—The same, sir.

WEL.—Why how, in the name of wit, com'st thou transmuted thus?

BRAI.—Faith, a device, a device; nay, for the love of reason, gentlemen, and avoiding the danger, stand not here; withdraw, and I'll tell you all.

WEL.—But art thou sure he will stay thy return?

BRAI.—Do I live, sir? what a question is that!

WEL.—We'll prorogue his expectation, then, a little: Brainworm, thou shalt go with us.—Come on, gentlemen.—Nay, I pray thee, sweet Ned, droop not; 'heart, an our wits be so wretchedly dull, that one old plodding brain can outstrip us all, would we were e'en prest to make porters of, and serve out the remnant of our days in Thames-street, or at Custom-house key, in a civil war against the carmen!

BRAI.—Amen, amen, amen, say I. *Exeunt.*

base course of life,—God's my comfort—but extremity provokes me to't: what remedy?

KNOW.—I have not for you, now.

BRAI.—By the faith I bear unto truth, gentleman, it is no ordinary custom in me, but only to preserve manhood. I protest to you, a man I have been; a man I may be, by your sweet bounty.

KNOW.—Pray thee, good friend, be satisfied.

BRAI.—Good sir, by that hand, you may do the part of a kind gentleman, in lending a poor soldier the price of two cans of beer, a matter of small value; the king of heaven shall pay you, and I shall rest thankful: Sweet worship.—

KNOW.—Nay, and you be so importunate —

BRAI.—O, tender sir! need will have its course; I was not made to this vile use. Well, the edge of the enemy could not have abated me so much: it's hard when a man hath served in his prince's cause, and be thus [*weeps*]. Honorable worship, let me derive a small piece of silver from you, it shall not be given in the course of time. By this good ground, I was fain to pawn my rapier last night for a poor supper; I had sucked the hilts long before, I am a pagan else: Sweet honor.—

KNOW.—Believe me, I am taken with some wonder,

To think a fellow of thy outward presence,
Should, in the frame and fashion of his mind,
Be so degenerate, and sordid-base.
Art thou a man? and sham'st thou not to beg,
To practice such a servile kind of life?
Why, were thy education ne'er so mean,
Having thy limbs, a thousand fairer courses
Offer themselves to thy election.
Either the wars might still supply thy wants,
Or service of some virtuous gentleman,
Or honest labor; nay, what can I name.
But would become thee better than to beg:
But men of thy condition feed on sloth,

As doth the beetle on the dung she breeds in ;
Not caring how the metal of your minds
Is eaten with the rust of idleness.
Now, afore me, whate'er he be, that should
Relieve a person of thy quality,
While thou insist'st in this loose desperate
course,

I would esteem the sin not thine, but his.

BRAI.—Faith, sir, I would gladly find some
other course, if so—

KNOW.—Ay,
You'd gladly find it, but you will not seek it.

BRAI.—Alas, sir, where should a man seek ?
in the wars, there's no ascent by desert in
these days ; but —— and for service, would
it were as soon purchased, as wished for ! the
air's my comfort.—[*Sighs.*—] I know what I
would say.

KNOW.—What's thy name ?

BRAI.—Please you, Fitz-Sword, sir.

KNOW.—Fitz-Sword !

Say that a man should entertain thee now, .
Wouldst thou be honest, humble, just, and true ?

BRAI.—Sir, by the place and honor of a
soldier——

KNOW.—Nay, nay, I like not these affected
oaths ;
Speak plainly, man, what think'st thou of my
words ?

BRAI.—Nothing, sir, but wish my fortunes
were as happy as my service should be honest.

KNOW.—Well, follow me ; I'll prove thee, if
thy deeds

Will carry a proportion to thy words. [*Exit.*

BRAI.—Yes, sir, straight ; I'll but garter my
hose. O that my belly were hooped now, for
I am ready to burst with laughing ! never was
bottle or bagpipe fuller. 'Slid, was there ever
seen a fox in years to betray himself thus !
now shall I be possest of all his counsels ; and,
by that conduit, my young master. Well, he is
resolved to prove my honesty ; faith, and I'm
resolved to prove his patience : O, I shall abuse

him intolerably. This small piece of service will bring him clean out of love with the soldier for ever. He will never come within the sign of it, the sight of a cassock, or a musket-rest again. He will hate the musters at Mile-end for it, to his dying day. It's no matter, let the world think me a bad counterfeit, if I cannot give him the slip at an instant : why, this is better than to have staid his journey ; well, I'll follow him. O, how I long to be employed ! [Exit,

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The OLD JEWRY. A Room in the Windmill Tavern.*

Enter MASTER MATHEW, WELLBRED and BOBADILL.

MAT.—Yes, faith, sir, we were at your lodging to seek you too.

WEL.—O, I came not there to-night.

BOB.—Your brother delivered us as much.

WEL.—Who, my brother, Downright ?

BOB.—He. Mr. Wellbred, I know not in what kind you hold me ; but let me say to you this ; as sure as honor, I esteem it so much out of the sunshine of reputation, to throw the least beam of regard upon such a ——

WEL.—Sir, I must hear no ill words of my brother.

BOB.—I protest to you, as I have a thing to be saved about me, I never saw any gentleman-like part ——

WEL.—Good captain, faces about to some other discourse.

BOB.—With your leave, sir, an there were no more men living upon the face of the earth, I should not fancy him, by St. George !

MAT.—Troth, nor I ; he is of a rustical cut, I know not how : he doth not carry himself like a gentleman of fashion.

WEL.—O, master Mathew, that's a grace peculiar but to a few, *æquos quus amavit Jupiter*.

MAT.—I understand you, sir.

WEL.—No question, you do,—or you do not, sir.

Enter E. KNOWELL and MASTER STEPHEN.

Ned Knowell ! by my soul, welcome : how dost thou, sweet spirit, my genius ? 'Slid, I shall love Apollo and the mad Thespian girls the better, while I live, for this, my dear Fury ; now, I see there's some love in thee. Sirrah, these be the two I writ to thee of : nay, what a drowsy humor is this now ! why dost thou not speak ?

E. KNOW.—O, you are a fine gallant ; you sent me a rare letter.

WEL.—Why, was't not rare ?

E. KNOW.—Yes, I'll be sworn, I was ne'er guilty of reading the like ; match it in all Pliny, or Symmachus's epistles, and I'll have my judgment burned in the ear for a rogue : make much of thy vein, for it is inimitable. But I marle what camel it was, that had the carriage of it ; for doubtless, he was no ordinary beast that brought it.

WEL.—Why ?

E. KNOW.—Why, say'st thou ! why, dost thou think that any reasonable creature, especially in the morning, the sober time of the day too, could have mistaken my father for me ?

WEL.—'Slid, you jest, I hope.

E. KNOW.—Indeed, the best use we can turn it to, is to make a jest on't, now : but I'll assure you, my father had a full view of your flourishing style some hour before I saw it.

WEL.—What a däll slave was this ! but, sirrah, what said he to it, i'faith ?

E. KNOW.—Nay, I know not what he said ; but I have a shrewd guess what he thought.

WEL.—What, what ?

E. KNOW.—Marry, that thou art some strange dissolute young fellow, and I—a grain or two better, for keeping thee company.

WEL.—Tut ! that thought is like the moon in her last quarter, 'twill change shortly : but, sirrah, I pray thee be acquainted with my two hang-by's here ; thou wilt take exceeding pleasure in them, if thou hear'st 'em once go ; my wind-instruments ; I'll wind them up — But what strange piece of silence is this, the sign of the Dumb Man ?

E. KNOW.—O, sir, a kinsman of mine, one that may make your music the fuller, an he please ; he has his humor, sir.

WEL.—O, what is't, what is't ?

E. KNOW.—Nay, I'll neither do your judgment nor his folly that wrong, as to prepare your apprehension ; I'll leave him to the mercy of your search, if you can take him, so !

WEL.—Well, captain Bobadill, master Mathew, pray you know this gentleman here ; he is a friend of mine, and one that will deserve your affection. I know not your name, sir, [*to STEPHEN,*] but I shall be glad of any occasion to render me more familiar to you.

STEP.—My name is master Stephen, sir ; I am this gentleman's own cousin, sir ; his father is mine uncle, sir : I am somewhat melancholy, but you shall command me, sir, in whatsoever is incident to a gentleman.

BOB.—Sir, I must tell you this, I am no general man ; but for master Wellbred's sake, (you may embrace it at what height of favor you please,) I do communicate with you, and conceive you to be a gentleman of some parts ; I love few words.

E. KNOW.—And I fewer, sir ; I have scarce enough to thank you.

MAT.—But are you, indeed, sir, so given to it ?

STEP.—Ay, truly, sir, I am mightily given to melancholy.

MAT.—O, it's your only fine humor, sir; your true melancholy breeds your perfect fine wit, sir. I am melancholy myself, divers times sir, and then do I no more but take pen and paper, presently, and overflow you half a score, or a dozen of sonnets at a sitting.

E. KNOW.—Sure he utters them then by the gross. *[Aside.]*

STEP.—Truly, sir, and I love such things out of measure.

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MAT.—Why, I pray you, sir, make use of my study, it's at your service.

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MAT.—That I have, sir, and some papers there of mine own doing, at idle hours, that you'll say there's some sparks of wit in 'em, when you see them.

WEL.—Would the sparks would kindle once, and become a fire amongst them! I might see self-love burst from her heresy. *[Aside.]*

STEP.—Cousin, is it well? am I melancholy enough?

E. KNOW.—O ay, excellent.

WEL.—Captain Bobadill, why muse you so?

E. KNOW.—He is melancholy too.

BOB.—Faith, sir, I was thinking of a most honorable piece of service, was performed tomorrow, being at St. Mark's day, shall be some ten years now.

E. KNOW.—In what place, captain?

BOB.—Why, at the beleaguering of Strigonium, where, in less than two hours, seven hundred resolute gentleman, as any were in Europe, lost their lives upon the breach. I'll tell you, gentlemen, it was the first, but the best leaguer that ever I beheld with these eyes, except the taking in of — what do you call it?

last year, by the Genoways; but that, of all other, was the most fatal and dangerous exploit that ever I was ranged in, since I first bore arms before the face of the enemy, as I am a gentleman and a soldier!

STEP.—So! I had as lief as an angel I could swear as well as that gentleman.

E. KNOW.—Then, you were a servitor at both, it seems; at Strigonium, and what do you call't?

BOB.—O lord, sir! By St. George, I was the first man that entered the breach; and had I not effected it with resolution I had been slain if I had had a million of lives.

E. KNOW.—'Twas pity you had not ten; a cat's and your own, i'faith. But, was it possible?

MAT.—Pray you mark this discourse, sir.

STEP.—So I do.

BOB.—I assure you, upon my reputation, 'tis true, and yourself shall confess.

E. KNOW.—You must bring me to the rack first.

[*Aside.*

BOB.—Observe me judicially, sweet sir; they had planted me three demi-culverins just in the mouth of the breach; now, sir, as we were to give on, their master-gunner (a man of no mean skill and mark, you must think), confronts me with his linstock, ready to give fire; I, spying his intendment, discharged my petronel in his bosom, and with these single arms, my poor rapier, ran violently upon the Moors that guarded the ordnance, and put 'em pell-mell to the sword.

WEL.—To the sword! To the rapier, captain.

E. KNOW.—O, it was a good figure observed, sir: but did you all this, captain, without hurting your blade?

BOB.—Without any impeach o' the earth: you shall perceive, sir. [*Shews his rapier.*] It is the most fortunate weapon that ever rid on poor gentleman's thigh. Shall I tell you, sir?

You talk of Morglay, Excalibur, Durindana, or so; tut! I lend no credit to that is fabled of 'em: I know the virtue of mine own, and therefore I dare the boldier maintain it.

STEP.—I marle whether it be a Toledo or no. [sir.

BOB.—A most perfect Toledo, I assure you,

STEP.—I have a countryman of his here.

MAT.—Pray, you, let's see, sir: yes, faith it is.

BOB.—This a Toledo! Pish!

STEP.—Why do you pish, captain?

BOB.—A Fleming, by heaven! I'll buy them for a guilder a-piece, an I would have a thousand of them.

E. KNOW.—How say you, cousin? I told you thus much.

WEL.—Where bought you it, master Stephen?

STEP.—Of a scurvy rogue soldier: a hundred of lice go with him! He swore it was a Toledo.

BOB.—A poor provant rapier, no better.

MAT.—Mass, I think it be indeed, now I look on't better.

E. KNOW.—Nay, the longer you look on't, the worse. Put it up, put it up.

STEP.—Well, I will put it up; but by—I have forgot the captain's oath, I thought to have sworn by it—an e'er I meet him—

WEL.—O, it is past help now, sir; you must have patience.

STEP.—Whoreson, coney-catching rascal! I could eat the very hilts for anger.

E. KNOW.—A sign of good digestion; you have an ostrich stomach, cousin.

STEP.—A stomach! would I had him here, you should see an I had a stomach.

WEL.—It's better as it is.—Come, gentlemen, shall we go?

Enter BRAINWORM, disguised as before.

E. KNOW.—A miracle, cousin; look here, look here!

STEP.—Oh—od's lid ! By your leave, do you know me, sir ?

BRAI.—Ay, sir, I know you by sight.

STEP.—You sold me a rapier, did you not ?

BRAI.—Yes, marry did I, sir.

STEP.—You said it was a Toledo, ha ?

BRAI.—True, I did so.

STEP.—But it is none.

BRAI.—No, sir, I confess it ; it is none.

STEP.—Do you confess it ? Gentlemen, bear witness he has confest it :—Od's will, an you had not confest it——

E. KNOW.—Oh, cousin, forbear, forbear !

STEP.—Nay, I have done, cousin.

WEL.—Why, you have done like a gentleman ; he has confessed it, what would you more ?

STEP.—Yet, by his leave, he is a rascal, under his favor, do you see.

E. KNOW.—Ay, by his leave, he is, and under favor : a pretty piece of civility ! Sirrah, how dost thou like him ?

WEL.—Oh it's a most precious fool, make much on him ; I can compare him to nothing more happily than a drum ; for every one may play upon him.

E. KNOW.—No, no, a child's whistle were far the fitter.

BRAI.—Sir, shall I intreat a word with you ?

E. ENOW.—With me, sir ? you have have not another Toledo to sell, have you ?

BRAI.—You are conceited, sir : Your name is Master Knowell ; as I take it ?

E. KNOW.—You are in the right ; yon mean not to proceed in the catechism, do you ?

BRAI.—No, sir ; I am none of that coat.

E. KNOW.—Of as bare a coat, though : well, say, sir.

BRAI.—[*taking E. KNOW, aside.*] Faith, sir, I am but servant to the drum extraordinary, and indeed, this smoky varnish being washed off, and three or four patches removed, I appear

your worship's in reversion, after the decease of your good father, Brainworm.

E. KNOW.—Brainworm! 'Slight, what breath of a conjurer hath blown thee hither in the shape?

BRAI.—The breath of your letter, sir, this morning; the same that blew you to the Wind-mill, and your father after you.

E. KNOW.—My father!

BRAI.—Nay, never start, 'tis true; he has followed you over the fields by the foot, as you would do a hare in the snow.

E. KNOW.—Sirrah Wellbred, what shall we do, sirrah? my father is come over after me.

WEL.—Thy father! Where is he?

BRAI.—At justice Clement's house, in Coleman-street. where he but stays my return; and then——

WEL.—Who's this? Brainworm!

BRAI.—The same, sir.

WEL.—Why how, in the name of wit, com'st thou transmuted thus?

BRAI.—Faith, a device, a device; nay, for the love of reason, gentlemen, and avoiding the danger, stand not here; withdraw, and I'll tell you all.

WEL.—But art thou sure he will stay thy return?

BRAI.—Do I live, sir? what a question is that!

WEL.—We'll prorogue his expectation, then, a little: Brainworm, thou shalt go with us.—Come on, gentlemen.—Nay, I pray thee, sweet Ned, droop not; 'heart, an our wits be so wretchedly dull, that one old plodding brain can outstrip us all, would we were e'en prest to make porters of, and serve out the remnant of our days in Thames-street, or at Custom-house key, in a civil war against the carmen!

BRAI.—Amen, amen, amen, say I. *Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The OLD JEWRY. KITELY's Warehouse.**Enter KITELY and CASH.*

KIT.—What says he, Thomas? did you speak with him?

CASH.—He will expect you, sir, within this half hour.

KIT.—Has he the money, can you tell?

CASH.—Yes, sir, the money was brought in last night.

KIT.—O, that is well; fetch me my cloak, my cloak!— *[Exit CASH.]*

Stay, let me see, an hour to go and come;
 Ay, that will be the least; and then 'twill be
 An hour before I can dispatch with him,
 Or very near; well, I will say two hours.
 Two hours! ha! things never dreamt of yet,
 May be contrived, ay, and effected too,
 In two hours' absence; well, I will not go.
 Two hours! No, fleeing Opportunity,
 I will not give your subtilty that scope.
 Who will not judge him worthy to be robbed,
 That sets his doors wide open to a thief,
 And shews the felon where his treasure lies?
 Again, what earthy spirit but will attempt
 To taste the fruit of beauty's golden tree,
 When leaden sleep seals up the dragon's eyes?
 I will not go. Business, *go by* for once.
 No, beauty, no; you are of too good caract,
 To be left so, without a guard, or open.
 Your lustre, too, 'll inflame at any distance,
 Draw courtship to you, as a jet doth straws;
 Put motion in a stone, strike fire from ice,
 Nay, make a porter leap you with his burden.
 You must be then kept up, close, and well
 watched,
 For, give you opportunity, no quick-sand
 Devours or swallows swifter! He that lends
 His wife, if she be fair, or time or place,
 Compels her to be false. I will not go!
 The dangers are too many:—and then the
 dressing

Is a most main attractive ! Our great heads,
Within this city, never were in safety,
Since our wives wore these little caps : I'll
change 'em ; [more
I'll change 'em straight in mine : mine shall no
Wear three-piled acorns, to make my horns
ake.
Nor will I go ; I am resolved for that.

Re-enter CASH with a cloak.

Carry in my cloak again. Yet stay. Yet do,
too :

I'll defer going, on all occasions.

CASH.—Sir, Snare, your scrivener, will be
there with the bonds.

KIT.—That's true : fool on me ! I had clean
forgot it ; I must go. What's a clock ?

CASH.—Exchange-time, sir. [be here too,

KIT.—'Heart, then will Wellbred presently
With one or other of his loose consorts.

I am a knave, if I know what to say,
What course to take, or which way to resolve.

My brain, methinks, is like an hour-glass,
Wherein my imaginations run like sands,
Filling up time ; but then are turned and
turned :

So that I know not what to stay upon,
And less, to put in act.—It shall be so.

Nay, I dare build upon his secrecy,
He knows not to deceive me.—Thomas !

CASH.—Sir.

KIT.—Yet now I have bethought me too, I
will not.—Thomas, is Cob within ?

CASH.—I think he be, sir. [of him.

KIT.—But he'll prate too, there is no speech
No, there were no man on the earth to
Thomas,

If I durst trust him ; there is all the doubt.
But should he have a chink in him, I were
gone.

Lost in my fame for ever, talk for th' Ex-
change !

The manner he hath stood with, till this present,

Doth promise no such change : what should I fear then ? [once.

Well, come what will, I'll tempt my fortune
Thomas—you may deceive me, but, I hope—
Your love to me is more——

CASH.—Sir, if a servant's
Duty, with faith, may be called love you are
More than in hope, you are possess'd of it.

KIT.—I thank you heartily, Thomas : give
me your hand : [Thomas,
With all my heart, good Thomas. I have,
A secret to impart unto you—but, [up ;
When once you have it, I must seal your lips
So far I tell you. Thomas.

CASH.—Sir, for that——

KIT.—Nay, hear me out. Think I esteem
you, Thomas.

When I will let you in thus to my private.

It is a thing sits nearer to my crest,
Than thou art 'ware of, Thomas ; if thou
should'st

Reveal it, but——

CASH.—How, I reveal it ?

KIT.—Nay,
I do not think thou would'st ; but if thou
shouldst,

'Twere a great weakness.

CASH.—A great treachery :

Give it no other name.

KIT.—Thou wilt not do't, then ?

CASH.—Sir, if I do, mankind disclaim me
ever !

KIT.—He will not swear, he has some reservation,
[sure ;

Some concealed purpose, and close meaning
Else, being urged so much, how should he
choose

But lend an oath to all this protestation ?

He's no precisian, that I'm certain of,
Nor rigid Roman Catholic : he'll play

At fayles, and tick-tack ; I have heard him swear.

What should I think of it ? urge him again,
And by some other way ? I will do so.

Well, Thomas, thou hast sworn not to dis-
Yes, you did swear ? [close :—

CASH.—Not yet, sir, but I will,
Please you——

KIT.—No, Thomas, I dare take thy word,
But, if thou wilt swear, do as thou think'st
good ;

I am resolved without it ; at thy pleasure.

CASH.—By my soul's safety then, sir, I pro-
test, [word
My tongue shall ne'er take knowledge of a
Delivered me in nature of your trust.

KIT.—It is too much ; these ceremonies
need not :

I know thy faith to be as firm as rock.

Thomas, come hither, near ; we cannot be

Too private in this business. So it is.

—Now he has sworn, I dare the safelier ven-
ture. [Aside.

I have of late, by divers observations——

But whether his oath can bind him, yea, or no,
Being not taken lawfully ? ha ! say you ?

I will ask council ere I do proceed :— [Aside.

Thomas, it will be now too long to stay,

I'll spy some fitter time soon, or to-morrow.

CASH.—Sir, at your pleasure.

KIT.—I will think :—and, Thomas,
I pray you search the books 'gainst my return,
For the receipts 'twixt me and Traps.

CASH.—I will, sir.

KIT.—And hear you, if your mistress's
brother, Wellbred,
Chance to bring hither any gentleman,
Ere I come back, let one straightway bring me
word.

CASH.—Very well, sir.

KIT.—To the Exchange, do you hear ?
Or here in Coleman-street, to justice Clement's.
Forget it not, nor be not out of the way.

CASH.—I will not, sir.

KIT.—I pray you have a care on't.
Or, whether he come or no, if any other,
Stranger, or else ; fail not to send me word.

CASH.—I shall not, sir.

KIT.—Be it your special business
Now to remember it.

CASH.—Sir, I warrant you.

KIT.—But, Thomas, this is not the secret,
Thomas, I told you of.

CASH.—No, sir ; I do suppose it.

KIT.—Believe me, it is not.

CASH.—Sir, I do believe you.

KIT.—By heaven it is not, that's enough :
but, Thomas,
I would not you should utter it, do you see,
To any creature living ; yet I care not.
Well, I must hence. Thomas conceive thus
much ;

It was a trial of you, when I meant
So deep a secret to you, I mean not this,
But that I have to tell you ; this is nothing,
this.

But, Thomas, keep this from my wife, I charge
you

Lock'd up in silence, midnight, buried here.—
No greater hell than to be slave to fear. [*Exit.*

CASH.—*Locked up in silence, midnight, buried
here !*

Whence should this flood of passion, trow,
take head ? ha !

Best dream no longer of this running humor,
For fear I sink ; the violence of the stream
Already hath transported me so far,
That I can feel no ground at all : but soft—
Oh, 'tis our water-bearer : somewhat has crost
him now.

Enter COB, hastily.

COB.—Fasting-days ! what tell you me of
fasting-days ? 'Slid, would they were all on a
light fire for me ! they say the whole world

shall be consumed with fire one day, but would I had these Ember weeks and villanous Fridays burnt in the mean time, and then——

CASH.—Why, how now, Cob? what moves thee to this choler, ha?

COB.—Collar, master Thomas! I scorn your collar, I, sir; I am none o' your cart-horse, though I carry and draw water. An you offer to ride me with your collar or halter either, I may hap show you a jade's trick, sir.

CASH.—O, you'll slip your head out of the collar? why, goodman Cob, you mistake me.

COB.—Nay, I have my rheum, and I can be angry as well as another, sir.

CASH.—Thy rheum, Cob! thy humor, thy humor—thou mistak'st.

COB.—Humor! mack, I think it be so indeed; what is that humor? some rare thing, I warrant.

CASH.—Marry I'll tell thee, Cob: it is a gentleman-like monster, bred in the special gallantry of our time, by affectation; and fed by folly.

COB.—How? must it be fed?

CASH.—Oh, ay, humor is nothing if it be not fed; didst thou never hear that? it's a common phrase, *feed my humor*.

COB.—I'll none on it: humor, avaunt! I know you not, be gone! let who will make hungry meals for your monstership, it shall not be I. Feed you, quoth he! 'slid, I have much ado to feed myself; especially on these lean rascally days too; an't had been any other day but a fasting-day—a plague on them all for me! By this light, one might have done the commonwealth good service, and have drowned them all in the flood, two or three hundred thousand years ago. O, I do stomach them hugely. I have a maw now, an't were for sir Bevis his horse, against them.

CASH.—I pray thee, good Cob, what makes thee so out of love with fasting-days?

COB.—Marry, that which will make any man

out of love with 'em, I think; their bad conditions an you will needs know. First, they are of a Flemish breed, I am sure on't, for they raven up more butter than all the days of the week beside; next, they stink of fish and leek-porridge miserably; thirdly, they'll keep a man devoutly hungry all day, and at night send him supperless to bed.

CASH.—Indeed, these are faults, Cob.

COB.—Nay, an this were all, twere something; but they are the only known enemies to my generation. A fasting-day no sooner comes, but my lineage goes to wrack; poor cobs! they smoak for it, they are made martyrs o' the grid-iron, they melt in passion: and your maids too know this, and yet would have me turn Hannibal, and eat my own flesh and blood. My princely coz, [*pulls out a red herring*] fear nothing; I have not the heart to devour you, an I might be made as rich as king Cophetua. O that I had room for my tears, I could weep salt water enough now to preserve the lives of ten thousand thousand of my kin! But I may curse none but these filthy almanacks; for an't were not for them, these days of persecution would never be known. I'll be hanged an some fishmonger's son do not make of 'em, and puts in more fasting-days than he should do, because he would utter his father's dried stock-fish and stinking conger.

CASH.—'Slight peace! thou'lt be beaten like a stock fish else: Here's Master Mathew.

Enter WELLBRED, E. KNOWELL, BRAINWORM, MATHEW, BOBADILL, *and* STEPHEN.

Now must I look out for a messenger to my master.

Exit with COB.

WEL.—Beshrew me, but it was an absolute good jest, and exceedingly well carried!

E. KNOW.—Ay, and our ignorance maintained it as well, did it not?

WEL.—Yes, faith ; but it was possible thou shouldst not know him ? I forgive master Stephen, for he is stupidity itself.

E. KNOW.—'Fore God, not I, an I might have been joined patten with one of the seven wise masters for knowing him. He had so writhen himself into the habit of one your poor infantry, your decayed, ruinous, worm-eaten gentlemen of the round ; such as have vowed to sit on the skirts of the city, let your provost and his half-dozen of halberdiers do what they can ; and have translated begging out of the old hackney-pace to a fine easy amble, and made it run as smooth off the tongue as a shove-groat shilling. Into the likeness of one of these reformados had he moulded himself so perfectly, observing every trick of their action, as varying the accent, swearing with an emphasis, indeed, all with so special and exquisite a grace, that hadst thou seen him, thou wouldst have sworn he might have been serjeant-major, if not lieutenant-coronel to the regiment.

WEL.—Why, Brainworm, who would have thought thou hadst been such an artificer ?

E. KNOW.—An artificer ! an architect. Except a man had studied begging all his life time, and been a weaver of language from his infancy for the cloathing of it, I never saw his rival.

WEL.—Where got'st thou this coat, I marle ?

BRAI.—Of a Houndsditch man, sir, one of the devil's near kinsmen, a broker.

WEL.—That cannot be, if the proverb hold ; for *A crafty knave needs no broker.*

BRAI.—True, sir ; but I did *need a broker, ergo—*

WEL.—Well put off : *no crafty knave*, you'll say.

E. KNOW.—Tut, he has more of these shifts.

BRAI.—And yet, where I have one, the broker has ten, sir.

Re-enter CASH.

CASH.—Francis! Martin! ne'er a one to be found now? What a spite's this!

WEL.—How, now, 'Thomas? Is my brother Kitley within?

CASH.—No, sir, my master went forth e'en now; but master Downright is within.—Cob! What, Cob! Is he gone too?

WEL.—Whither went your master, Thomas, canst thou tell?

CASH.—I know not: to justice Clement's, I think, sir—Cob! *[Exit.*

E. KNOW.—Justice Clement! What's he?

WEL.—Why, dost thou not know him? He is a city-magistrate, a justice here, an excellent good lawyer, and a great scholar; but the only mad, merry old fellow in Europe. I showed him you the other day.

E. KNOW.—O, is that he? I remember him now. Good faith, and he is a very strange presence, methinks; it shews as if he stood out of the rank from other men: I have heard many of his jests in the University, They say he will commit a man for taking the wall of his horse.

WEL.—Ay, or wearing his cloak on one shoulder, or serving of God; any thing, indeed, if it come in the way of his humor.

Re-enter CASH.

CASH.—Gasper! Martin! Cob! 'Heart, where should they be, trow?

BOB.—Master Kitley's man, pray thee vouchsafe us the lighting of this match.

CASH.—Fire on your match! no time but now to *vouchsafe*?—Francis! Cob! *[Exit.*

BOB.—Body 'o me! here's the remainder of seven pound since yesterday was seven-night. 'Tis your right Trinidado: did you never take any, master Stephen?

STEP.—No, truly, sir; but I'll learn to take it now, since you commend it so.

BOB.—Sir, believe me, upon my relation for what I tell you, the world shall not reprove. I have been in the Indies, where this herb grows, where neither myself, nor a dozen gentlemen more of my knowledge, have received the taste of any other nutriment in the world, for the space of one-and-twenty weeks, but the fume of this simple only: therefore, it cannot be, but 'tis most divine. Further, take it in the nature, in the true kind; so, it makes an antidote, that, had you taken the most deadly poisonous plant in all Italy, it should expel it, and clarify you, with as much ease as I speak. And for your green wound,—your Balsamum and your St. John's wort, are all mere gulleries and trash to it, especially your Trinidado: your Nicotian is good too. I could say what I know of the virtue of it, for the expulsion of rheums, raw humors, crudities, obstructions, with a thousand of this kind; but I profess myself no quacksalver. Only thus much; by Hercules, I do hold it, and will affirm it before any prince in Europe, to be the most sovereign and precious weed that ever the earth tendered to the use of man.

E. KNOW.—This speech would have done decently in a tobacco-trader's mouth.

Re-enter CASH with COB.

CASH.—At justice Clement's he is, in the middle of Coleman-street.

COB.—Oh, Oh!

BOB.—Where's the match I gave thee, master Kitley's man?

CASH.—Would his match and he, and pipe and all, were at Sancto Domingo! I had forgot it. *Exit.*

COB.—Ods me me, I marle what pleasure or felicity they have in taking this roguish tobacco. It's good for nothing but to choke a man, and fill him full of smoke and embers: there were four died out of one house last week with tak-

ing of it, and two more the bell went for yesterday; one of them, they say, will never scape it: he voided a bushel of soot yesterday, upward and downward. By the stocks, an there were no wiser men than I, I'd have it present whipping, man or woman, that should but deal with a tobacco-pipe: why, it will stifle them all in the end, as many as use it; it's little better than ratsbane or rosaker.

[BOBADLL *beats him.*

ALL.—Oh, good captain, hold, hold!

BOB.—You base cullion, you!

Re-enter CASH.

CASH.—Sir, here's your match.—Come, thou must needs be talking too; thou'rt well enough served.

COB.—Nay, he will not meddle with his match, I warrant you: well, it shall be a dear beating, an I live.

BOB.—Do you prate, do you murmur?

E. KNOW.—Nay, good captain, will you regard the humor of a fool? Away, knave.

WEL.—Thomas, get him away.

[*Exit CASH with COB.*

BOB.—A whoreson filthy slave, a dung-worm, an excrement! Body o' Cæsar, but that I scorn to let forth so mean a spirit, I'd have stabbed him to the earth.

WEL.—Marry, the law forbid, sir!

BOB.—By Pharaoh's foot, I would have done it.

STEP.—Oh, he swears most admirably! By Pharaoh's foot! Body o' Cæsar!—I shall never do it, sure. Upon mine honor, and by St. George! No, I have not the right grace.

MAT.—Master Stephen, will you any? By this air, the most divine tobacco that ever I drunk.

STEP.—None, I thank you, sir. O, this gentleman does it rarely too, but nothing like the other. By this air! [*practices at the post.*] As

I am a gentleman! By—— [*Exeunt BOB and MAT.*]

BRAI.—[*pointing to MASTER STEPHEN.*] Master, glance, glance! Master Wellbred!

STEP.—As I have somewhat to be saved, I protest —

WEL.—You are a fool; it needs no affidavit.

E. KNOW.—Cousin, will you any tobacco?

STEP.—I, sir! Upon my reputation ——

E. KNOW.—How now, cousin!

STEP.—I protest, as I am a gentleman, but no soldier, indeed——

WEL.—No, master Stephen! As I remember, your name is entered in the artillery-garden.

STEP.—Ay, sir, that's true. Cousin, may I swear, as I am a soldier, by that?

E. KNOW.—O yes, that you may; it is all you have for your money.

STEP.—Then, as I am a gentleman, and a soldier, it is “divine tobacco!”

WEL.—But soft, where's master Mathew? Gone?

BRAI.—No, sir; they went in here.

WEL.—O, let's follow them: master Mathew is gone to salute his mistress in verse; we shall have the happiness to hear some of his poetry now; he never comes unfurnished.—Brainworm!

STEP.—Brainworm! Where? Is this Brainworm?

E. KNOW.—Ay, cousin; no words of it, upon your gentility.

STEP.—Not I, body of me! By this air! St. George! and the foot of Pharaoh!

WEL.—Rare! Your cousin's discourse is simply drawn out with oaths.

E. KNOW.—'Tis larded with them; a kind of French dressing, if you love it. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—COLEMAN-STREET. *A Room in
JUSTICE CLEMENT'S House**Enter KITELY and COB.*

KIT.—Ha ! how many are there, say'st thou ?

COB.—Marry, sir, your brother, Master Wellbred—

KIT.—Tut, beside him : what strangers are there, man ?

COB.—Strangers ! Let me see, one, two ; mass, I know not well, there are so many.

KIT.—How ! so many !

COB.—Ay, there's some five or six of them at the most.

KIT.—A swarm, a swarm !

Spite of the devil how they sting my head
With forked stings, thus wide and large ! But,
Cob,

How long hast thou been coming hither, Cob ?

COB.—A little while, sir.

KIT.—Didst thou come running ?

COB.—No, sir.

KIT.—Nay, then I am familiar with thy
haste.Bane to my fortunes ! What meant I to marry ?
I, that before was ranked in such content,
My mind at rest too, in so soft a peace,
Being free master of mine own free thoughts,
And now become a slave ? What ! never sigh ;
Be of good cheer, man ; for thou art a cuckold :
T'is done, 'tis done ! Nay, when such flowing
store,Plenty itself, falls into my wife's lap,
The cornucopiæ will be mine, I know,—
But, Cob,What entertainment had they ? I am sure .
My sister and my wife would bid them wel-
come : ha ?COB.—Like enough, sir ; yet I heard not a
word of it.

KIT.—No ;

Their lips were sealed with kisses, and the
voice,

Drowned in a flood of joy at their arrival,
Had lost her motion, state and faculty.—

Cob,

Which of them was it that first kiss'd my wife,
My sister, I should say?—My wife, alas!
I fear not her: ha! who was it say'st thou?

COB.—By my troth, sir, will you have the
truth of it?

KIT.—Oh, ay, good Cob, I pray thee heartily.

COB.—Then I am a vagabond, and fitter for
Bridewell than your worship's company, if I
saw anybody to be kiss'd, unless they would
have kiss'd the post in the middle of the ware-
house; for there I left them all at their tobacco,
with a pox!

KIT.—How! were they not gone in then ere
thou cam'st?

COB.—O no, sir.

KIT.—Spite of the devil! what do I stay
here then? Cob, follow me. *[Exit.*

COB.—Nay, soft and fair; I have eggs on
the spit; I cannot go yet, sir. Now am I, for
some five and fifty reasons, hammering, ham-
mering revenge: oh for three or four gallons
of vinegar, to sharpen my wits! Revenge,
vinegar revenge, vinegar and mustard revenge!
Nay, an he had not lien in my house, 'twould
never have grieved me; but being my guest,
one that, I'll be sworn, my wife has lent him
her smock off her back, while his own shirt has
been at washing: pawned her neck-kerchers
for clean bands for him; sold almost all my
platters, to buy him tobacco; and he to turn
monster of ingratitude, and strike his lawful
host! Well, I hope to raise up an host of fury
for't: here comes justice Clement.

Enter JUSTICE CLEMENT, KNOWELL, and FOR-
MAL.

CLEM.—What's master Kitley gone, Roger?

FORM.—Ay, sir.

CLEM.—'Heart o' me ! what made him leave us so abruptly ?—How now, sirrah ! what make you here ? what would you have, ha ?

COB.—An't please your worship, I am a poor neighbor of your worship's —

CLEM.—A poor neighbor of mine ! Why, speak, poor neighbor.

COB.—I dwell, sir, at the sign of the Water-tankard, hard by the Green Lattice : I have paid scot and lot there any time this eighteen years.

CLEM.—To the Green Lattice ?

COB.—No, sir, to the parish : Marry, I have seldom 'scaped scot-free at the Lattice.

CLEM.—O, well ; what business has my poor neighbor with me ?

COB.—An't like your worship, I am come to crave the peace of your worship.

CLEM.—Of me, knave ! Peace of me, knave ! Did I ever hurt thee, or threaten thee, or wrong thee, ha ?

COB.—No, sir ; but your worship's warrant for one that has wrong'd me, sir : his arms are at too much liberty, I would fain have them bound to a treaty of peace, an my credit could compass it with your worship.

CLEM.—Thou goest far enough about for't, I am sure.

KNOW.—Why, dost thou go in danger of thy life for him, friend ?

COB.—No, sir ; but I go in danger of my death every hour, by his means ; an I die within a twelvemonth, and a day, I may swear by the law of the land that he killed me.

CLEM.—How, how, knave, swear he killed thee, and by the law ? What pretence, what color hast thou for that ?

COB.—Marry, an't please your worship, both black and blue ; color enough, I warrant you. I have it here to show your worship.

CLEM.—What is he that gave you this, sirrah ?

COB.—A gentlemen and a soldier, he says, he is, of the city here.

CLEM.—A soldier of the city! What call you him?

COB.—Captain Bobadill.

CLEM.—Bobadill! and why did he bob and beat you, sirrah? How began the quarrel betwixt you, ha? speak truly, knave, I advise you.

COB.—Marry, indeed, an't please your worship, only because I spake against their vagrant tobacco, as I came by them when they were taking on't; for nothing else.

CLEM.—Ha! you speak against tobacco? Formal, his name.

FORM.—What's your name, sirrah!

COB.—Oliver, sir, Oliver Cob, sir.

CLEM.—Tell Oliver Cob he shall go to the jail, Formal.

FORM.—Oliver Cob, my master, justice Clement, says you shall go to the jail.

COB.—O, I beseech your worship, for God's sake, dear master justice!

CLEM.—'Spreck us! an such drunkards and tankards as you are, come to dispute of tobacco once, I have done: Away with him!

COB.—O, good master justice! Sweet old gentleman!

[To KNOWELL.

KNOW.—"Sweet Oliver," would I could do thee any good!—justice Clement, let me intreat you, sir.

CLEM.—What! a thread-bare rascal, a beggar, a slave that never drunk out of better than piss-pot metal in his life! and he to deprave and abuse the virtue of an herb so generally received in the courts of princes, the chambers of nobles, the bowers of sweet ladies, the cabins of soldiers!—Roger, away with him! Od's precious —— I say, go to.

COB.—Dear master justice, let me be beaten again, I have deserved it; but not the prison, I beseech you.

KNOW.—Alas, poor Oliver !

CLEM.—Roger, make him a warrant :—he shall not go, I but fear the knave.

FORM.—Do not stink, sweet Oliver, you shall not go ; my master will give you a warrant.

COB.—O, the lord maintain his worship, his worthy worship !

CLEM.—Away, dispatch him. [*Exeunt FORM and COB.*] How now, master Knowell, in dumps, in dumps ! Come, this becomes not.

KNOW.—Sir, would I could not feel my cares.

CLEM.—Your cares are nothing : they are like my cap, soon put on, and as soon put off. What ! your son is old enough to govern himself ; let him run his course, it's the only way to make him a staid man. If he were an unthrift, a ruffian, a drunkard, or a licentious liver, then you had reason ; you had reason to take care ; but, being none of these, mirth's my witness, an I had twice so many cares as you have, I'd drown them all in a cup of sack. Come, come, let's try it : I muse your parcel of a soldier returns not all this while. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Room in KIT 's House.*

Enter DOWNRIGHT and DAME KITELY.

DOWN.—Well, sister, I tell you true ; and you'll find it so in the end.

DAME K.—Alas, brother, what would you have me to do ? I cannot help it ; you see my brother brings them in here ; they are his friends.

DOWN.—His friends ! his fiends. 'Slud ! they do nothing but haunt him up and down

like a sort of unlucky spirits, and tempt him to all manner of villainy that can be thought of. Well, by this light, a little thing would make me play the devil with some of them : an 'twere not more for your husband's sake than any thing else, I'd make the house too hot for the best on em ; they should say, and swear, hell were broken loose, ere they went hence. But, by God's will, 'tis nobody's fault but yours ; for an you had done as you might have done, they should have been par boiled, and baked too, every mother's son, ere they should have come in, e'er one of them.

DAME K.—God's my life ! did you ever hear the like ? what a strange man is this ! Could I keep out all them, think you ? I should put myself against half a dozen men, should I ? Good faith, you'd mad the patient'st body in the world, to hear you talk so, without any sense or reason.

Enter MISTRESS BRIDGET, MASTER MATHEW' and BOBADILL ; followed, at a distance by WELLBRED, E. KNOWELL, STEPHEN, and BRAINWORM,

BRID.—Servant, in troth you are too prodigal
Of your wit's treasure, thus to pour it forth
Upon so mean a subject as my worth.

MAT.—You say well, mistress, and I mean as well.

DOWN.—Hoy-day, here is stuff !

WEL.—O, now stand close ; pray Heaven, she can get him to read ! he should do it of his own natural impudency.

BRID.—Servant, what is this same, I pray you ?

MAT.—Marry, an elegy, an elegy, an odd toy—

DOWN.—To mock an ape withal ! O, I could sew up his mouth, now.

DAME K.—Sister, I pray you let's hear it.

DOWN.—Are you rhyme-given too ?

MAT.—Mistress, I'll read it if you please.

BRID.—Pray you do, servant.

DOWN.—O, here's no foppery! Death! I can endure the stocks better. [*Exit.*]

E. KNOW.—What ails thy brother? can he not hold his water at reading of a ballad?

WEL.—O, no; a rhyme to him is worse than cheese, or a bag-pipe; but mark; you lose the protestation.

MAT.—Faith, I did it in a humor; I know not how it is; but please you come near, sir. This gentleman has judgment, he knows how to censure of a——pray you, sir, you can judge.

STEP.—Not I, sir; upon my reputation, and by the foot of Pharaoh!

WEL.—O, chide your cousin for swearing.

E. KNOW.—Not I, so long as he does not forswear himself.

BOB.—Master Mathew, you abuse the expectation of your dear mistress, and her fair sister: fie! while you live avoid this prolixity.

MAT.—I shall, sir; well, *incipere dulce*.

E. KNOW.—How! *insipere dulce*! a sweet thing to be a fool, indeed.

WEL.—What, do you take *incipere* in that sense?

E. KNOW.—You do not, you! This was your villainy, to gull him with a motte.

WEL.—O, the benchers' phrase: *pauca verba, pauca verba*!

MAT.—*Rare creature, let me speak without offence,*

*Would God my rude words had the influence
To rule thy thoughts, as thy fair looks do mine,
Then shouldst thou be his prisoner, who is thine.*

E. KNOW.—This is in Hero and Leander.

WEL.—O, ay; peace, we shall have more of this.

MAT.—*Be not unkind and fair: misshapen stuff*

Is of behavior boisterous and rough.

WEL.—How like you that sir?

[MASTER STEPHEN shakes his head.]

E. KNOW.—'Slight, he shakes his head like a bottle, to feel an there be any brain in it.

MAT.—But observe the catastrophe, now :

*And I in duty will exceed all other,
As you in beauty do excel Love's mother.*

E. KNOW.—Well, I'll have him free of the wit-brokers, for he utters nothing but stolen remnants.

WEL.—O, forgive it him.

E. KNOW.—A filching rogue, hang him !—and from the dead ! it's worse than sacrilege.

WELBRED, E. KNOWELL, *and* MASTER STEPHEN,
come forward

WEL.—Sister, what have you here, verses ? pray you let's see : who made these verses ? they are excellent good.

MAT.—O, Master Wellbred, 'tis your disposition to say so, sir. They were good in the morning ; I made them *ex tempore* this morning.

WEL.—How ! *ex tempore* ?

MAT.—Ay, would I might be hanged else ; ask Captain Bodadill : he saw me write them, at the——pox on it !—the Star yonder.

BRAI.—Can he find in his heart to curse the stars so ?

E. KNOW.—Faith, his are even with him ; they have curst him enough already.

STEP.—Cousin, how do you like this gentleman's verses ?

E. KNOW.—O admirable ! the best that ever I heard, coz.

STEP.—Body o' Cæsar, they are admirable ! the best that I ever heard, as I am a soldier !

Re-enter DOWNRIGHT.

DOWN.—I am vext, I can hold ne'er a bone of me still : Heart, I think they mean to build and breed here.

WEL.—Sister, you have a simple servant

here, that crowns your beauty with such encomiums and devices ; you may see what it is to be the mistress of a wit, that can make your perfections so transparent, that every blear eye may look through them, and see him drowned over head and ears in the deep well of desire : Sister Kately, I marvel you get you not a servant that can rhyme, and do tricks too.

DOWN.—O, monster ! impudence itself ! tricks !

DAME K.—Tricks, brother ! what tricks !

BRID.—Nay, speak, I pray you, what tricks ?

DAME K.—Ay, never spare any body here ; but say, what tricks.

BRID.—Passion of my heart, do tricks !

WEL.—'Slight, here's a trick vied and revied ! Why, you monkeys, you, what a cater-wauling do you keep ! has he not given you rhimes and verses and tricks ?

DOWN.—O, the fiend !

WEL.—Nay, you lamp of virginity, that take it in snuff so, come, and cherish this tame poetical fury in your servant ; you'll be begged else shortly for a concealment : go to, reward his muse. You cannot give him less than a shilling in conscience, for the book he had it out of cost him a teston at least. How now, gallants ! Master Mathew ! Captain ! what, all sons of silence, no spirit ?

DOWN.—Come, you might practise your ruffian tricks somewhere else, and not here, I wuss ; this is no tavern nor drinking-school, to vent your exploits in.

WEL.—How now ; whose cow has calved ?

DOWN.—Marry, that has mine, sir. Nay, boy, never look askance at me for the matter ; I'll tell you of it, I, sir ; you and your companions mend yourselves when I have done.

WEL.—My companions !

DOWN.—Yes, sir, your companions, so I say ; I am not afraid of you, nor them neither ; your hang-byes here. You must have your poets and your potlings, your soldados and foolados

to follow you up and down the city; and here they must come to domineer and swagger. Sirrah, you ballad-singer, and slops your fellow there, get you out, get you home; or by this steel, I'll cut off your ears, and that presently.

WEL.—'Slight, stay, let's see what he dare do; cut off his ears! cut a whetstone. You are an ass, do you see; touch any man here, and by this hand I'll run my rapier to the hilts in you.

DOWN.—Yea, that would I fain see, boy.

[*They all draw.*]

DAME K.—O Jesu! murder! Thomas! Gasper!

BRID.—Help, help! Thomas!

Enter CASH and some of the house to part them.

E. KNOW.—Gentlemen, forbear, I pray you.

BOB.—Well, sirrah, you Holofernes; by my hand, I will pink your flesh full of holes with my rapier for this; I will, by this good heaven! nay, let him come, let him come, gentlemen; by the body of St. George, I'll not kill him.

[*Offer to fight again, and are parted.*]

CASH.—Hold, hold, good gentlemen.

DOWN.—You whoreson, bragging coystril!

Enter KITELY.

KIT.—Why, how now! what's the matter, what's the stir here? [is he?

Whence springs the quarrel? Thomas! where Put up your weapons, and put off this rage:

My wife and sister, they are cause of this.

What, Thomas! where is this knave?

CASH.—Here, sir.

WEL.—Come, let's go: this is one of my brother's ancient humors, this.

STEP.—I am glad nobody was hurt by his ancient humor.

[*Exeunt WEL, STEP., E. KNO., BOB, and BRAI.*]

KIT.—Why, how now, brother, who enforced this brawl?

DOWN.—A sort of lewd rake-hells, that care neither for God nor the devil. And they must come here to read ballads, and roguery, and trash! I'll mar the knot of 'em ere I sleep, perhaps; especially Bob there, he that's all manner of shapes; and songs and sonnets, his fellow.

BRID.—Brother, indeed you are too violent, Too sudden in your humor: and you know My brother Wellbred's temper will not bear Any reproof, chiefly in such a presence, Where every slight disgrace he should receive Might wound him in opinion and respect.

DOWN.—Respect! what talk you of respect among such, as have no spark of manhood, nor good manners? 'Sdeins, I am ashamed to hear you! respect! *[Exit.]*

BRID.—Yes, there was one a civil gentleman, And very worthily demeaned himself.

KIT.—O, that was some love of yours, sister.

BRID.—A love of mine! I would it were no worse, brother;

You'd pay my portion sooner than you think for.

DAME K.—Indeed he seemed to be a gentleman, of an exceeding fair disposition, and of very excellent good parts.

[Exeunt DAME KITELY and BRIDGET.]

KIT.—Her love, by heaven! my wife's mission.

Fair disposition! excellent good parts!

Death! these phrases are intolerable.

Good parts! how should she know his parts?

His parts! Well, well, well, well, well, well;

It is too plain, too clear: Thomas, come hither.

What, are they gone?

CASH.—Ay, sir, they went in.

My mistress, and your sister——

KIT.—Are any of the gallants within?

CASH.—No, sir, they are all gone.

KIT.—Art thou sure of it?

CASH.—I can assure you, sir.

KIT.—What gentleman was that they praised so, Thomas ?

CASH.—One, they call him Master Knowell, a handsome young gentleman, sir.

KIT.—Ay, I thought so ; my mind gave me as much :

I'll die, but they have hid him in the house,
Somewhere ; I'll go and search ; go with me,
Thomas :

Be true to me, and thou shalt find me a master.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The Lane before COB's House.*

Enter COB.

COB.—[*knocks at the door.*] What, Tib ! Tib, I say !

TIB.—[*within.*] How now, what cuckold is that knocks so hard ?

Enter TIB.

O, husband ! is it you ? What's the news ?

COB.—Nay, you have stunn'd me, i'faith ; you have given me a knock o' the forehead will stick by me. Cuckold ! 'Slid, cuckold !

TIB.—Away, you fool ! did I know it was you that knocked ? Come, come, you may call me as bad when you list.

COB.—May I ? Tib, you are a whore.

TIB.—You lie in your throat, husband.

COB.—Wow, the lie ! and in my throat too ! do you long to be stabbed, ha ?

TIB.—Why, you are no soldier, I hope.

COB.—O, must you be stabbed by a soldier ? Mass, that's true ! when was Bobadill here, your captain ? that rogue, that foist, that fencing Burgullion ? I'll tickle him, i'faith.

TIB.—Why, what's the matter, trow ?

COB.—O, he has basted me rarely, sumptuously ! but I have it here in black and white, [*pulls out the warrant,*] for his black and blue, shall pay him. O, the justice, the honestest

old brave Trojan in London; I do honor the very flea of his dog. A plague on him, though, he put me once in a villanous filthy fear; marry, it vanished away like the smoke of tobacco; but I was smoked soundly first. I thank the devil, and his good angel, my guest. Well, wife, or Tib, which you will, get you in, and lock the door; I charge you let nobody in to you, wife; nobody in to you; those are my words: not Captain Bob himself, nor the fiend in his likeness. You are a woman, you have flesh and blood enough in you to be tempted; therefore keep the door shut upon all comers.

TIB.—I warrant you there shall nobody enter here without my consent.

COB.—Nor with your consent, sweet Tib; and so I leave you.

TIB.—It's more than you know, whether you leave me so.

COB.—How?

TIB.—Why, *sweet*.

COB.—Tut, sweet or sour, thou art a flower. Keep close thy door, I ask no more. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*A room in the Windmill Tavern.*

Enter E. KNOWELL, WELLBRED, STEPHEN, and BRAINWORM, disguised as before.

E. KNOW.—Well, Brainworm, perform this business happily, and thou makest a purchase of my love forever.

WEL.—I'faith, now let thy spirits use their best faculties: but, at any hand, remember the message to my brother; for there's no other means to start him.

BRAI.—I warrant you, sir; fear nothing; I have a nimble soul has waked all forces of my phant'sie by this time, and put them in true motion. What you have possess me withal, I'll discharge it amply, sir; make it no question.
[*Exit.*]

WEL.—Forth, and prosper, Brainworm. Faith, Ned, how dost thou approve of my abilities in this device?

E. KNOW.—Troth, well, howsoever; but it will come excellent if it take.

WEL.—Take, man! why it cannot choose but take, if the circumstances miscarry not: but, tell me ingenuously, dost thou affect my sister Bridget as thou pretend'st?

E. KNOW.—Friend, am I worth belief?

WEL.—Come, do not protest. In faith, she is a maid of good ornament, and much modesty; and, except I conceived very worthily of her, thou should'st not have her.

E. KNOW.—Nay, that I am afraid will be a question yet, whether I shall have her, or no.

WEL.—'Slid, thou shalt have her; by this light thou shalt.

E. KNOW.—Nay, do not swear.

WEL.—By this hand thou shalt have her; I'll go fetch her presently. 'Point but where to meet, and as I am an honest man I'll bring her.

E. KNOW.—Hold, hold, be temperate.

WEL.—Why, by——what shall I swear by? thou shalt have her as I am——

E. KNOW.—Praythee, be at peace, I am satisfied; and do believe thou wilt omit no offered occasion to make my desires complete.

WEL.—Thou shalt see, and know, I will not.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*The Old Jewry.*

Enter FORMAL and KNOWELL.

FORM.—Was your man a soldier, sir?

KNOW.—Ay, a knave,
I took him begging o' the way, this morning,
As I came over Moorfields.

Enter BRAINWORM, disguised as before.

O, here he is!—you've made fair speed, believe me!

Where, in the name of sloth, could you be thus?

BRAI.—Marry, peace be my comfort, where I thought I should have had little comfort of your worship's service.

KNOW.—How so?

BRAI.—O, sir, your coming to the city, your entertainment of me, and your sending me to watch——indeed all the circumstances either of your charge, or my employment, are as open to your son, as to yourself.

KNOW.—How should that be, unless that villain, Brainworm, Have told him of the letter, and discovered All that I strictly charged him to conceal? 'Tis so.

BRAI.—I am partly o' the faith, 'tis so indeed.

KNOW.—But, how should he know thee to be my man?

BRAI.—Nay, sir, I cannot tell; unless it be by the black art. Is not your son a scholar sir?

KNOW.—Yes, but I hope his soul is not allied Unto such hellish practice: if it were, I had just cause to weep my part in him, And curse the time of his creation. But where didst thou find them, Fitz-Sword?

BRAI.—You should rather ask where they found me, sir; for I'll be sworn, I was going along in the street, thinking nothing, when, of a sudden, a voice calls, *Mr. Knowell's man!* another cries, *Soldier!* and thus half a dozen of them, till they had called me within a house, where I no sooner came, but they seemed men, and out flew all their rapiers at my bosom, with some three or four score oaths to accompany them; and all to tell me, I was but a dead man, if I did not confess where you were, and how I was employed, and about what; which when they could not get out of me, (as I protest, they must have dissected, and made an anatomy of me first, and so I told them,) they locked me

up into a room in the top of a high house, whence by great miracle (having a light heart) I slid down by a bottom of packthread into the street, and so 'scaped. But, sir, thus much I can assure you, for I heard it while I was locked up, there were a great many rich merchants and brave citizens' wives with them at a feast; and your son, master Edward, withdrew with one of them, and has 'pointed to meet her anon at one Cob's house, a water-bearer, that dwells by the Wall. Now there your worship shall be sure to take him, for there he preys and fail he will not.

KNOW.—Nor will I fail to break his match, doubt not.

Go thou along with justice Clement's man. And stay there for me. At one Cob's house, sayst thou?

BRAI.—Ay, sir, there you shall have him. [*Exit KNOW.*] Yes—invisible! Much wench, or much son! 'Slight, when he has staid there three or four hours, travailling with the expectation of wonders, and at length be delivered of air! O the sport that I should then take to look on him, if I durst! But now I mean to appear no more afore him in this shape: I have another trick to act yet. O that I were so happy as to light on a nupson now of this justice's novice!—Sir, I make you stay somewhat long.

FORM.—Not a whit, sir. Pray you what do you mean, sir?

BRAI.—I was putting up some papers.

FORM.—You have been lately in the wars, sir, it seems.

BRAI.—Marry have I sir, to my loss, and expense of ail, almost.

FORM.—T'roth, sir, I would be glad to bestow a pottle of wine on you, if it please you to accept it—

BRAI.—O, sir——

FORM.—But to hear the manner of your services, and your devices in the wars; they say

they be very strange, and not like those a man reads in the Roman histories, or sees at Mile-end.

BRAI.—No, I assure you, sir; why at any time when it please you, I shall be ready to discourse to you all I know;—and more too somewhat. *[Aside.*

FORM.—No better time than now, sir; we'll go to the Windmill: there we shall have a cup of neat grist, we call it. I pray you, sir, let me request you to the Windmill.

BRAI.—I'll follow you, sir;—and make grist of you, if I have good luck. *[Aside.] [Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—MOORFIELDS.

Enter MATHEW, E. KNOWELL, BOBADILL, and STEPHEN.

MAT.—Sir, did your eyes ever taste the like clown of him where we were to-day, Mr. Well-bred's half brother? I think the whole earth cannot shew his parallel, by this daylight.

E. KNOW.—We were now speaking of him: captain Bobadill tells me he has fallen foul of you too.

MAT.—O, ay, sir, he threatened me with the bastinado.

BOB.—Ay, but I think, I taught you prevention this morning, for that: You shall kill him beyond question; if you be so generously minded.

MAT.—Indeed, it is a most excellent trick.

[Fences.

BOB.—O, you do not give spirit enough to your motion, you are too tardy, too heavy! O, it must be done like lightning, hay!

[Practices at a post with his cudgel.

MAT.—Rare, captain!

BOB.—Tut! 'tis nothing, an't be not done in a—punto.

E. KNOW.—Captain, did you ever prove your self upon any of our masters of defence here?

MAT.—O good sir! yes, I hope he has.

BOB.—I will tell you, sir. Upon my first coming to the city, after my long travel for knowledge, in that mystery only, there came three or four of them to me, at a gentleman's house, where it was my chance to be resident at that time, to intreat my presence at their schools: and withal so much importuned me, that I protest to you, as I am a gentleman, I was ashamed of their rude demeanor out of all measure: Well, I told them that to come to a public school, they should pardon me, it was opposite, in diameter, to my humor; but, if so be they would give their attendance at my lodging, I protested to do them what right or favor I could, as I was a gentleman, and so forth.

E. KNOW.—So, sir! then you tried their skill?

BOB.—Alas, soon tried: you shall hear, sir. Within two or three days after, they came; and, by honesty, fair sir, believe me, I graced them exceedingly, showed them some two or three tricks of prevention have purchased them since a credit to admiration: they cannot deny this; and yet now they hate me, and why? because I am excellent; and for no other vile reason on the earth.

E. KNOW.—This is strange and barbarous, as ever I heard.

BOB.—Nay, for a more instance of their preposterous natures; but note, sir. They have assaulted me some three, four, five, six of them together, as I have walked alone in divers skirts i' the town, as Turnbull, Whitechapel, Shoreditch, which were then my quarters; and since, upon the Exchange, at my lodging, and at my ordinary: where I have driven them afore me the whole length of a street, in the open view of all our gallants, pitying to hurt them, believe me. Yet all this lenity will not overcome their spleen; they will be doing with the pismire, raising a hill a man may spurn

abroad with his foot at pleasure. By myself, I could have slain them all, but I delight not in murder. I am loth to bear any other than this bastinado for them: yet I hold it good polity not to go disarmed, for though I be skilful, I may be oppressed with multitudes.

E. KNOW.—Ay, believe me, may you, sir: and in my conceit, our whole nation should sustain the loss by it, if it were so.

BOB.—Alas, no! what's a peculiar man to a nation? not seen.

E. KNOW.—O, but your skill, sir.

BOB.—Indeed, that might be some loss; but who respects it? I will tell you, sir, by the way of private, and under seal; I am a gentleman, and live here obscure, and to myself; but were I known to her majesty and the lords,—observe me,—I would undertake, upon this poor head and life, for the public benefit of the state, not only to spare the entire lives of her subjects in general; but to save the one half, nay, three parts of her yearly charge in holding war, and against what enemy soever. And how would I do it, think you?

E. KNOW.—Nay, I know not, nor can I conceive.

BOB.—Why thus, sir. I would select nineteen more, to myself, throughout the land; gentlemen they should be of good spirit, strong and able constitution; I would choose them by an instinct, a character that I have: and I would teach these nineteen the special rules, as your punto, your reverso, your stoccata, your imbroccato, your passada, your montanto; till they could all play very near, or altogether as well as myself. This done, say the enemy were forty thousand strong, we twenty would come into the field the tenth of March, or thereabouts; and we would challenge twenty of the enemy; they could not in their honor refuse us: Well, we would kill them; challenge twenty more, kill them; twenty more, kill them; twenty more, kill them too; and thus

would we kill every man his twenty a day, that's twenty score; twenty score, that's two hundred; two hundred a day, five days a thousand; forty thousand; forty times five, five times forty, two hundred days kills them all up by computation. And this will I venture my poor gentleman-like carcase to perform, provided there be no treason practiced upon us, by fair and discreet manhood; that is, civilly by the sword.

E. KNOW.—Why, are you so sure of your hand, captain, at all times?

BOB.—Tut! never miss thrust, upon my reputation with you.

E. KNOW.—I would not stand in Downright's state then, an you meet him, for the wealth of any one street in London.

BOB.—Why, sir, you mistake me: if he were here now, by this welkin, I would not draw my weapon on him. Let this gentleman do his mind: but I will bastinado him, by the bright sun, wherever I meet him.

MAT.—Faith, and I'll have a fling at him, at my distance.

E. KNOW.—Ods so, look where he is! yonder he goes. [DOWNRIGHT *crosses the stage*.]

DOWN.—What peevish luck have I, I cannot meet with these bragging rascals?

BOB.—It is not he, is it?

E. KNOW.—Yes faith, it is he.

MAT.—I'll be hanged then if that were he.

E. KNOW.—Sir, keep your hanging good for some greater matter, for I assure you that were he.

STEP.—Upon my reputation, it was he.

BOB.—Had I thought it had been he, he must not have gone so: but I can hardly be induced to believe it was he yet.

E. KNOW.—That I think, sir.

Ec-enter DOWNRIGHT.

But see he is come again.

DOWN.—O, Pharaoh's foot, have I found you?

Come, draw to your tools ; draw, gypsy, or I'll thrash you.

BOB.—Gentleman of valor, I do believe in thee ; hear me——

DOWN.—Draw your weapon then.

BOB.—Tall man, I never thought on it till now——Body of me, I had a warrant of the peace served on me, even now as I came along, by a water-bearer ; this gentleman saw it, Master Mathew.

DOWN.—'Sdeath ! you will not draw then ?
[*Disarms and beats him.* MATHEW runs away.]

BOB.—Hold, hold ! under thy favor forbear !

DOWN.—Prate again, as you like this, you whoreson foist you ! You'll control the point, you ! Your consort is gone ; had he staid he had shared with you, sir. [Exit.]

BOB.—Well, gentleman, bear witness, I was bound to the peace, by this good day.

E. KNOW.—No, faith, it's an ill day, captain, never reckon it other : but, say you were bound to the peace, the law allows you to defend yourself : that will prove but a poor excuse.

BOB.—I cannot tell, sir ; I desire good construction in fair sort. I never sustained the like disgrace, by heaven ! sure I was struck with a planet thence, for I had no power to touch my weapon.

E. KNOW.—Ay, like enough ; I have heard of many that have been beaten under a planet : go, get you to a surgeon. 'Slid ! an these be your tricks, your passadoes, and your montantos, I'll none of them. [Exit BOBADILL.] O, manners ! that this age should bring forth such creatures ! that nature should be at leisure to make them ! Come, coz.

STEP.—Mass, I'll have this cloak.

E. KNOW.—'Ods will, 'tis Downright's.

STEP.—Nay, it's mine now, another might have ta'en it up as well as I : I'll wear it, so I will.

E. KNOW.—How an he see it ? he'll challenge it, assure yourself.

STEP.—Ay, but he shall not have it : I'll say I bought it.

E. KNOW.—Take heed you buy it not too dear, coz. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—*A Room in KITELY's House.*

Enter KITELY, WELLBRED, DAME KITELY, and BRIDGET.

KIT.—Now, trust me, brother, you were much to blame,
T' incense his anger, and disturb the peace
Of my poor house, where there are sentinels,
That every minute watch to give alarms
Of civil war, without adjection
Of your assistance or occasion.

WEL.—No harm done, brother, I warrant you : since there is no harm done, anger costs a man nothing ; and a tall man is never his own man till he be angry. To keep his valor in obscurity, is to keep himself as it were in a cloak-bag. What's a musician, unless he play ? What's a tall man, unless he fight ? For, indeed, all this my wise brother stands upon absolutely ; and that made me fall in with him so resolutely.

DAME K.—Ay, but what harm might have come of it, brother ?

WEL.—Might, sister ? so might the good warm clothes your husband wears be poisoned, for anything he knows : or the wholesome wine he drank, even now at the table.

KIT.—Now, God forbid ! O me ! now I remember
My wife drank to me last, and changed the cup,
And bade me wear this cursed suit to-day.
See, if Heaven suffer murder undiscovered !
I feel me ill ; give me some mithridate,
Some mithridate and oil, good sister, fetch me ;
O, I am sick at heart ! I burn, I burn.
If you will save my life, go fetch it me.

WEL.—O strange humor! my very breath has poisoned him.

BRID.—Good brother, be content, what do you mean?

The strength of these extreme conceits will kill you.

DAME K.—Beshrew your heart-blood, brother Wellbred, now,
For putting such a toy into his head!

WEL.—Is a fit simile a toy? will he be poisoned with a simile? Brother Kitely, what a strange and idle imagination is this! For shame, be wiser. O' my soul there's no such matter.

KIT.—Am I not sick? how am I then not poisoned?
Am I not poisoned? how am I then so sick?

DAME K.—If you be sick, your own thoughts make you sick.

WEL.—His jealousy is the poison he has taken.

Enter BRAINWORM, disguised in FORMAL's clothes.

BRAI.—Master Kitely, my master, justice Clement, salutes you; and desires to speak with you with all possible speed.

KIT.—No time but now, when I think I am sick, very sick! well, I will wait upon his worship. 'Thomas! Cob! I must seek them out, and set them sentinels till I return. 'Thomas! Cob! Thomas! *[Exit.*

WEL.—This is perfectly rare, Brainworm; *[takes him aside.]* but how got's thou this apparel of the justice's man?

BRAI.—Marry, sir, my proper fine penman would needs bestow the grist on me, at the Windmill, to hear some martial discourse; where I so marshalled him, that I made him drunk with admiration: and, because too much heat was the cause of his distemper, I stript him stark naked as he lay along asleep, and borrowed his suit to deliver this counterfeit mes-

sage in, leaving a rusty armor, and an old brown bill to watch him till my return ; which shall be, when I have pawned his apparel, and spent the better part o' the money, perhaps.

WEL.—Well, thou art a successful merry knave, Brainworm : his absence will be a good subject for more mirth. I pray thee return to thy young master, and will him to meet me and my sister Bridget at the Tower instantly ; for, here, tell him the house is so stored with jealousy, there is no room for love to stand upright in. We must get our fortunes committed to some larger prison, say ; and than the Tower, I know no better air, nor where the liberty of the house may do us more present service. Away. [Exit BRAI.]

Re-enter KITELY talking aside to CASH.

KIT.—Come hither, Thomas. Now my secret's ripe,
And thou shalt have it : lay to both thine ears.
Hark what I say to thee. I must go forth,
Thomas ;
Be careful of thy promise, keep good watch,
Note every gallant, and observe him well,
That enters in my absence to thy mistress :
If she would show him rooms, the jest is stale,
Follow them, Thomas, or else hang on him,
And let him not go after ; mark their looks ;
Note if she offer but to see his band,
Or any other amorous toy about him ;
But praise his leg, or foot ; or if she say
The day is hot, and bid him feel her hand,
How hot it is ; O, that's a monstrous thing !
Note me all this, good Thomas, mark their sighs
And if they do but whisper, break 'em off :
I'll bear thee out in it. Wilt thou do this ?
Wilt thou be true, my Thomas ?

CASH.—As truth's self, sir.

KIT.—Why, I believe thee : Where is Cob,
now ? Cob ! [Exit]

DAME K.—He's ever calling for Cob: I wonder how he employs Cob so.

WEL.—Indeed, sister, to ask how he employs Cob, is a necessary question for you that are his wife, and a thing not very easy for you to be satisfied in: but this I'll assure you, Cob's wife is an excellent bawd, sister, and oftentimes your husband haunts her house; marry, to what end? I cannot altogether accuse him; imagine you what you think convenient: but I have known fair hides have foul hearts ere now, sister.

DAME K.—Never said you truer than that, brother, so much I can tell you for your learning. Thomas, fetch your cloak, and go with me. [*Exit CASH.*] I'll after him presently: I would to fortune I could take him there, i'faith, I'd return him his own, I warrant him! [*Exit.*]

WEL.—So, let 'em go; this may make sport anon. Now, my fair sister-in-law, that you knew but how happy a thing it were to be fair and beautiful.

BRID.—That touches not me, brother.

WEL.—That's true; that's even the fault of it; for indeed, beauty stands a woman in no stead, unless it procure her touching.—But, sister, whether it touch you or no, it touches your beauties; and I am sure they will abide the touch; an they do not, a plague of all ceruse, say I! and it touches me too in part, though not in the—— Well, there's a dear and respected friend of mine, sister, stands very strongly and worthily affected towards you, and hath vowed to inflame whole bonfires of zeal at his heart, in honor of your perfections. I have already engaged my promise to bring you where you shall hear him confirm much more. Ned Knowell is the man, sister: there's no exception against the party. You are ripe for a husband; and a minute's loss to such an occasion, is a great trespass in a wise

beauty. What say you, sister? On my soul he loves you; will you give him the meeting?

BRID.—Faith I had very little confidence in mine own constancy, brother, if I durst not meet a man: but this motion of yours savors of an old knight adventurer's servant a little too much, methinks.

WEL.—What's that, sister?

BRID.—Marry, of the squire.

WEL.—No matter if it did, I would be such an one for my friend. But see, who is returned to hinder us!

Re-enter KITELY.

KIT.—What villany is this? called out on a false message!

This was some plot; I was not sent for.—Bridget, Where is your sister?

BRID.—I think she be gone forth, sir.

KIT.—How! is my wife gone forth? whither for God's sake?

BRID.—She's gone abroad with Thomas.

KIT.—Abroad with Thomas! oh, that villain dours me:

He hath discovered all unto my wife.

Beast that I was, to trust him! whither, I pray you,

Went she?

BRID.—I know not, sir.

WEL.—I'll tell you, brother,

Whither I suspect she's gone.

KIT.—Whither, good brother?

WEL.—To Cob's house I believe; but, keep my counsel.

KIT.—I will, I will: to Cob's house! doth she haunt Cob's?

She's gone a purpose now to cuckold me,

With that lewd rascal, who, to win her favor,

Hath told her all. [*Exit.*]

WEL.—Come, he is once more gone,

Sister, let's lose no time; the affair is worth it.

[*Excunt.*]

SCENE VII.—*A Street.**Enter MATHEW and BOBADILL.*

MAT.—I wonder, captain, what they will say of my going away, ha?

BOB.—Why, what should they say, but as of a discreet gentleman; quick, wary, respectful of nature's fair lineaments? and that's all.

MAT.—Why so! but what can they say of your beating?

BOB.—A rude part, a touch with soft wood, a kind of gross battery used, laid on strongly, borne most patiently; and that's all.

MAT.—Ay, but would any man have offered it in Venice, as you say?

BOB.—Tut! I assure you, no: you shall have there your nobilis, your gentilezza, come in bravely upon your reverse, stand you close, stand you firm, stand you fair, save your retricato with his left leg, come to the assalto with the right, thrust with brave steel, defy your base wood! But wherefore do I awake this remembrance? I was fascinated; by Jupiter; fascinated; but I will be unwitched, and revenged by law.

MAT.—Do you hear? is it not best to get a warrant, and have him arrested and brought before justice Clement?

BOB.—It were not amiss; would we had it!

Enter BRAINWORM disguised as FORMAL.

MAT.—Why, here comes his man; let's speak to him.

BOB.—Agreed, do you speak.

MAT.—Save you, sir!

BRAI.—With all my heart, sir.

MAT.—Sir, there is one Downright hath abused this gentleman and myself, and we determine to make our amends by law: now, if you would do us the favor to procure a war-

rant, to bring him afore your master, you shall be well considered, I assure you, sir.

BRAI.—Sir, you know my service is my living; such favors as these gotten of my master is his only preferment, and therefore you must consider me as I may make benefit of my place.

MAT.—How is that, sir?

BRAI.—Faith, sir, the thing is extraordinary, and the gentleman may be of great account; yet, be he what he will, if you will lay me down a brace of angels in my hand you shall have it, otherwise not.

MAT.—How shall we do, captain? he asks a brace of angels, you have no money?

BOB.—Not a cross, by fortune.

MAT.—Nor I, as I am a gentleman, but two-pence left of my two shillings in the morning for wine and radish: let's find him some pawn.

BOB.—Pawn? we have none to the value of his demand.

MAT.—O, yes; I'll pawn this jewel in my ear, and you may pawn your silk-stockings, and pull up your boots, they will ne'er be mist: it must be done now.

BOB.—Well, an there be no remedy, I'll step aside and pull them off. [*Withdraws.*]

MAT.—Do you hear, sir? we have no store of money at this time, but you shall have good pawns; look you, sir, this jewel, and that gentleman's silk-stockings; because we would have it dispatched ere we went to our chambers.

BRAI.—I am content, sir; I will get you the warrant presently. What's his name, say you? Downright?

MAT.—Ay, ay, George Downright.

BRAI.—What manner of man is he?

MAT.—A tall big man, sir; he goes in a cloak most commonly of silk-russet, laid about with russet lace.

BRAI.—'Tis very good, sir.

MAT.—Here, sir, here's my jewel.

BOB.—[*returning*]. And here are my stockings.

BRAI.—Well, gentlemen, I'll procure you this warrant presently; but who will you have to serve it?

MAT.—That's true, captain; that must be considered.

BOB.—Body o' me, I know not; 'tis service danger.

BRAI.—Why, you were best get one o' the varlets of the city, a serjeant: I'll appoint you one, if you please.

MAT.—Will you, sir? why we can wish no better.

BOB.—We'll leave it to you, sir.

[*Exeunt BOB and MAT.*]

BRAI.—This is rare! Now will I go pawn this cloak of the justice's man's at the broker's, for a varlet's suit, and be the varlet myself; and get either more pawns, or more money of Downright, for the arrest. [*Exit.*]

SCENE VIII.—*The Lane before COB's House.*

Enter KNOWELL.

KNOW.—Oh, here it is; I am glad I have found it now:

Ho! who is within here?

TIB.—[*within*]. I am within, sir; what's your pleasure?

KNOW.—To know who is within beside yourself.

TIB.—Why, sir, you are no constable, I hope?

KNOW.—O, fear you the constable? then I doubt not,
You have some guests within deserve that fear;
I'll fetch him straight.

Enter TIB.

TIB.—O' God's name, sir!

KNOW.—Go to ; Come, tell me, is not young Knowell here ?

TIB.—Young Knowell ! I know none such, sir, o' mine honesty.

KNOW.—Your honesty, dame ! it flies too lightly from you.

There is no way but fetch the constable.

TIB.—The constable ! the man is mad, I think.

[Exit, and claps to the door.]

Enter DAME KITELY and CASH.

CASH.—Ho ! who keeps house here ?

KNOW.—O, this is the female copesmate of my son :

Now shall I meet him straight.

DAME K.—Knock, Thomas, hard.

CASH.—Ho, goodwife !

Re-enter TIB.

TIB.—Why, what's the matter with you ?

DAME K.—Why, woman, grieves it you to ope your door ?

Belike you get something to keep it shut.

TIB.—What mean these questions, pray ye ?

DAME K.—So strange you make it ! is not my husband here ?

KNOW.—Her husband !

DAME K.—My tried husband, master Kitley ?

TIB.—I hope he needs not to be tried here,

DAME K.—No, dame, he does it not for need, but pleasure.

TIB.—Neither for need nor pleasure is he here.

KNOW.—This is but a device to baulk me withal :

Enter KITELY, muffled in his cloak.

Soft, who is this ? 'tis not my son disguised ?

DAME K.—*[spies her husband and runs to him.]*

O, sir, have I forestall'd your honest market,
Found your close walks? You stand amazed
now, do you?

I'faith, I am glad I have smok'd you yet at
last.

What is your jewel, trow? In, come, let's see
her;

Fetch forth your housewise, dame; if she be
fairer,

In any honest judgment, than myself,
She feeds you fat, she soothes your appetite,
And you are well! Your wife, an honest
woman,

Is meat twice sod to you, sir! O, you treach-
our!

KNOW.—She cannot counterfeit thus palpa-
bly.

KIT.—Out on thy more than strumpet impu-
dence!

Steal'st thou thus to thy haunts? and have I
taken.

Thy bawd and thee, and thy companion,
This hoary-headed lecher, this old goat,
Close at your villany, and would'st thou
'scuse it

With this stale harlot's jest, accusing me?
O, old incontinent, [*to KNOWELL,*] dost thou
not shame,

When all thy powers in chastity are spent,
To have a mind so hot? and to entice,
And feed the enticements of a lustful woman?

DAME K. Out, I defy thee, I, dissembling
wretch!

KIT.—Defy me, strumpet! Ask thy pander
here,

Can he deny it; or that wicked elder?

KNOW.—Why, hear you, sir.

KIT.—Tut, tut, tut; never speak:

Thy guilty conscience will discover thee.

KNOW.—What lunacy is this, that haunts
this man?

KIT.—Well, good wife bawd, Cob's wife and
you,

That make your husband such a hoddy-doddy;
And you, young apple-squire, and old cuckold-
maker ;

I'll have you every one before a justice :

Nay, you shall answer it, I charge you go.

KNOW.—Marry, with all my heart, sir, I go
willingly ;

Though I do taste this as a trick put on me,
To punish my impertinent search, and justly,
And half forgive my son for the device.

KIT.—Come, will you go ?

DAME K.—Go ! to thy shame believe it.

Enter COB.

COB.—Why, what's the matter here, what's
here to do ?

KIT.—O, Cob, art thou come ? I have been
abused,

And in thy house ; was never man so wrong'd !

COB.—'Slid, in my house, my master Kitley !
who wrongs you in my house ?

KIT.—Marry, young lust in old, and old in
young here :

Thy wife's their bawd, here have I taken them.

COB.—How, bawd ! is my house come to that ?
Am I preferr'd thither ? Did I not charge you
to keep your doors shut, Isbel ? and — you let
them lie open for all comers ! [*Beats his wife.*

KNOW.—Friend, know some cause, before
thou beat'st thy wife.

This is madness in thee.

COB.—Why, is there no cause ?

KIT.—Yes, I'll show cause before the jus-
tice, Cob ;

Come, let her go with me.

COB.—Nay, she shall go.

TIB.—Nay, I will go. I'll see an you may be
allowed to make a bundle of hemp of your
right and lawful wife thus, at every cuckoldy
knave's pleasure. Why do you not go ?

KIT.—A bitter queen ! Come, we will have
you tamed. *Exeunt.*

SCENE IX.—*A Street.*

Enter BRAINWORM, disguised as a City Serjeant.

BRAI.—Well, of all my disguises yet, now am I most like myself, being in this serjeant's gown. A man of my present profession never counterfeits, till he lays hold upon a debtor, and says he rests him; for then he brings him to all manner of unrest. A kind of little kings we are, bearing the diminutive of a mace, made like a young artichoke, that always carries pepper and salt in itself. Well, I know not what danger I undergo by this exploit; pray Heaven I come well off!

Enter MATHEW and BOBADILL.

MAT.—See, I think, yonder is the varlet, by his gown.

BOB.—Let's go in quest of him.

MAT.—'Save you, friend! are not you here by appointment of justice Clement's man?

BRAI.—Yes, an't please you, sir; he told me, two gentlemen had will'd him to procure a warrant from his master, which I have about me, to be served on one Downright.

MAT.—It is honestly done of you both; and see where the party comes you must arrest; serve it upon him quickly, afore he be aware.

BOB.—Bear back, master Mathew.

Enter STEPHEN in DOWNRIGHT'S cloak.

BRAI.—Master Downright, I arrest you in the queen's name, and must carry you afore a justice by virtue of this warrant.

STEP.—Me, friend! I am no Downright, I; I am master Stephen: You do not well to arrest me, I tell you truly; I am in nobody's bonds nor books, I would you should know it. A plague on you heartily, for making me thus afraid afore my time!

BRAI.—Why, now you are deceived, gentlemen.

BOB.—He wears such a cloak, and that deceived us: but see, here a'comes indeed; this is he, officer.

Enter DOWNRIGHT.

DOW.—Why how now, signior gull! are you turn'd filcher of late? Come, deliver my cloak.

STEP.—Your cloak, sir! I bought it even now, in open market.

BRAI.—Master Downright, I have a warrant I must serve upon you, procured by these two gentlemen.

DOW.—These gentlemen? these rascals!

[Offers to beat them.]

BRAI.—Keep the piece, I charge you in her majesty's name.

DOW.—I obey thee. What must I do, officer?

BRAI.—Go before master justice Clement, to answer that they can object against you, sir: I will use you kindly, sir.

MAT.—Come, let's before, and make the justice, captain.

BOB.—The varlet's a tall man, afore heaven!

[E eunt BOB. and MAT.]

DOW.—Gull, you'll give me my cloak.

STEP.—Sir, I bought it, and I'll keep it.

DOW.—You will?

STEP.—Ay, that I will.

DOW.—Officer, there's thy fee, arrest him.

BRAI.—Master Stephen, I must arrest you.

STEP.—Arrest me! I scorn it. There, take your cloak, I'll none on't.

DOW.—Nay, that shall not serve your turn now, sir. Officer, I'll go with thee to the justice's; bring him along.

STEP.—Why, is not here your cloak? what would you have?

DOW.—I'll have you answer it, sir.

BRAI.—Sir, I'll take your word, and this gentleman's too, for his appearance.

DOW.—I'll have no words taken : bring him along.

BRAI.—Sir, I may choose to do that, I may take bail.

DOW.—'Tis true, you may take bail, and choose at another time ; but you shall not now, varlet ; bring him along, or I'll swinge you.

BRAI.—Sir, I pity the gentleman's case : here's your money again.

DOW.—'Sdeins, tell not me of my money ; bring him away, I say.

BRAI.—I warrant you he will go with you of himself, sir.

DOW.—Yet more ado ?

BRAI.—I have made a fair mash on't.

[*Aside.*

STEP.—Must I go ?

BRAI.—I know no remedy, master Stephen.

DOW.—Come along afore me here ; I do not love your hanging look behind.

STEP.—Why, sir, I hope you cannot hang me for it : can he, fellow ?

BRAI.—I think not, sir ; it is but a whipping matter, sure.

STEP.—Why then let him do his worst, I am resolute.

[*Exeunt*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—COLEMAN-STREET. *A Hall in JUSTICE CLEMENT'S House.*

Enter CLEMENT, KNOWELL, KITELY, Dame KITELY, TIB, CASH, COB, and Servants.

CLEM.—Nay, but stay, stay, give me leave : my chair, sirrah. You, master Knowell, say you went thither to meet your son ?

KNOW.—Ay, sir.

CLEM.—But who directed you thither ?

KNOW.—That did mine own man, sir.

CLEM.—Where is he ?

KNOW.—Nay, I know not now ; I left him with your clerk, and appointed him to stay here for me.

CLEM.—My clerk ! about what time was this !

KNOW.—Marry, between one and two, as I take it.

CLEM.—And what time came my man with the false message to you, master Kitley ?

KIT.—After two, sir.

CLEM.—Very good : but, mistress Kitley, how chance that you were at Cob's, ha ?

DAME K.—An't please you, sir, I'll tell you : my brother Wellbred told me, that Cob's house was a suspected place——

CLEM.—So it appears ; methinks ; but on.

DAME.—And that my husband used thither daily.

CLEM.—No matter, so he used himself well, mistress.

DAME K.—True, sir ; but you know what grows by such haunts oftentimes.

CLEM.—I see rank fruits of a jealous brain, mistress Kitley : but did you find your husband there, in that case as you suspected ?

KIT.—I found her there, sir.

CLEM.—Did you so ! that alters the case. Who gave you knowledge of your wife's being there ?

KIT.—Marry, that did my brother Wellbred.

CLEM.—How, Wellbred first tell her ; then tell you after ! Where is Wellbred ?

KIT.—Gone with my sister, sir, I know not whither.

CLEM.—Why, this is a mere trick, a device ; you are gull'd in this most grossly all. Alas, poor wench ! wert thou beaten for this ?

TIB.—Yes, most pitifully, ant please you.

COB.—And worthily, I hope if it shall prove so.

CLEM.—Ay, that's like, and a piece of a sentence.—

Enter a Servant.

How now, sir! what's the matter?

SERV.—Sir, there's a gentlemen in the court without, desires to speak with your worship.

CLEM.—A gentleman! what is he?

SERV.—A soldier, sir, he says.

CLEM.—A soldier! take down my armor, my sword quickly. A soldier speak with me! Why, when, knaves? Come on, come on; [*Arms himself.*] hold my cap there, so; give me my gorget, my sword: stand by, I will end your matters anon.—Let the soldier enter.

[Exit Servant.]

Enter BOBADILL, followed by MATHEW.

Now, sir, what have you to say to me?

BOB.—By your worships favor——

CLEM.—Nay, keep out, sir; I know not your pretence. You send me word, sir, you are a soldier: why, sir, you shall be answer'd here: here be them have been amongst soldiers. Sir, your pleasure.

BOB.—Faith, sir, so it is, this gentleman and myself have been most uncivilly wrong'd and beaten by one Downright, a coarse fellow, about the town here; and for mine own part, I protest, being a man in no sort given to this filthy humor of quarrelling, he hath assaulted me in the way of my peace, despoiled me of mine honor, disarmed me of my weapons, and rudely laid me along in the open streets, when I not so much as once offered to resist him.

CLEM.—O, God's precious! is this the soldier? Here take my armor off quickly, 'twill make him swoon, I fear; he is not fit to look on't, that will put up a blow.

MAT.—An't please your worship, he was bound to the peace.

CLEM.—Why, an he were, his hands were not bound, were they?

Re-enter Servant.

SERV.—There's one of the varlets of the city, sir, has brought two gentlemen here; one, upon your worship's warrant.

CLEM.—My warrant!

SERV.—Yes, sir; the officer says, procured by these two.

CLEM.—Bid him come in. [*Exit* Servant.] Set by this picture.

Enter DOWNRIGHT, STEPHEN, and BRAINWORM, *disguised as before.*

What, Master Downright! are you brought at Master Freshwater's suit here?

DOW.—I'faith, sir: and here's another brought at my suit.

CLEM.—What are you, sir?

STEP.—A gentleman sir. O, uncle!

CLEM.—Uncle! who, Master Knowell?

KNOW.—Ay, sir; this is a wise kinsman of mine.

STEP.—God's my witness, uncle, I am wronged here monstrously; he charges me with stealing of his cloak, and would I might never stir, if I did not find it in the street by chance.

DOW.—O, did you find it now? You said you bought it ere-while.

STEP.—And you said, I stole it: nay, now my uncle is here, I'll do well enough with you.

CLEM.—Well, let this breathe awhile. You that have cause to complain there, stand forth: Had you my warrant for this gentleman's apprehension?

BOB.—Ay, an't please your worship.

CLEM.—Nay, do not speak in passion so: where had you it?

BOB.—Of your clerk, sir.

CLEM.—That's well! an my clerk can make warrants, and my hand not at them! Where is the warrant—officer, have you it?

BRAI.—No, sir, our worship's man, Master

Formal, bid me do it for these gentlemen, and he would be my discharge.

CLEM.—Why, Master Downright, are you such a novice, to be served and never see the warrant?

DOW.—Sir, he did not serve it on me.

CLEM.—No! how then?

DOW.—Marry, sir, he came to me, and said he must serve it, and he would use me kindly, and so——

CLEM.—O, God's pity, was it so, sir? *He must serve it!* Give me my long sword there, and help me off. So, come on, sir varlet, I *must* cut off your legs, sirrah; [BRAINFORM kneels.] nay, stand up, *I'll use you kindly*; I *must* cut off your legs, I say. [*Flourishes over him with his long sword.*]

BRAI.—O, good sir, I beseech you; nay, good master justice!

CLEM.—I must do it, there is no remedy; I *must* cut off your legs, sirrah, I *must* cut off your ears, you rascal, I must do it; I *must* cut off your nose, I *must* cut off your head.

BRAI.—O, good your worship!

CLEM.—Well, rise; how dost thou do now? dost thou feel thyself well? hast thou no harm?

BRAI.—No, I thank your good worship, sir.

CLEM.—Why so! I said I must cut off thy legs, and I must cut off thy arms, and I must cut off thy head; but I did not do it: so you said you must serve this gentleman with my warrant, but you did not serve him.—You knave, you slave, you rogue, do you say you *must*, sirrah! away with him to the jail; I'll teach you a trick for your *must*, sir.

BRAI.—Good sir, I beseech you, be good to me.

CLEM.—Tell him he shall to the jail; away with him, I say.

BRAI.—Nay, sir, if you will commit me, it shall be for committing more than this: I will not lose by my travail any grain of my fame, certain. [*Throws off his serjeant's gown.*]

CLEM.—How is this ? ”

KNOW.—My man Brainworm !

STEP.—O, yes, uncle ; Brainworm has been with my cousin Edward and I all this day.

CLEM.—I told you all there was some device.

BRAI.—Nay, excellent justice, since I have laid myself thus open to you, now stand strong for me ; both with your sword and your balance.

CLEM.—Body o’ me, a merry knave ! give me a bowl of sack : if he belong to you, Master Knowell, I bespeak your patience.

BRAI.—That is it I have most need of ; sir, if you’ll pardon me only, I’ll glory in all the rest of my exploits.

KNOW.—Sir, you know I love not to have my favors come hard from me. You have your pardon, though I suspect you shrewdly for being of counsel with my son against me.

BRAI.—Yes, faith, I have, sir, though you retained me doubly this morning for yourself : first as Brainworm ; aiter, as Fitz-Sword. I was your reformed soldier, sir. ’Twas I sent you to Cob’s upon the errand, without end.

KNOW.—Is it possible ? or that thou shouldst disguise thy language so as I should not know thee ?

BRAI.—O, sir, this has been the day of my metamorphosis. It is not that shape alone that I have run through to-day. I brought this gentleman, master Kitley, a message too, in the form of master Justice’s man here, to draw him out o’ the way, as well as your worship, while master Wellbred might make a conveyance of mistress Bridget to my young master.

KIT.—How ! my sister stolen away ?

KNOW.—My son is not married, I hope.

BRAI.—Faith, sir, they are both as sure as love, a priest, and three thousand pound, which is her portion, can make them ; and by this time are ready to bespeak their wedding-supper

at the Windmill, except some friend here prevent them, and invite them home.

CLEM.—Marry, that will I; I thank thee for putting me in mind on't. Sirrah, go you and fetch them hither upon my warrant. [*Exit Servant.*] Neither's friends have cause to be sorry, if I know the young couple aright. Here, I drink to thee for thy good news. But I pray thee what hast thou done with my man, Formal?

BRAI.—Faith, sir, after some ceremony past, as making him drunk, first with story, and then with wine, (but all in kindness,) and stripping him to his shirt, I left him in that cool vein; departed, sold your worship's warrant to these two, pawned his livery for that varlet's gown, to serve it in; and thus have brought myself by my activity to your worship's consideration.

CLEM.—And I will consider thee in another cup of sack. Here's to thee, which having drunk off, this is my sentence: Pledge me. Thou hast done, or assisted to nothing, in my judgment, but deserves to be pardoned for the wit of the offence. If thy master, or any man here, be angry with thee, I shall suspect his ingine, while I know him, for't. How now, what noise is that?

Enter Servant.

SERV.—Sir, it is Roger is come home.

CLEM.—Bring him in, bring him in.

Enter FORMAL in a suit of armor.

What! drunk? in arms against me? your reason, your reason for this?

FORM.—I beseech your worship to pardon me; I happened into ill company by chance, that cast me into a sleep, and stript me of all my clothes.

CLEM.—Well, tell him I am Justice Clement

and do pardon him : but what is this to your armor ? what may that signify ?

FORM.—An't please you, sir, it hung up in the room where I was stript ; and I borrow'd it of one of the drawers to come home in, because I was loth to do penance through the street in my shirt.

CLEM.—Well, stand by a while.

Enter E. KNOWELL, WELLBRED, and BRIDGET.

Who be these ? O, the young company ; welcome, welcome ! Give you joy. Nay, Mistress Bridget blush not ; you are not so fresh a bride, but the news of it is come hither afore you. Master bridegroom, I have made your peace, give me your hand : so will I for all the rest ere you forsake my roof.

E. KNOW.—We are the more bound to your humanity, sir.

CLEM.—Only these two have so little of man in them, they are no part of my care.

WEL.—Yes, sir, let me pray you for this gentleman, he belongs to my sister the bride.

CLEM.—In what place, sir ?

WEL.—Of her delight, sir, below the stairs, and in public ; her poet, sir.

CLEM.—A poet ! I will challenge him myself presently at extempore.

*Mount up thy Phlegon, Muse, and testify,
How Saturn, sitting in an ebon cloud,
Disrobed his podex, white as ivory,
And through the welkin thunder'd all aloud.*

WEL.—He is not for extempore, sir : he is all for the pocket muse ; please you command a sight of it.

CLEM.—Yes, yes, search him for a taste of his vein. [*They search MATHEW'S pockets.*]

WEL.—You must not deny the queen's justice, sir, under a writ of rebellion.

CLEM.—What ! all this verse ? body o' me,

he carries a whole realm, a commonwealth of paper in his hose : let us see some of his subjects. [Reads.]

*Unto the boundless ocean of thy face,
Runs this poor river charged with streams of eyes.*

How ! this is stolen.

E. KNOW.—A parody ! a parody ! with a kind of miraculous gift, to make it absurder than it was.

CLEM.—Is all the rest of this batch ? bring me a torch ; lay it together, and give fire. Cleanse the air. [*Sets the papers on fire.*] Here was enough to have infected the whole city, if it had not been taken in time. See, see, how our poet's glory shines ! brighter and brighter ! still it increases ! O, now it is at the highest ; and now it declines as fast. You may see, *sic transit gloria mundi* !

KNOW. There's an emblem for you, son, and your studies.

CLEM. Nay, no speech or act of mine be drawn against such as profess it worthily. They are not born every year, as an alderman. There goes more to the making of a good poet, than a sheriff. Master Kitely, you look upon me !—though I live in the city here, amongst you, I will do more reverence to him, when I meet him, than I will to the mayor out of his year. but these paper-pedlers ! these ink-dabblers ! they cannot expect reprehension or reproach ; they have it with the fact.

E. KNOW. Sir, you have saved me the labor of a defence.

CLEM. It shall be discourse for supper between your father and me, if he dare undertake me. But to dispatch away these, you sign o' the soldier, and picture of the poet, (but both so false, I will not have you hanged out at my door till midnight,) while we are at supper, you two shall penitently fast it out in my court without ; and, if you will, you may pray there

that we may be so merry within as to forgive or forget you when we come out. Here's a third, because we tender your safety, shall watch you, he is provided for the purpose. Look to your charge, sir.

STEP.—And what shall I do?

CLEM.—O! I had lost a sheep an he had not bleated: why, sir, you shall give master Downright his cloak; and I will entreat him to take it. A trencher and a napkin you shall have in the buttery, and keep Cob and his wife company here; whom I will intreat first to be reconciled; and you to endeavor with your wit to keep them so.

STEP.—I'll do my best.

COB.—Why, now I see thou art honest, Tib, I received thee as my dear and mortal wife again.

TIB.—And I you, as my loving and obedient husband.

CLEM.—Good compliment! It will be their bridal night too. They are married anew. Come, I conjure the rest to put off all discontent. You, master Downright, your anger; you, master Knowwell, your cares; master Kitley and his wife, their jealousy. For, I must tell you both, while that is fed.

Horns in the mind are worse than on the head,

KIT.—Sir, thus they go from me; kiss me, sweetheart.

*See what a drove of horns fly in the air,
Wing'd with my cleansed and my credulous
breath!*

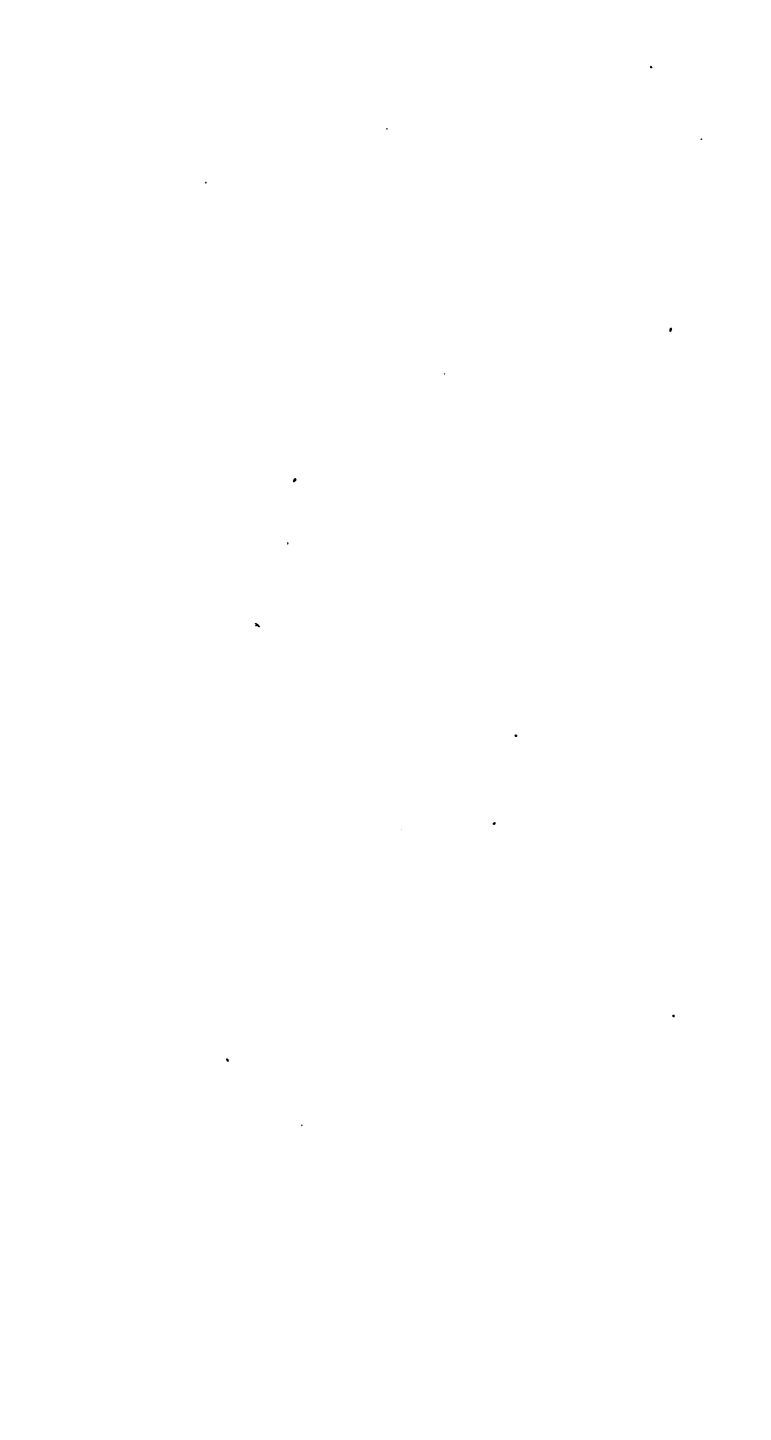
*Watch 'em suspicious eyes, watch where they fall.
See, see! on heads that think they have none at
all!*

*O, what a plenteous world of this will come!
When air rains horns, all may be sure of some.*
I have learned so much verse out of a jealous man's part in a play.

CLEM.—'Tis well, 'tis well! This night we'll dedicate to friendship, love, and laughter. Master bridegroom, take your bride and lead;

every one a fellow. Here is my mistress, Brainworm! to whom all my addresses of courtship shall have their reference: whose adventures this day, when our grandchildren shall hear to be made a fable, I doubt not but it shall find both spectators and applause.

[Exeunt.]





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